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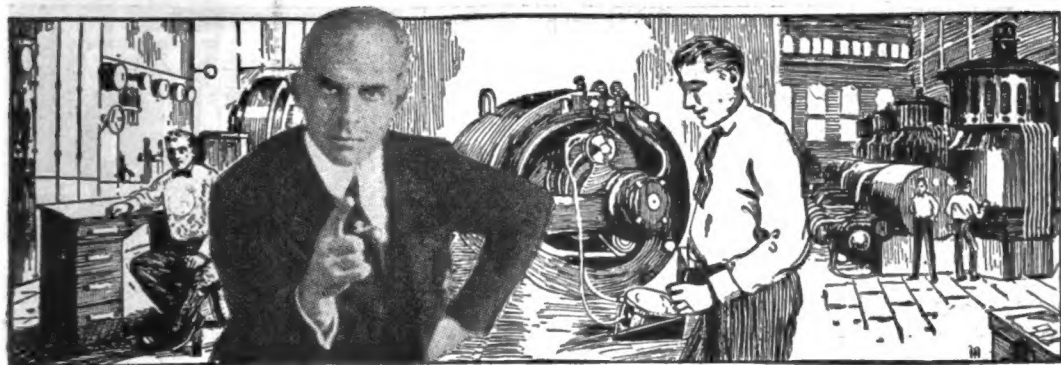
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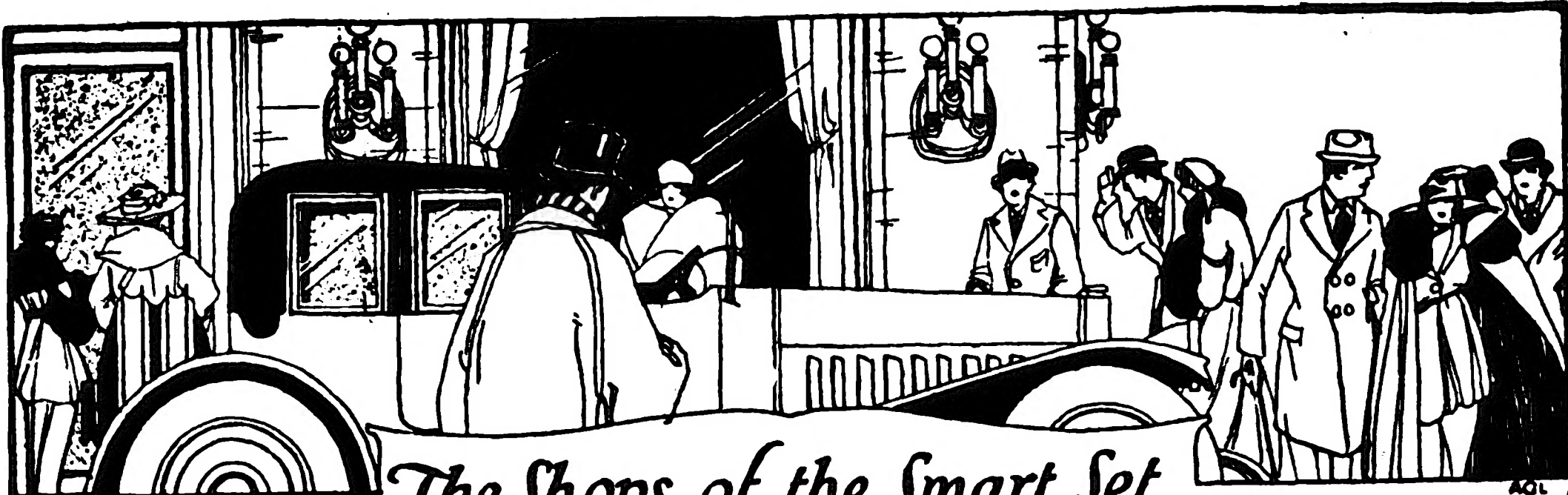
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Among
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Earth and Sea

By Oliver St. John Gogarty

IT does me good to see the ships
Back safely from the deep sea main;
To see the slender mizzen tips
And all the ropes that stood the strain;

To hear the old men shout Ahoy!
And watch them as they swing and throw,
To haul the cable to the buoy,
A line that's light enough to go;

And see, when sails are lashed to spars,
The men for whom earth's free from care,
And heaven a clock with certain stars
And hell a third-rate word to swear.

A Paragraph to Beauty

By D. S. Stanley

A MONG my most treasured memories of things fair to see, I discover none of any woman, painting, statue, mass of architecture, or any other object upon which man commonly stamps his trademark and the word Beauty. These I thought were beautiful—Three fish, a brook trout, a brown, and a rainbow, just caught, lying on little ferns . . . an insect, a butterfly, with a Latin name I cannot remember and glassy blue wings, on a pin in a museum . . . oil, that had dripped from oarlocks and spread over the quiet lake water . . . ashes, a thin layer of them on the end of a cigarette, with the fire showing through here and there . . . fog, whirling up over wet rocks on a mountain-top at 5 a. m. . . . ice, covering the countless branches of a young forest, upon which the sun shone . . . a field of stubble, a dead tree, and sun-pierced clouds, seen through a green eyeshade which curiously changed their colors to reds and oranges and purples.



Alchemy

By M. G. Sabel

SCRUBBING the kitchen floor,
Down on her knees,
She hummed an old ballad
Of a beautiful Princess of long ago.
A make-believe adventure
In an old, old ballad
Made the dull kitchen floor
Shine brighter than it had ever shone before!



A FOOL uses his own arguments to confound you. A wise man uses yours.



Growth

(A Complete Novelette)

By Whit Burnett

CHAPTER I

THE long, young form of Edward North slumped down in the semi-comfortable seat of one of the three stiff leather rocking-chairs which looked west through the low bay windows of the Rayfield Hotel lobby. It was late afternoon toward the end of August, and the small hotel was close and quiet. His feet slid along the floor in front of him as he settled the angles of his body speculatively. He had been walking aimlessly about all day; he was almost tired. . . . A fly buzzed up and down the window-pane, alighting finally on the frame, a gray-black, half transparent speck in the lowering sunlight. A wall clock ticked. In the dining-room a waitress moved from table to table, tinkling out spoons and knives and forks, preparing the room for dinner; the hired man, who swept the red carpets in the hotel halls, had finished his mopping in the downstairs lobby, and the glistening brown linoleum flooring gradually dulled and dried, giving up a clean, fresh smell.

Along the main street of the town, a view of which the Rayfield windows commanded, an automobile went by filled with hatless, streaming-haired girls, chattering and laughing, and a boy or two. Occasionally a woman, parcel burdened, walked heavily by the hotel and, passing, glanced in casually through the windows. . . . It was a pretty little town, to Ed North's mind; it had more life, too, than Gunther. Some time, maybe, he considered, he wouldn't mind working here; he might

strike the editor of the Rayfield *Republican* for a job and move down here. He would think it over. . . . But that, he abruptly dismissed the idea, could wait; he was not in Rayfield this time to get newspaper stories, to cover water meetings, or to look for a job. He was in Rayfield now on a mission much more important. He turned a half-burned cigar slowly in his fingers, contemplating thoughtfully things beyond the ashes at its end. His lips were pursed, and in his wide-set, light blue eyes was a kind of troubled, indeterminable look, as of thought coming up clouded under a heavy mood.

Edward North was a solitary figure of a boy. As he sat staring, far-eyed, out the windows, he crossed and re-crossed his legs, which almost lost themselves in his loose, black trousers. He wore a plain, white shirt, a dark coat and vest, a brown knit tie, and on his face was a look of settled earnestness which might have betokened in the youth a minimum of humor. In school he had been a slow student, taking most of his subjects with a peculiar seriousness and isolation, as their ideas developed in him. And lank, but not big—as if he had shot up tall without carrying with him much actual bulk—his growing body moved as his mind moved, hesitantly. Others around him, he had long since observed, were quicker in their work and thoughts; they got along further. And, at times, later, he envied them, in a way—particularly those persons of his own age, active, energetic, bow-tied, snappy-dressing youths. They, it seemed to

him, had no hesitancy, no uncertainty in their natures.

Ed North came from Scandinavian people. His folks owned a hay ranch and a large red brick house in Gunther, sixty miles north of Rayfield, Utah, on the Sevier River. His father was a director of the valley irrigation company, owned a little stock in the Gunther bank, and had two sons, Ed and Charlie, the latter a boy of eight years. He had counted on Edward's taking up the duties of the ranch in time, and had been disappointed slightly when the boy remained on in the office of the *Gunther Gazette*, the weekly paper in the town. He had made no objection, however, letting the boy stay at work under old man Cherry, the editor, after Edward's second year at the county high school; but, occasionally, at night, when he and his wife climbed upstairs to bed and left Ed "straining his eyes," as he called it, over some book, he gave a thought to this son. Eighteen last birthday; he was growing up, this kid of his. . . . This was his thought.

It was a thought which had not so easily escaped Edward North. Indeed, it was a thought from which he could not, in any way, find an escape. And it bothered him. For growth to him was more a conscious than a pleasant process. Around him, he saw his school-fellows growing up, some of them moving out of town and taking jobs in other towns, girls he had seen and spoken to at high school settling down to domestic life with boys they had "gone around" with.

But chiefly Edward North noticed, from his detached position, there had come about a change in the boys he had known. They had more of a "way" about them now. A direct, know-a-lot, sure bustle. They affected new, tight-fitting suits; they went out with "Janes." And when they sat around in the Gunther pool hall and discussed things, or Edward North heard them talking at a corner, as he passed by, they spoke in such a way that it was plain they knew what they were talking about. . . .

At first that had looked to him like a

cheap way to do—a cheap way to sit around and talk about things like that, and he had kept himself busy in the office of the *Gunther Gazette*. Eventually, he became aware of a certain lack in his experience or inclination which kept him out of place among such groups.

Edward North shifted one long leg restlessly across the other. That had been all right, he reflected, maybe, his avoiding these young fellows. Maybe; maybe not. But it wasn't all right for him to draw away from all people, as he was doing lately, actually hating to meet them, even in a business way. This wasn't all right. And yet this was the situation, Edward North told himself, and underneath the situation, he felt, a little fearfully, he knew the reason why.

He considered relighting the cigar. He seldom smoked, but when a fellow was out on an occasion like this—. He hadn't had a smoke, he remembered, since he had had that talk with the cosmetic salesman, in this exact place. That was, he thought, back in June. He relit the cigar, holding it in his long, colorless, undecided hands a little gingerly and puffing as a novice would. He would not be expected back in Gunther until Wednesday afternoon; this was Tuesday afternoon. He had been in Rayfield since Monday, having begged two or three days off on the excuse of "private business," and, for a wonder, old man Cherry had said nothing against his going, only giving him an odd kind of look and telling him go on. That was funny, Edward North mused. Still, he guessed he had made himself useful to old man Cherry, all right; old man Cherry could kowtow to him once in a year or two.

Ed North had started on the *Gazette* four years before under this white-haired old county politician and editor, first carrying papers after school. Then he had learned to set type, and now he was reporting, writing an occasional editorial and making up the weekly sheet. While other young fellows had been playing pool, he had tried to impress upon himself he had been learning

something. He would have it over them some time. And yet, right now, he could not get away from it: they had it over him. He knew more than they did, maybe—in his way. Yet they were, in the final sense, he considered different. He was still a kid. It was what the salesman from the cosmetic company meant—that fellow who had been in the newspaper business before the war.

Edward North threw the cigar into the cuspidor and gave his full attention to the salesman. It was this matter he wanted especially to consider.

CHAPTER II

Two months earlier in the summer, Edward North, visiting Rayfield to "cover" an irrigation meeting for the *Gunther Gazette* and stopping during the two days of the meeting at the Rayfield Hotel, had met R. Jenkins Smythe in the hotel lobby. It had been on a late June afternoon, and the salesman had strolled in after a busy few hours "selling" his customers in the town. Mr. Smythe, who was a brisk individual of about thirty, sat down in one of the rockers facing the street, and as he thought over his day's work pleasantly he began to feel expansive and talkative. Since Ed North, sitting next to him, was the only person in the lobby, the salesman talked to him. Weather, business, the beauty of a passing brace of Rayfield girls—and then, having learned that Edward North was on a country newspaper, Mr. Smythe mentioned that he had done that kind of work himself.

It was this which brought the younger person around in his chair. Mr. Smythe, he saw, was a brown-eyed, lithe and quick-movemented man, whose actions and words expressed conciseness, efficiency and a kind of finesse.

"Yes," the salesman said in an off-hand way, "I worked on the New York *Herald* for a while. I did special writing. Before that I did police work for a year or so. That's the place—I tell you. New York!"

"I bet it is," agreed Edward North. It was a long way from the West.

"I bet it is," he repeated. And by his attitude drew the salesman out to tell of his experiences.

Here was a man who had done things, doubtless. . . .

The experiences Mr. Smythe recounted were varied. He had joined the Foreign Legion during the war, enlisting from New York, where he had been on a newspaper. He had been discharged, he said, in France, and had gone to Italy "to spend what 'Jack' " he had.

"I met a young fellow in Naples," Smythe continued between puffs at a long, thin cigar, "and this young fellow and I got kind of lit up one night over some dago wine, in a little wop joint there, and we got the idea—he was a Yale man—we'd start a paper. In Naples, see? A paper for Americans there, you know— So we did. Say, that was *some* experience!"

It seemed the Italian regulations provided that the publication had to be translated into Italian and French. That the Italians had no sense of humor. That you couldn't print the kind of news you wanted to print. And what with all the other "cock-eyed rules" the young editors had had to conform to the venture disgusted Mr. Smythe.

"We had to placate the cops, file copies with every petty official in the world, and kiss everybody's foot this side of Rome. We got sick of it—I tell you," he concluded. "We let the darned thing just naturally blow up, and beat it back to Paris."

Ed North listened attentively, his mind going grasping after all these phrases eagerly, hungrily, and filling himself up with what was offered. For, here was a man who knew how to *do* things, spoke of foreign places indifferently, who had been to places and had seen things. He had that sure, definite touch which, it seemed to Edward North, was the thing which in his own nature was lacking. Why wasn't he more like that—like the salesman? Maybe if he had traveled he would be. But, while he considered this possibility,

Edward North knew it wasn't exactly *that*. It was something deeper down.

The salesman, in time, came around to women, as a girl or two passed by the hotel windows, the bolder ones looking in, curiously, some of them smiling broadly. Once in a while one of them smiled at Edward North, who felt uncomfortable under the gaze. Broad, fat legs, silk-encased; heavy, obvious faces—these particular "Janes." He felt a kind of repulsion. He couldn't stand girls like that. Others, occasionally, had been prettier.

"Get that smile, will you!" the salesman had remarked.

And then, on his favorite topic, Mr. Smythe opened up all his lore and word supply. When he discoursed on women Mr. Smythe commanded attention. For women were his hobby. He had known many, he said, and he knew how to handle them. They were all alike. . . .

Edward North took in the salesman's remarks without a great deal of critical sifting of them at the time. He would have to think this out—from a definite, actual angle. This was a subject he had attempted hitherto to avoid. It had not always been easy. If it had been Harry Lawson or someone else in Gunther he knew, talking like this of women and of life, he would have felt differently about the remarks. But this Mr. Smythe, now—Here was a fellow you could, in several ways, look up to. He got respect. Harry Lawson was just one of those town "wild ones." And that sort of thing, Edward North had told himself, was cheap—particularly when it involved those loud-voiced girls with whom Lawson and those others played around. The whole business, Ed North had long attempted to think, was distasteful. Marriage was one thing—if a person ever counted on getting married—but this other matter was another. And yet it was, he nervously apprehended, something which had to be faced—sooner or later. . . .

"And then, again, another case," the salesman was continuing. "There was a little girl in Colorado Springs—a manicurist. I met her when I went into

a shop to sell a bill of goods. Funny thing: I noticed her, too, and then again I didn't. You know how it is—the first time you see a girl you like? Well, she certainly fell for me. I just left there now, could hardly get away from her. Wanted to come with me—but I tell you, there's a case for you. I know. I've had experience with that kind before. You can't let 'em go with you—they can make it hot for a man if they want to—once they get a hold on you."

"They certainly can, all right," Ed North affirmed, vaguely.

"But the way to get along with 'em," the salesman added, "is the way I've said. You got to knock 'em over. They expect it. All alike. If you don't, they wonder what kind of a guy you are. If you do, they like it. There you are."

"Say a case like this—" Edward North suggested, to make concrete a vague, twisting thought struggling through his mind. "Say, when a fellow takes a girl out for the first time—How should he act—you know—to—get along with 'em?"

Mr. Smythe turned around, a little curious, at the query, and looked for a moment at the long, raw-boned Gunther boy, and then he lit another cigar, settled himself comfortably and talked for a long time, half the time as if he were musing to himself, half the time conscious of his interested audience. At times he grew voluble and vague and enthusiastic as men do when they discuss emotionally their reactions to the intimate side of women. And Edward North, who long had been tentatively thinking on this subject, listened, knowing this was all he was qualified to do.

He was lucky, he thought, to run across a fellow like this. He would have to think this over some more—this matter. This salesman had that definiteness about him. . . . It was almost as if he could be taken, in certain ways, as a pattern. . . . There were certain thoughts that grew up in the back of a fellow's head which, it seemed to Edward North, had no form at all. . . . There was nothing like this evident in the salesman.

"And," the salesman concluded, "I'll tell you—the way to do is to kiss 'em the first time you take 'em out."

After that, Edward North knew, the things of life came easier.

Men who amounted to anything in life, it was obvious, had that air about them—the attitude of commanders, of immediate conquerors. They didn't hesitate about a thing; they went and did it. Doubtless it all amounted to this one thing. . . . It made Ed North nervous to think about it. It meant that he was cut off from life, cut off from life by his hesitancy and his inability to "come right out and throw himself into things." He could see that and, in order to get along, he would have to be different from what he was. A person couldn't stay in this indefinite, unclear-cut frame of mind—this frame of life. . . .

And yet back in the office of the *Gunther Gazette* and in his room at home during the two months of the summer, as in the indecisive year or two before, the abstract, darkening thoughts pressed down upon his mind ponderously, regardless of his every effort to strike up, almost physically, and banish them.

CHAPTER III

THE shadow of the Telephone Exchange across the street from the bay windows of the Rayfield Hotel crept slowly along the dulled brown floor of the hotel lobby. The evening train had arrived in town, apparently, for the hotel bus was pulling up in front of the building. Several persons with satchels stepped out, a salesman or two, a woman with a sample case, a couple of men in engineers' cords. The main street of Rayfield took on more life; shops closed, and people moved along the sidewalk, going home for dinner.

For two hours or more, then, Edward North reflected, he had been sitting in the lobby doing nothing at all—except thinking. It was foolish. It was even more foolish, though, in a way, he told himself, to try to make his mind think—*believe*—that he could *do* what he had

come to Rayfield to do. He wasn't a man of action, probably, no matter how much he might want to be. Actually, he wasn't even a *man*. He wasn't even a real newspaperman. It took a different kind of fellow, no doubt, even to be a newspaperman.

What, he wondered, *would* he be? When a person gets so he just doesn't move for thinking, he would probably grow up to be like old man Willoughby, who sat all day on the front steps of the Gunther Mercantile Store, thinking and blinking and probably, if the truth behind him was known, gradually growing a little bit crazy.

"A person has got to *act*," Edward North thought, and in his thought was a kind of violence crying up under a weighty repression. His hesitancy in acting was holding him back; of this there was little doubt.

Most of the things of life Edward North took as they came, but, in this mood, he remembered now how once before in his earlier years he had known the necessity for action. He had had to act; otherwise, he thought then, he would not have been entitled to put behind him an age out of which then he felt himself to be passing, and been entitled to step into the newer age. . . . It had involved long pants, this occasion once before. And before he had put them on, Edward North had worried for weeks. For, plainly enough, long pants were long pants and, once a person put them on, it meant relinquishment of things that went with short ones, with certain feelings, relinquishment of timidity, fears—and stepping into long pants with a person's head thrown back and his chin out, almost a little defiantly, as if to declaim openly a person's right to wear them.

But this could not be, Edward North then had known. For he had never licked a kid in a fight. In the first place, he had never *wanted* to fight; he got no fun out of fighting. When he had had to fight, once or twice, he had got licked—decisively, each time. He could not put on long pants facing a past record like that. Thus the idea of long pants,

in the days before his "graduation" from the grade school, when, for that special event, he was to don them, became a fearful, impending thing. Finally, unable to condone further delay, he had pushed himself into a fight, conscious, fearfully, that his swagger was somehow not his own, but patterned after swaggers other fellows had. And against this other boy he had fought and fought, knowing that this backwardness in him must now be overcome, swinging his long arms, windmill fashion, blindly, while blood came from his nose and eye.

But more and more he lost, until at last the other fellow, with a memorable whoop, landed a complete wallop and Edward North went down. He zig-zagged despairingly home. Later, he pulled on the trousers, but this fight he never forgot, and sometimes, while he was setting type or reading a proof in the deserted office of the *Gunther Gazette*, the recollection of his defeat swept over him, leaving him a little weak and consciously agitated. At times he thought the knowledge within himself that he wasn't aggressive enough probably had been the thing which kept him in the *Gazette* office, plugging along at the job steadily and alone. This had been an apprehensive thought fairly constant with Edward North until, in his eighteenth year, his hesitancy and his indecision hovered over something else.

Fighting was a small thing compared to this big, new problem, he told himself repeatedly. A timidity and a feeling of a lack of confidence in himself had kept him isolated from his boy companions; actual, painful doubt now kept him brooding over this other matter. And while he doubted, he watched people around him and saw that what he lacked was what most other youths of his age possessed: he lacked that sense of inner sureness, completeness, which showed a man knew life. He was, he was painfully aware, not like most of the other people he daily had to meet. There was one step between him and them, and gradually it began to appear to Edward North that he could not grow any bigger in an inner, mental way until he had

placed this step behind him. . . . But—

"Last night, maybe," Edward North mused as he watched the people pass the windows of the lobby, "*didn't* mean anything. It's no sign tonight won't. I've only got until tomorrow. I've only got tonight!"

For Ed North knew that he could not go back to Gunther after this, and go on working for old man Cherry any longer without first making up his mind on this matter—this matter which had brought him into Rayfield. For, when he looked back on the last two particular months of the Gunther summer, he had a fear of repeating these two months, of seeing this discouraged, wondering, morose period extended over long, unsettled years of his life.

Some of those white, widespread, sunny days he had hardly been able to work at all, he remembered. Sometimes he had just thrown down everything in the *Gazette* office and gone walking rapidly and nervously away from town, over the dusty Millerville road, along the foothills of the Sanpete ridge, sweating and walking; sensing the heat's drawing the morning moisture off the leafy shrubbery on the banks of Austin Creek he had used to fish in before he had got busy in the office and "all balled up" in these crazy thoughts; taking in the damp, sticky smells; watching the dancing heat waves, idly; stalking by the disordered clumps of wild pink rosebushes, immersed in the fragrance of their own pink delicateness.

This could not go on, Edward North knew, even though he felt it might just as well—knowing that to face actually what he dreaded facing was more unpleasant, probably, than the worry even which now was preceding it. Still, he argued to himself, if it *did* go on, like this, people would soon begin to think him irresponsible and foolish—if they saw him prancing solitarily along in the open fields when he ought to be in the office working. In ways, he came to think, he *was* a fool. Certainly, it was no comprehensible and reasonable thing to know that what you must do for your own good, for

the sake of your growth, you were consciously deferring doing.

He wished he could have gone along, as before, without having to consider a step like this, so strange **but necessary a venture**. And, in this perplexity, Edward North hated this new period in his life; and slowly he sensed his hatred clouding his whole nature, making him morose, vexatious, and quarrelsome in a weak and ineffective way. He disliked to talk with his father; he avoided his mother. In time, even books and these impulsive walks could not rid his mind of the thought that something must be *done*. And summer, he saw, was as good a time as any. . . .

The trees along the creek were already beginning to show browned leaves. A flock of small, dun-colored birds, whose wings were splashed with red, were chattering in chorus among the bushes by the creek, one such day, their shrill, little voices ringing out rapidly like young girls singing without inflection; a warm wind moved through the thistles and the yellow mustard weed; black bees buzzed back and forth from one rose heart to another, mounting the yellowed centers with curious, straddled legs, winging away with continued dronings. . . . The winding road widened, as Edward North came back to town, and all the half-formed thoughts of his earlier life perversely narrowed and bore down upon him. . . . On such a day, Edward North made up his mind. And in the lobby of the Rayfield hotel, he recalled now that he could not, if he wanted to, go back on this decision. He was no weakling. . . . He *must* not! It had to be done.

Edward North got up from the chair, his legs cramped, and strode down the lobby to a phone booth in the corner of the room. After a few minutes in the closed booth, he came out, perspiring a little from the warmth of the small compartment and the tenseness of his thoughts, and went upstairs to his room. A little

later, he was bathing industriously and whistling; at 7:30 o'clock, having dined in the hotel dining-room in a solitude he found he liked, he was walking up Main Street in a leisurely, strolling manner.

At one of the cross streets at the north of town, where the leafy maple trees and waving poplars shaded the dusk below them into a quiet indiscernibility, he turned and went out the hard, dirt walk on a street which led westerly in the direction of the Rainbow hills. The tops of these, he noticed, were rough—of red and purple-patch sandstone, and these he saw were taking on the splendors of the wound-like color in the after-glow. As he walked, slowly and with increasing indecision, the hills at the west became great hulks against the sky, and the warm dusk crept up from the valley to the higher places and only the lighter spots upon the mountainside, where the oak and ivy leaves had yellowed into brightness, stood out in the growing dark. . . .

CHAPTER IV

THEY walked back the way that Edward North had come, beneath the poplars and the drooping maple trees, in a freshening breeze which fanned its way across the open fields and through the tops of cornstalks. The dark, small houses which they passed seemed to have snuggled into the shrubbery of the yards, to sleep for the night. The laneway beneath the trees was deserted.

The girl spoke first.

"You sure write a funny letter," she mused, as she lengthened her stride a trifle to keep in step with the long, rolling, idling gait of her escort. "I didn't think you ever liked me. Since I moved away from Gunther, I've often thought about you—but I didn't think you ever thought of *me*."

"I did, though," Edward North said.

"Did you come here all the way just to see me? I forgot to ask you last night."

"Well—I came here—yes. . . . Or somebody," Edward North said. He could feel himself slipping, as he had done the night before. This was not what he had in mind. He knew her—what was the matter with him?

"Or somebody?"

"No," said Ed North, emphatically, "you. That's all. You."

"Oh."

"Shall we go to the show," he asked, directing himself to look sidelong at the white-dressed young girl at his side.

"It doesn't change," she said, "until Thursday. What kind of a picture show is there in Gunther now? Has Burton still got that rackety old piano?"

"It's worse," Edward said. "The same picture show—only worse. Old man Cherry's wife died—you knew her. I write editorials once in a while, now."

"Do you dance, yet?"

"No. Gosh! I haven't danced in two or three years."

"Well. . . .let's walk, shall we?"

Ed North sighed; walk—that was it. It was a fine night. It was cool, now. They had walked last night after the show. They had gone along a shady street, slowly. That had been the place, Edward North remembered now. If he had only had the *nerve*. . . .

They passed out of the quiet side street onto the main street of the town, walking somewhat apart. Edward North wondered if he ought to take her arm. He looked at her, and under the circle of the arc-light where they stood for a moment debating which way to go, he saw her as a very pretty girl, this Anna Mills, seventeen, fresh, with cheeks that were pink and white. To her hair he gave particular attention. It was bunched becomingly in a great cloud which made her eyes beneath it seem even darker than they actually were. Edward North liked this and would have complimented Anna on her hair-dress, but he felt he did not know exactly how to do it, so he said:

"Let's go up this way—away from town."

"All right," she agreed, quickly, and in a moment in which he was not conscious of deciding the issue, Edward North found he had taken the girl's arm. A curious, human thrill passed through him when his fingers touched her white, thin sleeve and warmed on the soft flame of her flesh. He looked up at her hair. And then a moment later he released her arm and they walked on in silence.

He had not counted on this—this element—on a night like tonight. This element softened a man, doubtless made him forget his purpose, brought out in a person a worshipful kind of nature, a dim, undecided adoration. This was the way he always felt about certain girls. Those cheap girls, with the loud mouths and open faces, he couldn't bring himself to like at all; about the others, he knew, he had always felt a little different—a kind of longing for them and yet a strange hesitancy about touching them, as if to touch them would be to hurt them. This was ridiculous. He would have to get over this feeling, he told himself. This was an indefinite, unman-like, weak-sister attitude, and was not becoming in a person who knew what had to be done.

What was it, he wondered, the salesman had said in that long, afternoon talk? There was a real fellow! He had been around. He knew people, life. He didn't need to speak, even; it showed out on him. . . .

If it so came about that he would ever pass out of this stage of his life, Edward North reflected, it would be something like that with him: he wouldn't be one of those fellows who chattered a lot about things, but he would be like those people, the kind who, when you looked at them, you could tell had taken hold of things; and he would be able to look back, after this, sure of himself, and definitely beyond that uncertain, hazy period in life when a boy is neither a boy nor a man. Then, he knew, there

would be nothing unknown, abstract, indefinite and painful about life. . . .

His thoughts at this time were wandering as his walking was, but as their paces settled down, his thoughts centered on the single idea in mind—that beyond, some place, lay a bigger, surer future, once he put this thing behind him, after he “got things over,” as he mentally phrased it. . . . What had the salesman said?

Edward North recalled. . . . But, for one thing, he had *not* kissed Anna Mills the first night he had gone out with her, which had been last night. Why? It was odd—the whole thing—his picking out Anna Mills, simply because he had spoken to her once or twice two or three years before. It was odd, he thought, almost oblivious for the moment to the concrete fact that he was then walking side by side with Anna Mills, that he had come all the way back to Rayfield to make his decision in this matter.

As he walked he tried to reason out why he had returned to this place and to Anna Mills, a one-time schoolmate in Gunther, who had moved to Rayfield a year before. Hadn't he figured it all out, though, on those long walks over the dusty Millerville road, day after day, when he ought to have been in the *Gazette* office working? Maybe, he guessed, it was he wanted to get away from home, from Gunther, and the thought of his mother's house, for this peculiar time. Maybe it was he wanted the idea behind him that here, in the Rayfield Hotel lobby where he had been sitting in the afternoon hours thinking, he had the “backing” and support of the cosmetic salesman. He felt at this time he needed some backing like that. He recalled, piecemeal, many things the salesman had said. . . . And girls, it was known, were all alike.

And yet—he had not kissed Anna Mills the first time he had taken her out. It had been, in all, an awkward evening, as most occasions were when he attempted to be like other young fellows, stepping into situations, or

“dancing into action,” as he called it, and attempting to “carry things off with an air.” A picture show, a walk, a few words at the gate awkwardly, a joke, laughter, and a disappointed wandering back in the dark to the hotel. Edward North gripped his hands; always defeat settled on him.

He thought of Anna Mills. She wasn't, of course, one of those “wild ones” of the town, but it seemed to him that last night she had expected something of him. What had she got from his letter? All he had written was that he was coming down to see her. He wondered if she suspected what was going on in his mind.

“I guess,” Edward North said, with the kind of suddenness which seemed lately to mark him when a thought broke out in speech, “you think I'm a pretty slow one, don't you?”

“Well,” said Anna Mills, “I don't know. Are you? I kind of like you, anyway.”

And as the road got narrower and the way a trifle darker, she reached out and squeezed his arm. Edward North laughed, and wondered if she had many fellows in Rayfield; considering that the girls were much more plentiful here than the boys, he guessed not. An impulse took him.

“I got three girls in Gunther,” he said.

Anna Mills scorned the statement.

“Aw,” she said. “Well—who are they?”

“I couldn't tell you—you know how that is.”

“Aw,” Anna Mills concluded, and leaned more companionably on his arm.

It was a tone of friendly understanding, Edward North felt. She probably didn't believe that. It was all right; he hadn't exactly expected her to believe it. He could explain later, maybe. He did, however, continue to wonder just what she thought of him. . . . These country girls—what about them, anyway? Did that cosmetic salesman know more about them than he did?

They approached a church, which sat up solemnly in the center of a little yard enclosed with a barbed wire fence. The paved entrance to the yard was barred to animals by the steps of a stile. On this they sat, as they had done the night before. The stile was darkened in the shadows of low trees which bordered the gateway, and in the darkness and their sudden quietness, Edward North felt a supporting sense of familiarity.

"Maybe," he thought, "if I kiss her now, it will be the same as the first night—somehow. What should I do? I wonder if she expects me to kiss her?"

But as he thought of this, in the same moment came the further thought of the entire mission he had in mind, and as this swept over him in its fulness, a sense of weakness and futility, even of nausea, engulfed him. . . . Maybe he wasn't meant to do what had to be done. Perhaps he ought to go back home. He wished he hadn't come to Rayfield. Anna was too pretty a girl. . . .

"I wonder," he said, and was going to suggest that they leave, but at the same instant Anna herself suggested:

"Let's go up to the high school building?"

Edward North rose quickly.

"Or—" Anna Mills continued, "did you have something in mind? What were you going to say?"

"Not a word," shouted Ed North. His mood had passed—he hoped. "Let's run. Come on. Run. I'll beat you to that arc-light—that's on the way, isn't it? *Run!*"

And under the impetuosity of his thought, he joined hands with Anna Mills (which, at the moment, he conceived to be an absurd way to *beat* a rival runner) and the road gave up its surface to the flying feet of two young wild things, shouting down the darkness and, like keen winds, whipping themselves past the flying high weeds, blackly waving in the cloudy night.

CHAPTER V

THEY stopped together, in a rush of feet and dust, panting in the middle of the road and laughing. And in the instant's quick appreciation of the run, it came oddly enough to Edward North that it had not been he who had done the running, but some person else. It had not been like the bulky, cumbersome self he knew—thus to be running—with a girl. Or, was he running, not with her, but *from* her, he wondered? While they stood for a moment, undecidedly, Edward felt something touch his cheek. And Anna Mills was off again, bounding down the road.

She had kissed him—that was what! For the instant he could not move, standing as if he had been hit. So—that was it, all right, he thought. That salesman certainly knew women. Anna Mills was herself "starting things." What kind of a girl was she, anyway? He wondered quickly if, after all, since she had come to Rayfield, she had got into the practice of, as it was called, "stepping married men," and salesmen. No, he decided, she wasn't that cheap kind. He could tell. And yet . . . a tingle went through him. He caught up with the girl, taking hold of her arm with a kind of feigned roughness. She laughed and turned her face up to his, quickly and responsively, child-like. But the youth was inscrutably silent.

Anna Mills dropped her gaze and lengthened her step again, as before, and the two marched up the steps which led from the street sidewalk to the schoolground pavement.

The school occupied a rise of ground at the outskirts of the town. The building itself, of cement blocks and brick, stood out like a gray, square box in a field of dry sunflowers and thistle, yellow and brown in the day, and now rustling their sibilant, wind-moved stalks, in the night. The moon, half bemisted by a veil of rapidly blowing clouds, was coming over the eastern rim of the Fishlake Mountains, and

gave a kind of ghostly luminousness to the scene as their two shadows walked out dimly on the pavement strip ahead.

"I like this night," Anna Mills said, throwing back her head and letting the wind blow full against her face and hair. "I could do crazy things tonight."

Ed North hesitated. He wanted to take her in his arms, and, standing with her in the wind close together, crush her to him hard to show his strength. He wondered if he could ever do that, and he looked for a long moment at her white-dressed form. But—

"Let's go into the schoolhouse," he said, instead.

"Locked," declared Anna Mills. "They always lock it up at night."

"I bet I can get in," he went on, uncompromising to this external thing; of course he could get in. What he had said recurred to him at once; it sounded like a boast—the way he had said it. He felt, at the time, it was not like his old, usual self. He was not given to boasting. It was a new mood. He continued: "Sure. I bet I can get in the darned thing. I bet I can."

"All right," said Anna, and they walked up the front steps of the building, arm in arm, in time. It took on a kind of solemnity and dignity. To each the walk suggested a bridal march, and recognizing the similarity, they broke into the most familiar measures of the "Lohengrin" march—Tum ta ta-da! Tum ta ta-da! Tum ta ta-deeee da ta-da tum ta-daaaaa. . . .

They shook the huge brass knob on the door. The door was locked. They joined arms again and marched down the steps, humming and singing without rest.

At the foot of the steps, Ed North broke away from the girl. He wanted to carry out his plan, his boastful plan. He wanted to do something spectacular, as he had said he would, something, in a way, to show off. He did not analyze it completely: he wanted to show Anna something. . . .

"I'm going in, anyway," he said, and he left the girl and ran back up the steps. Then he crossed from the land-

ing near the door to a thin ledge on the face of the schoolhouse wall.

From the ledge he found he could reach above him to a place where a broad chink between the cement blocks gave his hands a good, firm finger-hold. Then he raised himself up to a window and there on the sill, for a time, swinging his legs, he sat.

The window was unlocked and he climbed through into the schoolroom, which was filled with rows of empty desks. He closed the window, disturbing a cloud of chalk dust, and for a while he stood still, looking into the dimly moonlit room, which, in a month or so, would be crowded again with pupils, active, energetic, young persons, feeling cramped within the walls of the room and eager to get through it all and out to play, to work—away. This was a big high school, bigger than the one he had attended in Gunther. He decided to sit at one of the desks, and while he adjusted himself to the too small seat, he felt a sudden odd sensation of a past situation like this when it had been with him, he thought now, a pleasant time of life. . . . Geography, the girl in front of him, "Language," new words, odd new, unwordable thoughts. . . .

That had been the old Gunther county high school, by Jove! Seated at a desk like this, he thought, busy with studies and books and things! There hadn't been any bothering your head about what you ought to do to be a man. A person just lost himself in a book or an idea about something or other. That had been a fine time, sure enough. He stretched his legs out in the aisle, comfortably and a little sadly, and for quite a long time he sat like that, thinking back; and then suddenly he remembered Anna outside, and a peculiar sense of weakness came again to him. He pulled himself sidewise out of the seat and walked back to the window.

"Gee," he thought, "she'll think I've died in here. Anna! Anna! Hoo-ooo!" he called, waving out the opening. She waved back and Ed North closed down the window. "I'll have to go out again," he thought.

But when he passed up the side aisle, he yielded to a notion and seated himself once more, now on the top of a desk, trying to recall the mood of memory which he had for an instant enjoyed. But it was no use; it had gone. He recalled a thin, white-faced man teacher he had liked, and a woman teacher he had disliked. It was funny that most of the other boys in the school had "hated" that man teacher, and done all they could to make life miserable for him. . . . Then he began to think that it was all right, not being able to find the exact frame of mind which a little time before he had known.

"A crazy—*kid's* kind of mood," he said. "Kid stuff."

Wasn't he trying to get away from all that, he asked? He was no mere kid!

He hurriedly left the room and went out into the main hallway on the second floor. He wondered what he ought to do in this building; he had no business in here. He went to the door, trying from the inside if he could open it. And while he was rattling the knob, Anna Mills ran up the outside steps and for a few minutes they yelled to each other in loud, bawling tones through the heavy glass, hearing each other's voices only indistinctly.

Then Edward North came out of the building the way he had entered, pocketing a little self-consciously a few pieces of chalk as evidence of his trip.

"I told you," he said, displaying them to the girl, "I bet I could do it, didn't I?"

The idea came to him, with the words, that he was doing unheard-of things. Where was the sense in having gone in the school building, anyway? He felt a sense of shame. *He had acted like a fifteen-year-old kid!* A crazy night, certainly; yet, he thought, "my mind isn't fifteen years old. I am not fifteen years old." He was past that. . . . In a detached way he saw, though, that he was *doing* things and that he was making things definite, even if he had to act unlike himself to do it.

"I told you I could," he continued.

And somehow, the expression—

blatantly, surely—seemed to give him a feeling of security. He continued, grandly: "I can do anything, by Jove! I feel that way."

His chest went out; there was, in fact, a feeling of bigness within him. And it seemed, somehow, perfectly natural that Anna Mills then should lean more dependently on him as he grew more independent—as if she had only been waiting for him to say things like that, to do things like that, probably, to clear up some indecision in herself. So the two left the high school building, and passing the high weeds bordering the schoolgrounds, walked under the tall plume-like poplar trees, toward the Mills house, which squatted in a sparsely settled section of the town.

The evening had grown late and the clouds, which had been passing back and forth fitfully before the moon, bunched up now from the horizon, obscuring the moon's face entirely. A cool, rain-foretelling smell was in the air, and a low, light wind whisked through the drier weeds in the fields. Now and then they passed a garden patch, now and then a house with the blinds pulled within an inch of the windowsill and there a little slit of wakeful yellow light spilling through upon a rose bush; now and then small dull houses on the street, sound asleep and quietly bulked beside the roadway or in clumps of silent bushes and small trees buried and set back far in the yards.

All these impressions, Edward North sensed, but not so much things seen as sensations he experienced mingled with a kind of pain growing keener and more perturbing as they walked along. For, as they walked and neared the Mills house, step by step, he saw these things were coming to their end. With this thought came the gloomy recollection of his own position and the need within him now, at any cost, to attain to that completeness of his personality, to that finality of things and mental calm which, it seemed, only one experience could supply.

Things couldn't end like this. What

an evening, anyway, he thought—with him climbing through school-room windows—like a fifteen-year-old kid! If he didn't *act* now. . . . He felt Anna's arm against his own and it seemed to his nervous nature he could feel her heart beating through it. Perhaps, though, it was his own heart. He ought to speak to her. What was expected of him, anyway? Didn't Anna Mills kiss him—first? These country girls . . . as the salesman had said. What about Anna Mills? How should he act, now, to establish himself with her, as he had to establish himself some time, somehow? Didn't she think him a big boy, as everyone else probably did—and not a man?

Edward North perspired. It was like going into a fight and waiting for a fellow to knock the chip off your shoulder when you were scared, or waiting to knock the chip off his. Only, it was worse. . . . And in fights, Ed North remembered, with an old-time loosening of determination, he got whipped.

They passed by a cornfield; the long, drying stalks rustled slightly in the wind, like old-fashioned crinoline skirts. The darkness seemed to Edward North a sudden, quiet, brooding thing, like himself, vague, indefinite and hesitant. He felt a smothering sensation. A wild, instant crash of violent sounds, as of thunder, would have been welcome. He stopped.

"Anna," he appealed.

The girl stopped and he felt, in the semi-darkness, her shoulder brush up against his own. Her dress blew about him, a white billow; a warm wave went over him, and Edward North's mind blurred. Muscles tightened. A rush of young strength came, powerful, tremendous, as an alien stress, and Ed North shot out his arms and found the girl, turning her to him, bending her close, and kissed her with a full, uncompromising cruelty.

He felt the tenseness of her firm, slim body against him as under his lips her own lips trembled and under his hands her young skin burned to his touch. His heart seemed to shrink into

a littleness of quivering fear and strength. And in his indecision now, his young, hesitant hands went over her cheeks and neck, errantly, and into her heavy hair. . . . He wondered what she was thinking. And then her lips came up and pressed upon his mouth.

Her eyes opened and, in the half-light, as their faces momentarily drew apart, Edward thought he saw in them an unspeakable softness and tranquillity. And then her eyes closed as with a lingering caress; and in a strange, lost moment, it seemed to Edward North as if this Anna Mills of whom he had been afraid had ceased to exist—except in the tenseness of her firm, slim body and in a warmth that glowed under the touch of his wandering hands.

Her black hair lay against his shoulder, suffusing him with its scent, and on it the youth dropped his fingers. He was conscious of a new kind of power, curiously destroyer-like. His hands opened and closed, and then impulsively they ploughed into the depths of her hair, losing themselves, pulling her black hair down about her face, framing her face in the night-like outlines, ecstatically kissing the strands, her ears, her eyes and lips. And pressing her closer, standing thus, into his nervous hands a kindness and a firmness blended, stilling the shaking in his fingers. He was decided.

"God," he thought, "I could be cruel if I wanted to be."

He wasn't afraid of her. And in this thought, it seemed to him that Anna Mills had sensed his power, for now closer she came to him and, as her body pillowed tenderly around him and relaxed, over them both the life-moods from beneath welled up, deluging all the petty patterns in their consciousness. . . .

"I could *kill* her easy," was Edward's terrifying thought; and, almost blinding, an impulse like it came—to hurt as he could hurt . . . now. Give way, or not, he wondered? Give way he must. Hurt! For beyond this—. And yet . . . he *ought not*. Why? This was

what *must* be done! The word was the will. . . . He must!

CHAPTER VI

It was after midnight when Anna went through the back door of her house, leaving Edward North standing on the porch. Silence had clouded over them both in these last long minutes and she had gone inside with a sudden quickness and a lyrical, fleeting kiss at parting. It seemed to Edward North she wanted now to get away from him at once, although—he wondered. . . . She had left the door partly open until she had found the lamp, and through the opening, when the light flared up on the table, Edward North could see her scared eyes, and the dark tangle of her black hair around the white oval of her face. The girl closed the door, and Edward North went down the steps, conscious that he was thinking, yet unable to bring his thoughts into anything concrete enough to grasp. He was conscious, too, for the first time in the evening, of feeling now very much alone.

At the fence, he stood for a time, looking back at the small porch he had just left. It had evidently been built on the back of the house some years after the plain, old, red-brick dwelling had reared itself. A climbing, white Rambler rose-bush grew beside a window—probably Anna's window, he thought, for the light from beneath a partly drawn shade shone now upon it, and helped to outline its small white blossoms under the fitful moon. The moon's disk went behind a cloud, and a grave abstraction of stillness settled over everything like a mood that Edward North had come to feel at times as one of utter eeriness; of blackness and of silence, a mood that he had known to come when he could not go to sleep and lay in the dark wondering if it did not feel somehow like that when a person was approaching a kind of blackness which is near to death. . . . The wind that had been with the two all evening came around the corner, moving through the apple trees in the yard, darkly, and

setting loose the lush autumnal odors of the night. The rose leaves rustled against the window glass, and a vagrant branch nodded in the yellow light rhythmically as if it were a small, dark silhouetted hand, waving out good-by.

Edward North breathed in deeply. Well. . . . Anyway, now, he would not have to think and worry any more about *that*. . . . And yet, he did not want to go. In the air he caught the scent of rain. A person ought, he mused, to stay out all night on a night like this. Above him the moon came hesitantly out again from a bank of darkening clouds which swept across its face like a great bear's paw.

On the way back to the hotel, under the tall poplar trees through which the wind came chorusing, Edward North experienced a sense of elation, a gradually forming feeling of completeness. It took hold of him. His thoughts became keyed up.

"Nobody can say, now. . . ." he reflected. . . .

But there his thoughts broke themselves, and turning half-finished phrases into one phrase, they centered in his mind in one big idea. It was over. This was his thought. And then another came and crowded over it: "I am a man."

Completeness—conquest—moods in him became a bulk of enthusiasm. A conqueror! A king! He had won! The sky above him—the long road ahead—a tingle of happiness. It was like this, he thought: "I have touched the whole world! I can do anything!"

He could fight the whole world now, and whip it! His thoughts bunched themselves and scattered as if they were not the best form then in which his being could find expression. He wanted to sing, incoherently, but grandly—Victory!—something with a swing to it—vowels and clashing sounds, martial and grand, with his spirit keeping time and his feet thudding on the ground and whole rhythms, like big winds, sweeping, rushing, through him. . . .

He began to swing his arms and legs in greater, wider pendulum movements

as he strode along, to throw out his arms as if he were capable of pushing the world behind and sailing swiftly on. The reminiscent thought of the warm, pinkish flesh of Anna Mills made him glow inside and the full richness of the summer night seemed to bring him into a closeness with the growing things about him. He could *love the earth*, he felt; the weeds, darkly green and, by the ditch bank, green and dank—the ripe peach smells, the green apple fragrance and all the living things along the way-side.

He had not before felt like this, he knew, as jogging down the unfamiliar road, with its undulations rising and falling, the rhythms sang within him. The lower clouds seemed close and touchable; the dark haystacks along the road, friendly, if solemnly, watchful things. . . . And then he stepped upon the unyielding pavement of Main street where here and there, at blinking intervals, in the distance, the darkness winked with little circles of steel-blue light in the radius of the street lamps, and a person or two walked along, heels clacking, hurrying home to bed.

CHAPTER VII

At the corner, Edward North found himself behind a youth and a girl. The girl rested her hand upon her escort's arm and was leaning companionably close to him as they walked. They talked softly. Ed North knew how *they* were. And, in observing the trustful way the girl lay her hand upon the boy's arm, he began to feel coming back to him an old sense of isolation.

"I will have to get me another girl, some place, now," he thought.

He could do it now, too, he prided himself.

"Now," he said to himself, "I will look differently at girls. I know women, now."

He quickened his pace to pass the couple. The girl, he saw, was pretty and young. She was dressed in white, as Anna had been dressed tonight. He did not know the girl. Fragrance lin-

gered on the air around her as he passed—the scent of powder, perfume; and he inhaled audibly. God, he thought, things were wonderful! He turned slightly to get a better look at the girl and his eyes dwelt for a brief moment on her hair. She had beautiful hair. It was piled upon her head in a becoming billow. Hair. . . . The girl's hair, Edward North thought, was just like Anna's was, and as he walked a little more hesitantly on, suddenly, crying upward, came the recollection of Anna's hair as it had been when he had seen her under the arc-light, her hair like a great cloud, wavy and beautiful, smoothly brushed around her diminutive ears. . . .

And then, as suddenly, the imagination of Edward North, slow to move ordinarily, ran away with him, and he thought for a moment he could not walk any farther. . . . He roused his body; he crossed the street to get out of the way of the couple and to be alone—in the dark.

He was thinking of Anna Mills' hair. And with this thought, he found a kind of self-torturing cruelty whip itself into action within him, while in his mind Edward North looked impartially at himself, seeing himself as a destroyer who had savagely pulled down a thing of beauty and run his wretched hands through it, tearing into Anna Mills' hair!

His mind went back to his 'phone call from the Rayfield Hotel lobby. Anna Mills had just got home from the dry-goods store where she clerked all day, and she had answered the 'phone. And then, when he said he would come out, doubtless she had hurried about, right away, to prepare herself for his arrival. . . . He imaged her standing for a long time before her mirror combing her hair, touching it here and there and making it pretty to please him. He remembered with what pleased expectancy she had met him at the door, and brought him in to meet her father and mother. And then, again, her figure under the arc-light, like a picture, he recalled; and in the picture in his mind

now as in the original on the street corner, his chief thought was of how pretty had been her hair, how like a dark and fragile wave above her soft, deep eyes. . . . And he—God!—had plunged in his hands there by the cornfield and torn Anna Mills to pieces, destroyed a picture and had broken everything . . . and *done what he had done!* . . .

Edward North quivered. His hands clenched and he wanted, crazily, to strike at something, at a man, at himself, at something tangible, as a tree or a wall. To bruise and beat himself, as he had injured Anna Mills. He heard his heels strike against the pavement, pounding away unconsciously in the direction of the hotel. He would *not* go back to the hotel! Down pounding feet, harder, firmer. . . . To walk, to cry out against life—the “whole business”—which he could not understand, to hurt himself with words. . . . What a big lummo! What a brute! Words to hurt himself, as he must have hurt her, he wanted; but in the pain of the moment, these he could not find.

“That damned drummer,” he said. “That damned salesman guy! And people, anyway. All of them! God, what a dirty, rotten life!”

“Rotten,” he said, again and again, his tongue clapping at the roof of his mouth and his jaw set painfully tense.

Rotten. . . . There was a dark lushness about the word. Black ideas came over his mind, throwing an ugliness on all things.

Half across the town he clumped, past the hotel and into the blackness of strange maple tree shadows, and back again to Main Street, finally, and to the hotel, beating a weary way, with gripped, clenched young hands, his face drawn and hard with the conflict in him burning slowly out into a smouldering sense of hot, inner wounds, and weakness.

He walked upstairs, past the drowsing night clerk at the desk. And there, upstairs in his room, things slowly changed. Aware of his utter tiredness, Ed North began slowly to undress. He

turned down the sheets, and sat for a long time on the edge of the bed, his thoughts cooling. His head ached.

“I must get up early to catch that valley train,” he thought.

It occurred to him that Gunther was a long way off. It seemed a long time since he had been home, sitting at the table with his “old man,” his mother and his brother Charlie; a long time since he had been in the office of the *Gunther Gazette* with old man Cherry, looking over the paper forms and taking in a want ad or news item for the next edition of the paper. That was funny, in a way. . . . “I’ll have to write to Anna soon, from home. I’ll tell her I’m sorry about it all. I *am* sorry!”

He got up and began to walk back and forth in the room, floor-gazing, as if he were walking, isolated, down the Millerville road. . . . Then he thought he would have to call up the clerk and ask to be telephoned at 7 o’clock so he wouldn’t miss the train. This he did. Then he opened the window and looked out. The night was almost cold; no stars. A raindrop fell against his cheek.

He lowered the blind and went back to the middle of the room and under the droplight pulled off his shirt. The pink flesh of his young chest glowed. He caught his reflection in the bureau mirror. He was a kind of a big fellow. He inflated his chest gradually, watching the growing expansion in the glass. There was a new kind of pride in him. The strength of his youth involuntarily expressed itself: he extended his arms full length and doubled them, the play of his biceps pleasing him. . . . It was a funny thing, in a way, this life. . . .

“I kissed her, all right,” he said aloud. “I kissed her.”

And then, self-conscious of his nakedness, he turned away from his reflection in the bureau, and, glowing warmly and smiling, he put on his coarse, white night-clothes and turned off the light. It was over. This was the satisfaction. It was over, now—completely, perfectly, finally.

So Ed North went to bed.

But—in the depths of the unfamiliar bed in the strange, blackly silent room, thoughts twisted through his mind like dark, disturbed things foregathering for a long inquisitorial. Anna Mills. Of her he thought. Anna Mills' hair . . . the salesman . . . a run down a dusty road . . . home. . . .

Outside, a liquid night was spilling itself against the window blind. He rose and dropped the window. The room became intense in its stillness, the rain but dully drumming on the windowsill. He lay back upon the pillow, rejecting the idea of getting up and turning on the light again. He wondered why now he should feel so pronouncedly like this—so strangely lost and alone. He turned from side to side, and could not go to sleep. His mind would not stop thinking. Finally, he let it have its way. It was probably, he thought, a kind of duty he must face now: to think, and to dwell upon his new position. And now, he knew, his thoughts would be definite, man-like, clear, unhesitant, changed, aggressive. His *new*, changed, position! Of this he could think now. For, Edward North told himself, he *was* in a new position. He had known he must take a girl, and he had taken her. The experience was the important thing. This was the barrier he had had to remove which stood between his hazy, growing self and the settled clarity of vision acquired with maturity. He had known he had had to establish himself in that way. . . . And, as he thought he was supposed to feel, he thought he felt—different, bigger, in a way, and changed—in a new, man's world. A grown man. He had got things over.

"I'm a man," he said. He said it several times.

But, he wondered. . . . It sounded somehow ineffectual. Twisting little thoughts came. He turned on the bed. He ought to go to sleep, now; he could think tomorrow. Tonight, maybe, he didn't feel very good. . . . He felt himself gradually resettling into the mood in which he had madly stamped about the town an hour or two before. His hands were closing tightly. Anna Mills!

What was *she* thinking about? Probably, not thinking; she was crying. A picture of her came to him, Anna Mills crying, softly, on her pillow. *That was what he had done for her!* It hurt him, and for a moment he felt himself choke. . . .

He was a damned brute—that was what! To have done that. He was a hell of a *man*! She wasn't that kind of a girl, anyway. She wasn't a cheap "Jane" like those who ran around with Harry Lawson. He shuddered. "Why?" he asked aloud, detecting the old but always curious chill creep up his back when he thought of these flat-faced, painted girls. Why hadn't he picked out one of these, anyway? Didn't they have to offer what he had known he must some time take in order to prove to himself that he had the right to assume the inner air of a man?

Why?

But Edward North knew. The answer came in the clear, nerve-stripped weakness of the instant. He was—afraid! Afraid of that kind of girl; he hated her boldness, her strength in the particular course she followed. He wouldn't have had the inclination nor the courage, he told himself, to have touched her. He couldn't have forced himself to touch her; he couldn't *stand* a girl like that! And yet—he had taken Anna Mills—and done what he had done, to a girl he *knew*!

"Jesus!" he cried.

He had gone about things wrong! He had despoiled and destroyed Anna Mills, who probably liked him, who might have been a friend for a long time. But now *that* was over, too.

No *man* would have gone out with a girl he knew; he ought to have thought that over more. He had gone plunging ahead and *acted* without thinking about that. He had just known it was what he had to do, and he couldn't have gone out with just any girl. Why? Why? He guessed he knew, all right.

The little inquisitorial thoughts marched about, flailing him with pigmy arms. . . . Anna Mills. Poor little

Anna Mills! A good kid, too. And *he* was worse than Harry Lawson and all those cheap guys. Worse! For he wasn't even now a man—not even an excuse for a man—he was a damned *coward*, a timid, hesitant, *coward*, who picked on nice girls. And he had swept Anna, protesting, pretty, little Anna, off her feet. . . .

Had he? His mind went back and forth gathering in unforgettable things. He wondered. Hadn't she clung to him? Hadn't she—? Had she actually even protested?

How was it he who always held himself against any show of force had suddenly almost killed her, feeling so oddly strong. Was that the way a *man* felt, or was that his underlying cowardice coming out? Was it *right* to have felt that way? To have felt that way—He recollected how he had felt. A conqueror. A king! Ed North played with possibilities: a king, a conqueror; a brute, a lummox; a man of action, old man Willoughby, blinking in the sun. A coward. A coward! Edward North clicked his teeth. Did it all mean now that, after this night, when he had thought to have ended all the uncertainties in his feeling, growing nature, he would have to continue to worry all his life long, as before?

Edward North smothered his face in the depths of the pillow as if to crowd from his mind all thought. How could he go home? How face his folks? Would he have to fight someone else, his mind kept asking? Would he have to take some other girl—one of those loud, offensive "Janes"? His mind went on—thinking, wondering, wounding. He turned on his back; the sheets were hot; he heard the rain. He was alone. And this thought now, in its full force, came upon him like an inner gust, like a great wind. He could have cried out, like a maniac, he thought, and it would not have mattered much to anyone else. He could even kill himself, and not be discovered until morning. Someone in some other bed some place might be disturbed, but would turn over and go back to sleep. Why couldn't he

sleep like that—like a fat pig, like a traveling salesman?

Fighting. . . . Would he have to do it all over again? God, those "Janes"! . . . Fighting! He resisted his mind no more. Fighting? Well, for what? Merely to grow? What did it mean to grow? When did a person get to manhood, anyway? What did he have to do? Hadn't he done—? And was he a man?

How was he now to act? Act. . . . The word seemed to Edward North a kind of out-of-place thing, a grotesque, dancing apparition. It was like another word his mind brought back, one he had felt surge up in him as he strode down the lane to Main Street from Anna's house. Victory! The word had a mocking sound. . . . And *act!* *He couldn't act*—when he tried, he failed as he had always failed—things didn't come out right—he could only *think* about acting. No one could be a *man* that way. He had not changed the old, hesitant Edward North; he had only grown more and more like him, and this wasn't *growth*. He would still have to change—to grow.

To grow. . . . This was still his problem, Edward North reflected. He would have to think about it more. How did he want to grow? Like the traveling salesman, like all the young folk in Rayfield and Gunther, fitted in too-tight clothes, dancers, "steppers," "Jane-chasers," clerks, farmhands? What good did growth do these people—did they *ever* grow, as he wanted to grow, bigger, surer, firmer, decided. . . . He wished he were done with growth, if this were growth.

A curious, one-time scene came up before him as he turned restlessly upon the bed—the recollection of two men, past middle-age, whom once he had seen sitting on the front porch of the Gunther House, two retired, dignified, well-dressed, mild-mannered, Eastern gentlemen, he thought them, who had stopped off in Gunther, he had learned, to see someone or other on their way to the coast. Gray-haired they were, he recalled now; they talked pleasantly to

each other and rocked leisurely back and forth in the yellowing afternoon; men, he told himself, who had come to old age honored and who sat mellowing in the warm, reflective sun, a simple calm and dignity on their faces—men a young man now could sense a feeling for. . . . They had done with tumultuous battles, surely; there was with these old men no yearning upward and a battling out for life. What would it feel like, Edward wondered, to be like those men, past all the uncertainties and worries of youth? He wished, with half his mind, that he, too, were old—very old. Somehow—he felt old. . . . Now, he thought, you take those men. . . .

And, dry-eyed and differing in a lone particular from the long, young hesitant youth who had dined in speculative solitude earlier in the evening, Edward North slowly was detaching himself

from the torture of emotion, battling, on another and more familiar ground, with himself—the insecure, old, dim-lit ground. Edward North, who had thrown himself down on the mercy of his body and his senses to try to be a man, struggled back and labored in the intensified suffering of young thought that reached out to climb beyond its present youth and to settle on a faintly glimpsed conception of a distant and untroubled, firm security.

"Hell fire," he said, without enthusiasm; even to himself, an indefinite and ambiguous exclamation. "Hell fire!"

He stretched his tired legs out across the bed, and a feeling of languor went over him, relaxing his extended muscles with a satisfactory shiver of pain like the sensation of laughter or of weeping. . . . The August rain strummed dully on the windowsill.

(The End)



Midnight

By Martha H. Bliss

THE swollen moon has almost set,
Into the ocean slowly sinking—
I am weary of lying thinking, thinking,
Of what I would forget.

This fear of losing you, this dread,
Has stolen away all hope of sleep.
It stands with a sword above my head—
And I cannot even weep.

I will go out and row my boat
With swift long strokes to the end of the bay.
There I will lie and let it float
Out to meet the day.

And when the gulls and the fishermen
Go to their tasks, and the sun is out,
Then I will turn my boat about,
And, leaving my thoughts, come home again.



Excerpt from a Manuscript Recently Found Among the Ruins of a Long - Buried City Beneath 57th Street and 4th Avenue

By Walter E. Sagmaster

THERE was once a man who, from the age of twenty-two to that of sixty, avoided any contact whatsoever with women. At the former age he had set down the results of his observations regarding the fair sex, and of his actual experience with them, which, for one so young, was prodigious; and he reached the conclusion that all women, without exception, were at bottom fickle, inconstant, mercenary, catty, naggy, gossipy, deceitful, and generally unscrupulous. And at the latter age, he died.

Many women attempted to force an entrance into this man's life, for he was very handsome, with wavy brown hair, large, black eyes, and a finely-cut, firm, manly chin—and he was worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But always he held clearly before his mind the results of his investigations into the feminine soul; always he swore more firmly and irrevocably than the last time that he would never so long as he existed, either in this world or the next, have anything to do with women. And always he succeeded in eluding the feminine blandishments that were aimed at his heart, and his bankroll.

Now this man found the constant wear and tear of evading the ladies very irritating and disturbing to his soul, for he had, in spite of his determination to preserve eternal bachelorhood, a very great and deep-rooted weakness for the weaker sex. Each effort to throw off the attempts of the ladies to ensnare him proved, although successful, more and more dispiriting, and he grew to be very tired of this life and to long for

death. For this man was a firm believer in immortality, and he spent many an hour fervidly dreaming of the happiness that would be his in the life to come, when he would see God, face to face, praise His name forever, and be forever free from the burning and trouble-making desires of this life. And as this man led a very moral existence on earth, abstaining from theft, blasphemy, lying, injury to others, and, of course, women, so he confidently expected to receive eternal bliss in Heaven as his reward.

In due time, as has been noted, this man died. On his death-bed he had no fear; indeed, his eyes were illumined by a genuine joy—the anticipation of the happiness that would soon be his. After he had breathed his last, his soul left his body and went straight, as he had expected, to Heaven.

The big golden gates swung open at his approach. A footman escorted him to the celestial palace, and in a moment he had been admitted.

"Yes?" inquired the gorgeously arrayed butler, suavely.

"I would like to see God," announced the man.

"If you will take a seat. . . ."

The man took a seat, and the butler retreated to the upper part of the palace. In a few moments he returned, but the man could see nothing encouraging in his eyes.

He approached the man and said:

"I am extremely sorry, but God cannot see you this afternoon. She has a most severe headache. If you could call at this time tomorrow—"

But the man had fainted.

The Executive Bureau

By Arthur T. Munyan

I

AMOS BOONE was in the over-a-million-dollar-income class, chairman of the Boone Company, member of a score of directorates, a thorough capitalist. His employes, who rarely saw him, spoke of him as a democratic man. "He's just like you or me," they would tell each other. "You'd never guess he had a nickel."

The favorable impression was largely due to Amos Boone's charming custom of dropping in at the Annual Banquet and telling a smutty story. In point of fact Amos Boone was about as democratic as the late Czar, but he believed in impressions. If it cheered the rabble of thirty thousand in his employ to believe him a great humanitarian, then it was worth a few ribald words to foster the notion.

It was important to leave impressions like that. His fortune was built on a foundation of such credos among his own menials and others like them. He backed every organization, supported every device, for crystalizing the opinions of the mob. He was an admirably rabid Baptist, a prominent figure in the Republican National Convention, an august member of several lodges. He sold shares of Boone Company stock on instalment to his employes, thereby, as he said, making capitalists of them all. He endowed a company organ to promote good feeling throughout his personnel—and to disseminate the holy word that the man who works hardest always goes to heaven; that a penny saved is a penny earned. With the same lofty purpose he backed a periodical that featured success articles and

stories with a message. Boys' Clubs without number were among his protégés. He was, in short, a modern Aladdin whose magic lamp was Bunkum.

Conspicuously identified with many idealistic enterprises, he owned The Executive Bureau, Inc., secretly. Not even his corporals in charge there knew that he employed them. They acknowledged as their nabob one of his minor subalterns. It had merely happened so. There was nothing patently discreditable in owning the Executive, so that he needs must cover it up. He left it to subordinates, merely so that his name was not connected with it.

The Executive Bureau was a firm of "vocational counselors," in other words, "placement psychologists"; in brief, it was an agency, a joint where people went for jobs. Years ago Amos Boone read somewhere that it costs a big company fifty dollars on the average to fire a man and replace him with a new one. The truth gave him cold chills. He was first off for cutting a dollar a week off the salary of everyone who worked for him. But a better idea replaced that one. He started the Executive Bureau. His own and other companies as well began hiring all their people through the agency, with the net result that every new employe paid, as fee, the cost of his being hired and of the other fellow's being fired. Boone never lost.

But the Executive Bureau amounted to more than that. It was one of Boone's best means of helping keep the mob in line. It standardized wages and hammered down salaries. It exalted the power of a man's service record with a large corporation. It discounted

the value of a salaried man's assets, and whooped up loyalty, willingness to put in long hours, willingness to study outside. It put many excellent ideas into the heads of men looking for work. A man in search of a job is in a plastic, a receptive state.

Just what Amos Boone thought of himself, no one knows. A clergyman must at times feel like a hypocrite; a writer frequently feels like an ass; a bootlegger's prices no doubt give him conscience-stricken moments. But an apostle of bunk is an enigma. The success magazine that old Boone ran would have made an educated zebra chortle himself into a distemper; Boone's political idealism made civilized men shudder. But did Boone shudder? Bunkum is sometimes something of a boomerang; a man will believe anything he is steeped in long enough; a man will take anything seriously that brings in shekels.

The chief of the Executive Bureau was not an extraordinary personage. He was a middle-aged, average man, gray, well-groomed as business men go, dignified. There was something hideously reminiscent of a precocious fat boy about him. He was solemn and prepossessing, but one felt for some cause that he ought not to know so much. His impressive opinions on sacred matters like business trends and the like seemed hollow, not first-hand. But he did very well for the class of work he was in. His name was Mr. Preston, and he handled the big employers, and the clients for the higher-paid positions.

Then there was Olivia Bent Merwin; who had the department for women. She was an enormous female, a kind of Business Buddha, with ample chins and a portentous air. In her presence one felt the majesty of business. She was a Gargantuan status of efficiency. She had one inefficiency herself: she always wrote out her full name with bold wallops of the pen. That was, paradoxically, the sort of thing she would do.

Mr. Preston had an underling who

interviewed lesser clients, office boys, entry clerks, and small fry. He was a very important, very studious looking young man, who served evenings as a Y.M.C.A. secretary, and was getting rick quick by the laudable device of working both night and day. With Mr. Preston he was charmingly servile; with unemployed office boys he could be quite stern.

There was a switchboard girl, and one or two men who worked at clerical duties. That comprised the entire force of the Bureau, a force which naturally hummed continually with energy as an example to its visitors. Naturally no one in the place took notice of the man who came in one morning and, in docile manner, took his place on the mourners' bench to await an interview.

The girl at the switchboard gave the man an application blank to fill out and, after extracting a two-dollar registration fee from him, booked him for a talk with Mr. Preston. The man's eyes fell wonderingly on the spacious blank. It contained questions enough to get any man into heaven who could answer them all. For a half hour the man busily plied his pen. He answered all the questions that an employer would ask; he answered many in which no employer could conceivably be interested. Hundreds of them. Doctors, lawyers, psychologists, inquisitive children, customs officers, and harmless maniacs must have collaborated in the compilation of the questionnaire, the man reflected.

He was a middle-aged man, obviously what would be classified as an executive. He might, without incongruity, have changed places with Preston at the desk down the line. Instead of the fat boy look there was about his eyes the faint trace of cynicism. But his aspect was undistinguished. He was dressed reasonably well, far from foppishly. His suit would have stood for a pressing.

He was getting along to the occult questions now. Can you take a joke on yourself? Yes—if necessary. How

many times have you lost your temper this year? Now there was a pretty question! Too bad he hadn't known they were going to ask it; he could have made a tally. When you look at the papers what do you read first? The headlines, for God's sake! Why, do some of your clients close their eyes and turn to the Peruna ad on page eleven? Write any additional item of interest that occurs to you in the space below. The man bit his pen stock. John D. Rockefeller's telephone number is Broad 2990.

He turned his jaded attention to the occupants of the room. A pretty girl was being interviewed by Olivia Bent Merwin. The man knew that was her name, because it was in big capitals on her desk. The pretty girl looked like a gazelle whom a bewildered keeper had got into a cage with the hippopotamus. "Well, what *can* you do?" the goddess with the three chins and names was asking. She had evidently just been grossly insulted by the advent of an untrained creature, untutored in the lore of commerce, who nevertheless had the nerve to look there for a job.

"I could certainly do all that you do!" the girl retorted. "I could sit at a desk and look ferocious."

The interview terminated suddenly.

The girl evidently had eyes. Sitting and looking ferocious was the main occupation of the place. The man on the bench surveyed the man at the desk nearest him. The latter was the very image of a Parrish pirate, but his fierce nature had been sublimated and turned into the channels of industry. He glowered at a pile of letters on the desk. Then he straightened the pile. He pulled the desk drawer open, and slammed it shut again. Then he moved the pile of letters an eighth of an inch. Suddenly his eyes blazed with the fire of the fierce energy which is the essence of the great game of commerce.

"I'll bet," the man on the bench gloated, "that he is going to do something now. I'll bet he is!"

The pirate leaped from his chair. He went to the machine at the wall and

sharpened a pencil. Then he went back to his desk and resumed the glower of absorption in big things.

II

MR. PRESTON was just getting through with the man at his desk, and the girl now motioned the new applicant to move down. A moment later he sat in the witness box beside Preston's desk. The latter eyed him with professional mild curiosity.

"Let me see—your name—?" Preston peered at the application blank on his desk, peered through its mazes for the applicant's name, and finally let the search die out. He tossed the formidable document aside, and gave his attention to the man.

"Now," he said, "what sort of a position are you looking for?"

"I am an executive."

"Ah. Yes." Mr. Preston looked feebly annoyed.

The type, breed, denomination or ilk of executive apparently did not greatly interest him. The word "executive" alone seemed to harass him.

"An executive," he announced, "is never hired. He comes up through the business. An executive position is the reward of long and faithful service for a single employer."

"But your advertisement in the paper," the other persisted, "says that you place everyone from office boy to highly paid executive in the position best fitted him."

Mr. Preston now seemed quite annoyed.

"I have no time," he said tartly, "to argue with clients. I interview hundreds daily. I am in touch with the biggest men in town. Most men who come here take my vocational counsel as coming from one who knows his business."

"Oh certainly, certainly. I beg your pardon! I am perfectly willing to take your advice. I shall greatly appreciate your counsel, Mr. Preston. What is it you suggest?"

This was certainly the most irritating

man Preston had had in the place that day. Fortunately the phone rang at that moment. For ten minutes he sat holding the receiver.

"Um—" he said. "Yes. Ah. Um. Well. Um. Sorry. I haven't a thing."

Hanging up the phone he turned to his client with the dazed air of a man waking from a dream.

"Now let me see. . . . What was your name? Um. Ah. Oh, yes!" He scowled, recollecting suddenly.

"I've just been thinking," his client relieved him, "that perhaps I'll have to take a loss in salary, and position, to get back into things. Selling, now. . . ."

Preston's face brightened visibly at the sign of dawning reason, but darkened again at the word "selling." He shook his head dubiously. "I'm afraid. . . . How old are you?"

"Fifty."

"Tut! tut!" That pained Mr. Preston visibly. "Oh, dear me, no! All the technical men we place are young men!"

He continued to shake his head at the wretched problem that Fate had flung him.

"Technical men!" The exclamation indicated the sheerest surprise. "Good God! Do you call a salesman a technical man?"

"Certainly," crushingly. "And please don't waste my time with foolish questions." Then resuming the subject: "I presume it is some years since you have been in active selling. Since you were last at it, things have changed. It is a new science. You would be hopelessly at a loss in it. No employer in New York with an ounce of sense would hire you as a salesman. That," he concluded, "is final."

The other nodded. "I'm sure you're in a position to know, Mr. Preston. Merely a suggestion from me. I'll take anything you say. How's that?"

"You may and you may not. You'll be mighty lucky, at your age, and with your queer ideas, if I can find you anything. And I am, as you say, in a position to know." He was quite severe.

"Well, I'll start at the bottom! The

fact is, Mr. Preston, I have a little money put aside—"

"I should hope so! At your age!"

"—and I can carry on for a while even if the salary doesn't amount to much. What I want is an entrée of almost any kind. I hope and believe I can advance myself after I've been working for a while. Get back into the old ruts again."

"That's the way to talk!" Preston nearly sighed with the relief. "Now let me see. . . ."

"An office manager's job in some nice house, now."

Preston started violently, and seemed to be on the verge of screaming. "I thought you said the *bottom*! An office manager! How many years accounting experience have you had?"

"Well," rather apologetically, "I've never had any actual experience, but I've had accountants working for me and I know accounting pretty well. . . ."

"No, no, no, no, no." Preston's head wagged like that of a bulldog wrestling with a bone. "I might get you a job as an entry clerk, but I doubt it. They want a man with at least two years' experience at that. And I don't suppose you know how to operate a Comptometer. . . ."

The man didn't.

Preston sighed heavily. "You really don't seem to be good for anything. I'm sure I don't know. . . ."

A desperate look came over the face of the applicant for a position.

"My God! Mr. Preston. There must be something I can do! I've got to live, somehow! I'm middle-aged, I suppose, but I'm in the best of health. I can tramp and paddle a canoe with the best of them. There must be something! Why, I'm a twenty-five thousand dollar man! Have been, at least."

"That's the way they all talk," Preston interrupted. "That is the sort of notion you've got to get out of your head. Salaries were inflated beyond all reason during the war."

"I know. I know." But the passionate flood would not be stemmed. "You speak of two years' experience at this,

and my being too old for that. I tell you I have been a big man, Mr. Preston! Doesn't seasoning in the business world count? Doesn't personality count? Doesn't intelligence, doesn't ability in general, count?"

Preston shook his head sadly. "Not a bit! It's a drug on the market! Now just let me think. You say you'll do anything?"

"Anything whatsoever!"

"Well, I believe I know of a fine position for you. It is a position of dignity. It requires tact. It is with one of the finest banking houses in New York."

"What is it?" A dozen confused thoughts and surmises and emotions milled in the man's mind.

"The firm of which I speak," Preston explained, "is very dignified, and conservative. They use no office boys. They prefer seasoned men, dignified-appearing, quiet, cultured men to receive their clients. I might send you to them. But I am in some doubt at the moment. For one thing, I don't think you are deferential enough."

He paused and considered the question deeply.

"I'm not sure, yet," he decided at last. "Call in the morning and I'll give you my decision."

He turned wearily back to the pile of papers on his desk.

The interview was closed.

III

THE unsuccessful applicant rose heavily, picked up his hat as though it were a wreath he was about to lay on the grave of a dead child, and slogged despondently from the room. Once outside, his manner brightened considerably. From an inner pocket he drew a forty-five cent cigar, and bit off the end with obvious relish. Presently there drifted an aroma from it, an incense to the great god Bunkum. Bunkum was the meaning and end of everything to him. Without it, he would be lost, unknown, helpless, starving. It had brought him wealth beyond the dreams and conceptions of most men. And he gave credit where credit was due. For without it he could not get a job even as office boy. No, by Jove, he couldn't even get a job working for himself!



SOME religions are like waxen candles burning on marble altars. Others are like the flaring gas lamps in front of a circus sideshow.



YOU can't really judge a man correctly until you see the women who turn up at his funeral services.



KISSING is a woman's politics. Sometimes she is a Conservative and sometimes a Liberal.



MEN get rich by winking at laws. Women by winking at men.



Diary of a 100% American

By Stanley Dearstyne

MONDAY—Sent check for \$35 to help erect statue of Dwight L. Moody, the great missionary. A few wanted it to be a poet called Walt Whiteman instead, but that movement was soon squashed, you may be sure. Who *was* this fellow Whiteman? What did he ever do to have a statue coming to him? I never saw anything of his in the *American Magazine*. At any rate, my name should be high on the Contributors' List in tomorrow's papers.

Foreclosed on old Mrs. Kittinger. Estimate I made a good \$375 off her. An excellent stroke of business!

In evening I, wife, Herbert, Edison, Beulah, and little Warren, all to Dribb's Vaudeville Theatre (orchestra seats). All acts deserving of commendation except one chap with violin who made me tired—Mendelsohn, I think his name was, or at any rate M. was mixed up in the affair somehow. The hit of the bill was a trained seal who played "Where the River Shannon Flows" with chimes. Quite ingenious, and the music wasn't bad either. The acrobats and jugglers were also better than usual.

* * *

Tuesday—Well, my name got in the papers all right, but the *Journal* misspelled it. "Dibbcl" they had, when it should have been "Dibble." Ye Gods! Sent the Editor a letter demanding instant retraction. For \$35 a person should at least have his name spelled right!

Received a letter (morning mail) announcing special meeting of Elks Friday evening. "An important special

meeting," it said. Something's in the air! I'll be there, never fear!

Helped to break up another of those rotten radical parades this morning. While going to office, saw it coming, large sign at head reading: "Vote for Leschelman, Socialist Candidate for Congress." A crowd of us spirited citizens, headed by some sailors, soon broke it up. I did my bit, hitting a woman parader in the eye with a tomato. The yellow, immoral, cowardly Bolsheviki dogs! Why don't they go back where they came from, I'd like to know!

Evening. Heard William Jennings Bryan wipe up Fireman's Hall with "Evolution." A big crowd, but largely old women, so I managed to smash my way through until I was right under the platform. A clear, straightforward, logical argument against Evolution—half the time the audience was laughing and the other half crying. Why, the idea that a brilliant man like Bryan ever came from a monkey is absurd to begin with, as Mr. Bryan himself explained. Besides, what does the Bible say? I repeat, what does the Bible say? The home brew is doing well. The weather's getting so cold I believe I'll change to my winter underwear tomorrow morning.

* * *

Wednesday—Changed to my winter underwear this morning. The *Journal* retracted, but this time they spelled it "Dinkle"! Outrageous! Worse than before! Hereafter I read the *Gazette* only.

Surprised the wife and kiddies with three new Victrola records (\$.75 each)

—"I'm A-Going Back to Dear Ol' Alabam," "I Ain't Never Going to Cry O'er You No More" and "Jazz Blues." The other sides weren't so good, of course, with the exception of "North Dakota Blues." After I played "North Dakota Blues" my wife, who is an excellent judge of harmony, said instantly, with tears in her eyes: "Fred, that's *real* music!" "You're right, little woman," I assured her.

* * *

Thursday—Well, I've *heckled* Blodgett! No sooner had he opened his speech last night with the words, "Once there were two Irishmen," when I asked firmly and loudly: "J. Spencer Blodgett, I ask you, Democratic candidate for alderman, what have you ever done for the installation of more sanitary drinking fountains in our public schools?" And our great (?) Blodgett stood in silent dismay while they threw me out.

This morning I sent letters to the Editor of the Readers' Communications Section of each paper during which I stated: "I defy J. Spencer Blodgett, Democratic candidate for alderman, to show me that he has ever done *anything* for the installation of more sanitary *drinking fountains* in our *public schools*!" I followed this with a stirring appeal for cleaner streets and better roads. "Every true American citizen in Gilpus County," I declared, "should rise in his wrath and *demand* cleaner *streets* and better *roads*!"

At luncheon today a friend (he was then) asked me what kind of literature I read. "Only the best," I replied. "Zane Grey is my favorite." "I've got a book by a chap that I think you'll be interested in," he said with a smile. "I marked some passages that I consider especially good." Then he gave me a book called "Beyond Good and Evil," by F. Nietzsche. I have sent it to Mr. John S. Sumner with a letter demanding that he stop publication of the book and have Nietzsche arrested for blasphemy, radicalism, disrespect to the

weaker sex, indecency, and corrupting the morals of the young.

In evening, to movies with wife and the kiddies. Saw an interesting Joyo bathing girl comedy, followed by a first rate feature, "The Lure of Passion," starring Millie Coye. It was a murder mystery with an especially exciting finish, where the hero dashes in just after the villain overpowers the girl (Millie) and strangles him after a very realistic fight. Then Bob (the hero) clasps Winifred (Millie) in his arms while the old colored retainer, Toby, peeks chuckling over the banister, making an absolutely happy ending.

* * *

Friday—There was no sign of my challenge to Blodgett in the *Journal* (Dem.), *Courier* (Dem.) or *Press* (Dem.), but it appeared in the *Gazette* (Rep.), *Times* (Rep.) and *Herald* (Rep.). I guess that pretty near kills the Hon. (?) Blodgett's chances.

One of the eggs was bad this morning. Called up Straub at once and informed him of that fact, with delicate sarcasm. He was apologetic, as usual, the fat profiteer! \$.76 a dozen—it's scandalous. Who's getting it? I'll write to Congressman Whale!

Raised old Peters' rent another \$10. If this keeps up I'll be able to send little Warren away some day to prepare for the ministry, which pays pretty well, I think, considering.

Signed Edison and Beulah's report cards. They don't seem to be particularly strong in English, Literature, Music, History, and all that, but their "A's" in Arithmetic indicate that they're excellent at figures, so they're bound to turn out valuable citizens.

A queer thing happened this afternoon. I started to kiss my stenographer in a spirit of fun and what did she do but *slap my face*! I was *astounded*! It was the first time in all my long acquaintance with stenographers of every rank and station that anything like that ever happened. I fired her.

Attended the special meeting of the

Elks and did not get home till 'way after 12 P. M.—so late it was early. I wasn't as sober as I should have been according to the Constitution either, I greatly fear. Several new members initiated and learned all the secrets, every one of them real he-men, including Roger Hoscumbe, our progressive butcher; Henry Fimmersley, the popular undertaker and Rotary Club secretary, and Harold Ostrander Tucker, a splendid young fellow, Y. M. C. A. worker and Scout Master of the Lake Trout Patrol. The special part of the meeting, however, was the decision to hold another bowling tournament in the near future. My fellow Elks did me the great honor to elect me, amidst cheers, Chairman of the Committee on Bowling, which will make all the necessary arrangements, such as reserving the alleys, notifying the newspapers, etc., etc.

I made a little speech in which I said: "Fellow Elks, you have done me great honor. Need I say I will endeavor to fulfil the trust you have so wisely shown in me? Anyway, I will! Once there were two Irishmen—" Then I told the one about the two Irishmen, after which I worked in an appeal for more sanitary drinking fountains in our public schools, as well as cleaner streets and better roads, which will, I think, help to raise property values.

* * *

Saturday—Took the wife and kiddies on afternoon holiday to "freak" show. It was highly entertaining and we all enjoyed it excessively, especially the amusing fellow with three legs and "Serpentina, the Boneless Lady." We had a scare, though, when we found that Edison had vanished. Finally located him, mixed up with the freaks. The manager, who seemed to possess a

strange sense of humor, actually had the audacity to make me an offer of \$50 a week to let Edison remain with the show! I refused indignantly, for I didn't feel that it would be right, although \$50 a week is a lot of money, at that.

All to movies in evening (loge seats). Program included a Jewel bathing girl comedy and an excellent feature, "Love Against Passion," starring Wilbur Blayr. It was a red-blooded Western with plenty of shooting and lynchings, culminating in a big scene where Phil (Wilbur) rushes up on his pinto in the nick of time and hurls the villain, Jasper, who has just overpowered the girl, Arabella, over a cliff. He then grasps Arabella in his embrace while the sun sinks low and the friendly Indians, cowboys, and U. S. cavalymen peek out smiling from behind trees and cactus plants.

* * *

Sunday—Slept so late that we barely got to church in time for the whole program. The Rev. Dr. Phineas Lucius Jarber delivered a strong sermon in which he showed that all the sorrow in the world is caused by sinners, especially evolutionists and socialists, and proved convulsively that the responsibility for the present high cost of living rests directly upon the heads of the atheists and agnostics.

During afternoon read Sunday paper "funnies" aloud to the kiddies. I hear that "Bud" Fisher gets three million a year. He surely is a smart chap and his Mutt and Jeff are old favorites of mine, though sometimes it strikes me they're a little too deep.

Evening. Played one side of our hymn record on the Victrola, after which we were all glad to go to bed early.



Répétition Générale

By George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken

§ 1

No. 3002.—It is a fact of history that, since the beginning of the Christian era, there have been only two men possessed of noteworthy imagination who have been content to love but one woman in their lives.

§ 2

The New Order.—Feminism made its first and perhaps greatest advance when civilized women began addressing their husbands by their given names. The custom, of course, is not old. Down to Dickens' time the majority of English wives called their husbands Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, not Paul or Wolfgang. On the Continent, even today, it is probable that Schultz and Duval, without the honorific, are quite as common as Hermann or Étienne. But in the English-speaking countries the use of the simple given name is now almost universal—and it is precisely in the English-speaking countries that the old high rights and prerogatives of the husband are in greatest decay, and wives are most impertinent and bombastic. I connect the two phenomena. If a woman respects and venerates her husband as she ought to respect and venerate him, then the right to address him familiarly by his first name must needs fill her with a sense of impudence and even sacrilege. It is, in its way, quite as if the first mate of a ship were privileged to call the captain Mike. Let any first mate of ordinary human weakness and fallibility do that a half dozen times, and he will straightway begin to

criticize the captain's orders, and soon or late he will disobey them. Thus I see the lowly origins of a slave rebellion which, in its latest phase, takes the extravagant and grotesque form of a refusal, by married women, to use their husbands' surnames at all.

§ 3

In Memoriam.—The death, not long ago, of Richard K. Fox, editor and publisher of the *Police Gazette*, has brought one to ponder afresh on the persistent underestimation of the man that clung to him during his lifetime. Of the editorial generation of Richard Watson Gilder, Henry Mills Alden, Walter Hines Page and Lyman Abbott, Fox—regarded purely as an editor—was the only one of the five to achieve broad international fame, a fame acutely bestowed upon him by foreigners who were shrewd and wise enough to penetrate the prejudice against the man in America and discern his extraordinary talent and capability for the job he had selected as his life's work. Here in America, as you will reflect, Fox and his journal were treated mainly as a joke: the two were summarily and idiotically condemned with the designation "barbershop." But the Europeans, the English in particular, were quick to see through the cheap yokel disesteem in which the man and his paper were held and to estimate the fellow in the terms of the peculiar genius that was his. Perhaps not more than two other men—Dana and Hearst—have exercised so profound an influence as Fox on the practical side of American journalism. This may seem

superficially far-fetched, but even a cursory survey of the man's philosophies and practises must convince the skeptic.

Often humorously described as "the paper that everybody read and nobody took," the *Police Gazette* was the first journal in the United States to treat of sports in such wise that the layman could understand what they were about. Fox's editorial plan, since imitated by every journal in America and Europe, changed the entire manner of this kind of reporting. The *Police Gazette*, further, was the first periodical to use a species of tinted paper that made reading easier on the eyes and that, from a commercial point of view, spectacularized the appearance of the paper and made it sell. Consider Fox's imitators in this direction: Bennett and his *New York Telegram*, Pulitzer and the sporting edition of his *New York Evening World*, Hearst and the late editions of his *New York Journal*, to mention only three, and all of these in a single city. There are hundreds of other imitations throughout America; there are two in London; there are two in Paris; there is one in Vienna; there are three in Berlin; there is one in Rome.

Turn to the question of advertising. Fox was, during his life as he remains after his death, the only publisher in America who was not a hypocrite in this department. He appreciated that the object of printing advertisements was, finally and simply, to make money—and he conducted himself accordingly. "Pay me what I charge and I'll print any dingblasted ad. you give me." That was his intelligent attitude, and that was an attitude that he never changed. The fake moral tone of his fellow publishers, he had no use for. "Ads.," as he once eloquently put it, "aren't literature; they have nothing to do with the text of my *Gazette*; they are simply extra money in my pocket. Shoot!" The result was that the advertisements in the *Police Gazette* were the most interesting to be found anywhere in America; and the second result was that, being interesting, they

made the advertisers almost as rich as Fox himself. There is perhaps not a civilized man in America who does not recall these advertisements, laugh at them as he will. Name another journal of whose advertisements the same thing can be said! And, when all is said and done, advertisements are meant solely to be read and to pay.

Fox was, contrary to opinion in certain benighted quarters, an eminently moral man. Born in Belfast, Ireland, his early training was of a distinctly religious turn, and his career began on the staff of the *Ulster Banner*, a church publication. In all the years that he owned and edited the *Police Gazette*, he never once published, or permitted to be published therein, the photograph of any woman who was not pure. He would print pictures of women in tights—some of them almost nude—but never the picture of one who wasn't, so far as he knew, moral and virtuous. Well, never is perhaps stretching the thing a bit too far, for at one time, during his absence in Europe, a dozen or more pictures of dubious gals got into the *Gazette's* pages and contrived to cast suspicion on Fox's editorial integrity in this quarter. But those in the know never doubted that integrity for a moment, as his prompt dismissal of the guilty sub-editor immediately upon his return from abroad left no further room for suspicion.

The confidant of many famous men—General Ulysses S. Grant, for example, was one of his closest friends, as were Lincoln, Garfield and Grover Cleveland—Fox gained the admiration of everyone who knew him intimately for his clear statement of editorial policy. That policy had but two clauses, and they were as follows:

1. Be interesting.
2. And be damn quick about it.

Fox invented condensed journalism. "Tell your story in three paragraphs at most," he would order his slaves. "If you can't tell it in three, tell it in two. And if you can't tell it in two, get the hell out of here!"

Fox's influence was felt by the

monthly magazines no less than the daily newspapers. The *Century Magazine*, for example, today still shows clearly the effect of certain phases of the Fox editorial philosophy, as do to a slightly lesser degree the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Christian Herald*, and most certainly *The Smart Set*. During the war, indeed, the last named directly imitated Fox in printing its contents on pink paper, and abandoned what was found to be a most successful plan only because that paper was much too expensive. This is no place to go extensively into Fox's direct and very great influence upon the editorial departments of the various magazines, but the editors of those magazines will freely and frankly attest to it.

Fox originated the prize contest, the current favorite circulation-getting device of the dailies and weeklies. He originated the practise of holding various events directly under the auspices of a journal. He originated the motto: "Clean sport for clean people in clean places." Looked on with social disfavor at home, he was the pet of the British aristocracy. Looked on as the editor of a mere low barbershop paper in America, he was regarded on the Continent as the most enterprising, the most audacious and the most thoroughly honest of the American editors of his day. Richard K. Fox, two humble editorial followers salute your genius and your memory! May God rest your noble bones.

§ 4

Note in the Margin.—For the normal man there is but one use and value in marriage: it protects him, at least temporarily, from another marriage.

§ 5

Psychology at 9 A. M.—It is in the throes of *Katzenjammer* that men reveal their true souls. The Puritan always makes a vow that he will never do it again. The civilized man simply resolves to be a bit more careful.

§ 6

Moral Indignation.—The ill-fame of the Turks in the world, like the ill-fame of the Mormons, is chiefly due to their practise of polygamy. This is a practise which inevitably excites the imagination of men doomed to monogamy, and particularly of men doomed to monogamy with bossy, prudish and anaphrodisiac women, which is to say, the normal men of western Christendom. They envy the Turk and hence hate him. Every time the English press-agencies report him dragging a fresh herd of dark-eyed, charming Levantine women into his seraglio, they hate him more. The way to arouse a Puritan to the highest pitch of moral indignation is not to rob an orphan; the way to do it is to grab a pretty gal around the waist and launch with her into the lascivious measures of a *Wiener waltz*. Men always hate most what they envy most. Roosevelt and the German Junkers. Wilson and the Kaiser. The Socialists and the president of the National City Bank.

§ 7

Tragedies.—An unsuccessful candidate for the Vice-Presidency. . . . A street-walker unable to make a living at it.

§ 8

The Reason.—There is no legitimate actor who can resist the powerful lure of the movies. It isn't the money that fetches him. It isn't the softness of the job. It isn't the great publicity. It isn't the soothing, warm climate of California. It is simply this: *the movies enable an actor to look at himself*. God never made a cabotin who could resist so beguiling and overpowering a temptation.

§ 9

Where the Money Goes.—Eight months ago there were sent to me, by

registered parcel post from Philadelphia, two pairs of gloves. The value placed upon them was seven dollars. The package was lost in transit, and a claim was duly made. This is what happened:

1. Four letters of inquiry from the Postal department in Washington.

2. Five different post-office investigators assigned at different times to track down the package.

3. An agent of the post-office at Philadelphia detailed to have a long document filled in and signed by the sender.

4. An agent of the post-office at New York detailed to have a long document filled in and signed by me who failed to receive the package.

5. Another letter from Washington.

6. Various records and tracers verified at both the Philadelphia and New York post-offices.

7. An agent delivers a cheque in reimbursement.

Time consumed: Eight months.

Approximate amount of money spent by the Government to investigate and verify the claim—agents, stenographers, file clerks, time, etc.: Perhaps \$300.

Value of the lost package and claim: \$7.

§ 10

True Americans.—What could be more fatuous than the current denunciations of the so-called Ku Klux Klan as an anti-American organization? It is, in point of fact, probably the most thoroughly American *verein* ever set going in the Republic. It supports the doctrine that obscure and anonymous men have a right to regulate the most private acts and even the most private opinions of their betters; it maintains as a fundamental principle of law that an unpopular man has no rights in the courts; it resists any and every differentiation of American from American, on cultural, religious or ethnic grounds, and insists that all shall be identical; most important of all, it teaches that it is good morals and good sportsmanship for thirty or forty men to arm

themselves, put on false-faces, and then go out and ill-use a man who is alone and unarmed. All these notions are of the heart's blood of Americanism, and particularly the last. Give a man an independent spirit, give him a sense of justice, give him tolerance and charity, above all, give him a keen sense of honor, and you plainly spoil him as an American. He may be a worthy man in every way, and deserving the highest respect, but he is no more an American than a Ludendorff, an Anatole France or a General Obregon is an American. Americanism means something quite different. If you want to know just what it means, and are honest enough with yourself to accept the fact when you encounter it, simply read the principles and study the practises of the Ku Klux.

As I have hitherto pointed out in this place, the current agitation against the Klan is extremely disingenuous and dishonest. It is chiefly carried on, not by men who are genuinely opposed to the principles we have rehearsed, but simply by men whose oxen happen to be gored. Under different circumstances they would advocate and practise the very acts that the Klan is now accused of. Nine-tenths of them, in truth, *have* advocated and practised such acts at some time or other in the past. If there are any exceptions to this I shall be very glad to hear of them. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to print a serial roll of honor of the native-born Americans who, at any time within ten years past, have ever openly fought (or even argued) for common justice and decency toward men whom they regarded as their enemies, and who seemed to them to threaten peril to their lives and property. I hereby dedicate a whole page to that roll of honor, and give all interested parties six months to fill it.

§ 11

No. 3003.—Love is an emotion experienced by the many and enjoyed by the few.

§ 12

No. 3004.—Woman is the holiday of man. Sometimes she is the Christmas; sometimes she is the Valentine Day; sometimes she is the Labor Day; sometimes she is the Decoration Day; more often she is the Fourth of July.

§ 13

The Englishman.—Of all men, the civilized Englishman makes perhaps the most agreeable companion. He is freer from objectionable nonsenses than the man of any other nationality. His manners are more pleasant, his conversation is more cosmopolitan, his tastes are more in accordance with one's own than a Frenchman's or German's or American's or any one's else. He is more intelligently amiable; he is a better drinking partner; he is less given to prejudice, indignation, moral intensity, bosh. This, of course, is true only of the worldly and educated Britisher. His fellow countryman of a lower level is a dodo most sour.

§ 14

Manifest Destiny.—It seems to be generally agreed by all competent persons that soon or late the United States must engulf Mexico—nay, not only Mexico, but also all the little republics down to the Panama Canal, not to mention the remaining West Indies. Indeed, the pressure of inevitable expansion already begins to make itself felt, and no ranting by sentimental Liberals will ever lift it. Superficially, it seems to be the oil, copper and precious metals of Mexico that Uncle Sam is itching for, but this seeming is chiefly only seeming. As a nation we do not actually need these things, however much a few American profiteers may covet them. But we *do* need a first-rate tropical annex to our imperial business, and there it lies across the Rio Grande, ready at hand. The Philippine annex is too far away and too hard to defend; the Cuban and Porto Rican annex is

too small; our own southern territory is mainly desert. But in Mexico, easy to grab and easy to hold, lies a region of lush jungles that more than matches the tropical possessions of any other capitalistic empire, and if it were properly developed it would yield us enough rubber, coffee, tobacco, hardwoods and other such things to make us independent of South America, and so greatly promote our national security. We have no rubber in the United States, and no certain means of getting it in time of war. As the experience of Germany demonstrated in the last war, a shortage of rubber is far more serious than a shortage of either copper or oil—in fact, it is so serious that it is almost fatal.

The conquest of Mexico, of course, will present military difficulties and it will undoubtedly convert all the rest of the Latin-American republics into our active enemies, but those difficulties will not be insuperable nor will that enmity do us much permanent damage. In the last analysis we are stronger than the whole of Latin America taken together, and we can beat it if the need ever arises. Moreover, we'll be able to beat it much more easily after we have Mexico than we could beat it today, for today a war with it would cut us off from essential supplies. The military problem need not give us any concern. Even Sir John Pershing, if he had had a free hand, could have seized the Mexican capital and all of the Mexican ports in 1915 and reduced the resistance of the Mexican army to a futile guerilla warfare in the woods and hills. The next time, it is highly probable, we'll send a more talented Hindenburg to the front than Sir John. And in any case we'll support him with more men and more guns.

This grand enterprise, indeed, is inevitable, and only romanticists attempt to deny it. We can no more stay behind the Rio Grande than we could stay behind the Mississippi. What is somewhat less obvious is that destiny will eventually shove us northward in exactly the same manner. That is to

say, we shall grab Canada some day, just as we grabbed Oregon in 1848. So far we have not done so simply because the pressure behind the natural impulse has been more than counterbalanced by contrary pressures, chiefly of a cautionary nature. Moreover, the value of Canada, until very lately, was not very evident: it seemed to be chiefly a snow-waste inhabited by scattered bands of half-civilized French Canadians. But during the past two or three decades it has been developed in so brilliant a manner that its possibilities are patent to everyone. In the East it now has large and prosperous cities, in the far West the prairies have been converted into farms, and now comes Dr. Steffanson, the arctic explorer, with news and proofs that even the vast northern areas may one day be of enormous value, and even absolutely necessary to our national existence.

The conquest of Canada, as things stand in the world today, would be enormously difficult and expensive, and so no one advocates it as a practical enterprise. But the fundamental impediments, realistically examined, reduce themselves to two, and neither shows any sign of permanence. The first, obviously, is the opposition of England: since the ham-stringing of our fleet by the so-called Disarmament Treaty a very serious matter. The second is the opposition of the Canadians themselves—their extremely bitter hatred of the United States. But, as I say, neither need detain us, once the time comes. No sane person believes that we'll ever tackle Canada so long as we remain at peace with England, but who will argue that the present peace with England is likely to last? Certainly no one who understands the competitions which lie at the bottom of international relations. We are moving rapidly and inevitably into the position occupied by Germany before 1914—that is, into the position of England's chief competitor for the sea-borne commerce of the world—and soon or late, unless we come to disaster otherwise, that rivalry will take on a violent and

implacable character. In brief, England will have to try to cripple us in order to save herself—and the moment the combat is joined, Canada will become a convenient club for belaboring the Motherland. More, it will instantly attract our Elder Statesmen as a club that will be charmingly edible and nourishing after its use in war is over.

The military problems presented by an invasion of Canada are considerably less serious than those presented by an invasion of Mexico. The territory to be conquered is much larger, but getting into it will be vastly easier and it will not be necessary to seize so large a part of it. Once a few towns are taken and the chief railroads are in our hands, Canada will be quite unable to make any further resistance. These towns and railroads, as a glance at the map will show, are all so conveniently located that they almost seem to have been laid out by the strategists of the General Staff at Washington. Even a militia colonel, given troops enough, could take them in ten days—and in the second or third month of the next war there will be troops enough, in our northern tier of states alone, to beat any conceivable army that Canada can muster. To cut off Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia from Ontario and Quebec will be a job for a sergeant and twenty men. To reduce Ontario and Quebec themselves, and with them the Maritime Provinces, will be a matter for the *Landwehr*.

Moreover, there is little reason to believe that the Canadian army will make any serious resistance. In the first place, the futility of it will be manifest from the start. In the second place, the reliability of at least a part of the troops will be seriously open to question. This part will be made up, not of native and patriotic Canadians, but of Americans settled in Canada. During the late war it was easy to enlist such pioneering and adventurous men in the army, and they performed valiant deeds for England and the Empire in Northern France—in fact, it would not

be unreasonable to argue that they saved England and the Empire, at least in the first year of the war—but if the antagonists were not England and Germany but England and the United States it is highly probable that large numbers of them would take the side of the United States. If they did so, and any considerable number of French Canadians slacked as they did in the last war, then the resistance of the loyal Canadians would be feeble and hopeless from the start.

The number of such Americans in Canada is usually greatly underestimated. Not only do they constitute a large minority of the recent settlers in the western provinces; they are also very numerous in Ontario, and particularly in the big cities. Their presence, in fact, is partly responsible for the bitter anti-American feeling which rages among the native Canadian loyalists. These loyalists see their country gradually succumbing to peaceful penetration. Such towns as Toronto, Hamilton and London are now quite as American as Scranton, Pa., or Joliet, Ill., and so are Vancouver, Winnipeg, Calgary and even Regina and Edmonton. The four western provinces, in fact, have been settled by precisely the same wave of immigration which settled Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas. The international boundary grows more frail and academic every day. Even if there is no war the whole of Canada west of the Soo will be thoroughly American within twenty-five years.

To obliterate the boundary will be a good job, not only for the United States, but also for Canada. Its existence simply dooms Canada to an incurable second-rateness. It can never hope to be anything more, at best, than a puerile and unconvincing imitation of the United States. It lacks the variety of resources, the geographical compactness, the military power that are necessary to a nation of the first rank. Its politicians are a trashy and tacky lot, bent only upon attracting the condescending notice of their English overlords by a fawning loyalty. Like all

colonies, it constantly loses its best men to the Motherland. Worse, it is in the position of a colony with two Motherlands: both England and the United States drain it. Its provinces would be immeasurably better off as American states. They would help to augment the power and dignity of the United States, and they would share in that power and dignity. Their development would proceed more rapidly; more first-rate men would settle in them; they would become richer and more secure.

What stands in the way of that upward step is simply a sentimentality. Like many another sentimentality it will be disposed of, soon or late, by force of arms. To attempt to halt the inevitable expansion of so vast and powerful an organism as the United States by appeals to principles and ideas is as childish as to attempt to overcome gravity by prayer.

§ 15

The Lamp.—One of the most beautiful of all things is a beautiful lamp. Nothing in the world, save it be music, can so soothe and set a-dream the mood of mortal man. The past and all the present and some of the future are encompassed in its soft, persuasive glow. It is the symbol of love, of home, of wistful and vagrant fancy, of all the hopes and despairs of one's life on earth. God made the sun and moon and stars, but man, His child, out of necessity made for himself the lamp-light as a beacon and a haven for the innermost secrets of his heart of hearts.

§ 16

Definition.—The Tenth Commandment: the theological Monroe Doctrine.

§ 17

Observation en Passant.—Where you find a log-roller you find, relevantly and simultaneously, a wooden-head.

§ 18

The Flag.—One small piece of colored cheesecloth stuck on the end of a pole has often frustrated all the sober thinking that has been done since the world began.

§ 19

The New Psychology.—Since life insurance solicitors, Bible peddlers, sellers of obscene photographs, retail bootleggers, agents for new filing systems and other such nuisances began taking the courses in personal magnetism, scientific salesmanship and mental mastery advertised in the magazines, I have made it the rule in my office that none are to be withheld from audience with me by Otto, the janitor. I like to see them myself, and bask in their sorcery. I like to observe the technic imparted to them by the advertising professors. It is a technic that is extremely complex, magnificently amusing, and wholly nonsensical. I now know and recognize every part of it: the approach, the suggestion, the clinch, and so on. Since the day the first such graduate entered my place of business, I have never bought a single thing from any visitor, not even a set of the P. F. Collier edition of Josephus Flavius or a patent collar-button. But in the old days, before scientific psychology began to reinforce the time-honored tale of the sick wife and the mortgage, I used to fall very often.

§ 20

Political Note.—One of the causes of the general corruption of the public service under democracy lies in the fact that any man who is willing to take public office must ask for it, nay, beg for it, and of his inferiors. There is, strictly speaking, no such thing as the office seeking the man. The man must go after it openly, and in order to get it he must somehow win the good-will of a mob that, if he is really self-respecting, he despises. The business is

humiliating and debauching. No man can go through with it without suffering permanent damage; few men can achieve it without the complete destruction of their inner integrity. Even aspirants to appointive office are not free from the curse. They do not have to appeal directly to the mob, true enough, but they usually have to appeal to some creature of the mob, which is almost as bad. For an office to be offered to any man who has not made an open bid for it is almost unknown. The view of the transaction set up by elections is carried over into appointments. It is assumed as a matter of course that all offices should be reserved for men who know how to wheedle and grovel, and are without honor.

Under systems of government which concentrate all visible power in the hands of a superior caste, free from mob control or intimidation, there is no such need for the nascent public officer to show the talents of a street-walker or auctioneer. He may be put into office without asking for it or desiring it, and even against his vigorous opposition. And even if he asks for it, he at least asks it of someone who is his equal or his superior: he does not have to abase himself before swine, with whom, ordinarily, he would disdain to have any traffic. The result is that he may go into office without compromising his honor, and the second result is that he is very much more likely than his democratic colleague to conduct himself as a man of honor after he gets in. If I remember history correctly, the late Wilhelm I, of Germany, in 1848 or thereabout, was offered the imperial crown by a so-called parliament of his subjects, and refused it politely on the ground that he could accept it only from his equals, *i.e.*, from the sovereign princes of the *Reich*. To a democrat this attitude appears puzzling, and, on reflection, contemptible and offensive. But that is not to be marveled at. To a democrat any attitude based upon a concept of honor, self-respect and personal dignity seems contemptible and offensive.

§ 21

God Changes Sides.—"God," said Napoleon, "is on the side of the heaviest battalions." But that was yesterday. Today, God is on the side of the shrewdest diplomats.

§ 22

Love and Hatred.—Love is the democrat of the emotions; hatred, the aristocrat.

§ 23

The Business Ahead.—The most important job confronting the intelligent minority of men today is not the discovery of new truths. More new truths have been discovered during the past half century, indeed, than the world can take in; it will be centuries before even a half of them can be digested and put to use. What is really needed today is a wholesale destruction of old errors. The number of them remaining in full force and effect is really quite appalling. Fully nine-tenths of the ideas that most human beings believe in, in religion, in politics and even in the arts and sciences, are wholly and palpably nonsensical. Behind the average man's concept of patriotism, for example, there is literally nothing that is true. The whole idea is as idiotic as the average Zulu's notion of therapeutics. And what the average man believes about the nature of the banshee he calls his God and the aims and intents of that God is entirely without any evidential support in the known facts, or even in the reasonable probabilities. Certainly it needed no elaborate proofs by Prof. Dr. James Harvey Robinson to demonstrate that the habitual thinking of mankind is loose, hollow and without sense. The fact must be plain to anyone above the mental capacity of a Rotary Club president or a cockroach.

But here something is usually overlooked, and that is this: that setting up a new truth does not necessarily or even commonly dispose of an old error. On the contrary, the ensuing conflict and pother very often give the old error

new life, for the great majority of men have a great dread of intellectual novelty, and stand against it instinctively whenever they encounter it. I believe absolutely that the effort to propagate the hypothesis of natural selection, carried on by a small party of atheists since 1870 or thereabout and by a timid rabble of so-called "science" teachers for a dozen years or so, has greatly prospered the old superstition of special creation in the United States. That theory is no longer regarded complacently, and as it were, carelessly; it now has enthusiasm behind it, and the crusading spirit, and in a few years it may take on a medieval violence. Such adroit politicians as the Hon. William Jennings Bryan already discern its possibilities for vote-getting. Does the Hon. Warren Gamaliel Harding accept it as gospel? I don't know. But this I *do* know: that if he inclines toward the Darwinian heresy, Harding will at least have acumen enough to keep silent about it. He is a competent politician, and as such he must know very well that it is extremely hazardous to take the side of sense, when sense is in combat with superstition.

What the world needs, before sense can ever get a fair chance, is a wholesale destruction of superstitions. Is the enterprise feasible? I am not going to answer either yes or no, but it may be worth attempting. Until it is attempted it will be useless to pile up any more new truths. The stock already on the shelves will last for centuries. The rate of consumption is so slow that the supply produced in the eighteenth century is still on the table. Practically everything that was produced during the nineteenth century remains untouched.

§ 24

Ex Parte.—I am not a pacifist; I believe in wars. I am not a matador; but I believe in bull-fights.

§ 25

The Sheriff as Messiah.—It is one

of the incurable delusions of man that he can make his brother good by law. In many of the Southern States this delusion takes the visible form of laws prohibiting what is called miscegenation—that is, the intermarriage of the white and black races. The penalties provided are usually extraordinarily severe. A white man who marries a yellow wife, even if she have but one-thirty-second of black blood, may be imprisoned for 15 or 20 years. Nine Southerners out of ten believe that such laws are necessary to maintain the scarlet purity of the Anglo-Saxon race—that an appreciable number of their brothers, if not restrained by fear of the sheriff, would marry colored women, and that some of their sisters would espouse darkey gentlemen. They point, indeed, with great pride and satisfaction to the fact that, with such draconian laws on the books, no such embarrassing alliances ever take place. But who can prove any relation of cause and effect here? Suppose a given Southern white woman wanted to marry a colored man. What would prevent her meeting him in Pennsylvania, where the thing is perfectly legal, or in Massachusetts, where it is laudable and heroic? But nothing of the sort ever takes place. I have yet to hear of a single case. In other words, the presence of such laws upon the books has nothing to do with the matter at all. Miscegenation is unheard of in the South simply because all of the whites and most of the blacks are against it. The appalling punishments provided for it are nothing but buncombe. They could no more discourage the practise, if any considerable body of opinion began to support it, than the punishments provided by the Volstead Act discourage men and women from drinking alcohol.

§ 26

The Yellow Bugaboo.—The delusion that the Japs are a race of extraordinary warriors, almost invincible in battle, is one that has flourished long

enough. It will blow up with a bang in the next war, but meanwhile why cherish it so romantically? Behind it there is absolutely nothing in the way of plausible evidence. The only thing that gives it even the weakest support is that the Japs, in two wars against feeble and preposterous foes, finally managed to win. Their combat with the Chinese, in 1895, was so one-sided that it almost took on the character of a mobbing by the American Legion or Ku Klux Klan. The Chinese, without effective modern ships on the sea and with only the most meagre armament on the land, were simply slaughtered. It was almost as safe and cowardly a business as the American blackjacking of Spain in 1898. There was never a moment when the Chinese had one chance in a million to win.

The contest with Russia in 1904 and 1905 presented appreciably greater difficulties, but even so they were never serious—that is, they would not have been serious to a genuinely warlike people. Consider what went on on land and sea. On the land the brave Japs, in direct contact with their base, took two long years to beat a Russian army that was 7,000 miles from home, and that had to get all of its supplies and reinforcements over a single-track railway line. On the sea a superior Japanese fleet, fresh from the dockyards, defeated a Russian fleet that had been at sea for four or five months, and was so covered with barnacles that it could scarcely manœuvre. Even so, the Japs barely managed to dispose of their foes, and when they came to the peace table it turned out that they were so near collapse that the Russians boldly took most of the fruits of victory away from them. The same Russian army, at least octupled in size, operating directly from its bases and supplied with almost unlimited arms and ammunition, was completely destroyed by one-third of the German army in but half again as long a time as it took the whole Japanese army to beat it.

The Japanese operations in front of Kiaochau, in the early part of the late

war, deserve a far more careful study than they have got from military experts. Here the Japs faced a small and ill-trained force of 3,000 or 4,000 Germans, mainly reservists of middle age—a force cut off from all supplies and reinforcements, unaided by a fleet, and fighting from behind fortifications that were chiefly improvised. Against this forlorn and hopeless foe the gallant yellow men launched their whole navy and a whole corps of their army. Nevertheless, it took them four months to capture Kiaochau, and even then the English had to help them. The Germans actually put out in small launches and blew up Japanese cruisers. On land, if they had had enough supplies to keep an ordinary regiment of foot going, they would have held off the Japs for at least a year, and killed thousands of them. The whole war shows no record of a more ignominious business. No wonder the English, after the fall of the town, refused to salute the Japanese flag!

It is these brave devils who now cause the whole Pacific Coast to quake, and who fill the Navy Department at Washington with alarms. In every discussion of the inevitable struggle with them—even in Hector Mywater's—one encounters the absurd assumption that, in a fight at fair odds, they would stand a good chance of beating the American Navy. I am not one who overestimates the fighting capacity of the American Navy, which has never been tried in a modern war, but nevertheless it seems to me nonsensical to fear that it could not dispose of the Japs, even at long odds. Their battleships, so formidable on paper, are probably simply imitations, just as all the other things they produce are imitations. An imitation looks impressive only by contrast with worse imitations. Put beside the reality it quickly shrinks and shrivels.

So much for the sea. If the coming war involves land operations, the chances are that the Japs will lose all their apparent fearsomeness in the first battle. Modern war on land was invented by occidentals, and requires

occidental qualities for its effective conduct. The orientals are brave and useful in close fighting, but they lack the steadiness needed for large operations at long range. Certainly no one will argue that the East Indian Gurkas are inferior to the Japs as soldiers; nevertheless, the English had to take the Gurkas out of the first line in France during the first year of the war. Artillery punishment was more than they could bear. They weakened under it, and then broke and fled. In Mesopotamia, fighting against poorly armed and badly led Turks, they did very well, but in the West, facing a modern military machine of the highest effectiveness, they went to pieces. The Japs, suffering the same punishment, will probably go to pieces in the same manner. They played hob with the poor Chinese, who were almost unarmed, and they finally managed to beat the Russians, who were supplied almost as badly and led ten times worse, but what reason is there to believe that they would stand up to a white army with unlimited arms and ammunition, and led by competent generals?

At the moment their military effectiveness is probably even smaller than it was when they performed their heroic assault upon the German clerks and drummers at Kiaochau. This is because they are engaged upon a complete reorganization of their army, and have not yet brought it to perfection in its new form. Until four or five years ago their military system was simply a slavish imitation of the German system; they believed that it made them irresistible. With the defeat of the Germans, they began searching eagerly for other models, and now they seem to be imitating the French. Today, as before, their scheme is second-hand and second-rate. When it is tested in a real war, the fact will become instantly and brilliantly evident.

§ 27

Wisdom and Age.—Nothing is more easily disputable than the doctrine that

age brings wisdom. Consider, in example, a few concrete and conspicuous cases of men whom the advancing years have relatively deleted of what variable share of wisdom was theirs in the years before: Thomas A. Edison, Woodrow Wilson, George Santayana (to an appreciable degree), Arthur Wing Pinero, Romain Rolland, Arthur Conan Doyle, Gabriel D'Annunzio, Brander Matthews, Hilaire Belloc, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Georges Clemenceau, Maurice Hewlett, the late Andreyev and Paul Bourget, Henry Arthur Jones, Hugo Stinnes, Maximilian Harden, Henry Cabot Lodge. . . .

§ 28

An Outline of the History of the Progress of the United States of America from 1775 to 1923.—George Washington didn't have a single decoration from a foreign government. Otto Kahn has twenty-six.

§ 29

The Monthly Award.—The beautiful $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{3}{4}$ custard pie awarded monthly by *Répétition Générale* to the most ineffable dose of whim-wham produced during the period goes this time to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for his treatise entitled "The Coming of the Fairies." The judges announce a unanimous decision. In addition to the elegant pie, the judges announce that they bestow upon Sir Arthur a specially designed and very handsome medal, fashioned of soft clay, as a further mark of honor for the enviable and surpassing perfection of his performance.

§ 30

Who's Who in America.—Here are a few names selected at random from the most recent edition of "Who's Who in America": Johan Arnd Aasgaard, Warren Gard, John Arthur Gamon, Lawrence O. Murray, Archibald Rutledge, George Whitfield Jack, Albert

Mathews Jackson, William Wackernagel, Joseph A. Wilkinson, Frank Doster, Simon Benson, John William Adams, Paul Martin, George Alfred Stringer, Edwin Mood Wilson, Miss Gulielma Zollinger, George Zurcher, Seward W. Jones, Seth B. Jones, Samuel A. Jones, Richard S. Jones, Willie Jones, Wiley Emmet Jones, W. Ralph Jones, Jacob Hay Brown, Brenton Thoburn Badley, Clair Stark Adams, Frank Mason North, John McFarlane Philipps, Willard Duncan Vandiver, Elie F. Cartier Van Dissel, Lacey Kirk Williams, Oscar Wisner, Homer Lyon, P. W. Meldrim, Bernard John Otting, Philo A. Otis, Frank Edson Parlin, Charles Henry Strout, Jocelyn Paul Yoder, Bonney Youngblood, Charles Louis Zorbaugh, Samuel Marinus Zwener, Harold McAfee Robinson, Henry Scholte Nollen, Fayette Avery McKenzie, Aline McKenzie, Bernard Michael Kaplan, Orrin Roe Jenks, John J. Hoppes, Charles Jerome Greene, George Blow Elliott, Mary Hannah Johnson Claxton, Carl Harry Claudy, Dixie Carroll, Charles Fergus Binns, John Joseph Babka, Frederick Somers Bell, Edwin Henry Dickinson, Benjamin Daviese Hahn, Fred Porter Haggard, Alpheus Baker Hervey, Ernst F. Pihlblad, Marcus Cauffman Sloss, Elsa Ueland, Evans Tyree, Thomas Dyson West, Charles Marcus Horton, Evalena Fryer Hedley, Willis Lloyd Gard, Harvey C. Garber, Herbert Friedenwald, William Sterne Friedman, John Kelly Giffen, James Robert Howerton, Harold L. Ickes, William F. Hypes, Oran Faville Hypes, Herman Tyson Lukens, Abraham C. Ratshesky, Evaleen Stein, Aurelius Stehle, Arthur Lewis Tubbs, Arthur Markley Tschudy, Lillian Wainwright Hart Tryon, Arthur Cook Trumbo, Henry Hunter Welles, Jr., Elias Lyman, Abby Lillian Marlatt, Alvan Markle, Max Mason, Louis Hermann Pammel, Guido H. Stempel, John Francis Sims, Walter Joseph Meek, Louis Bernstein, Charles Seligman Bernheimer, Ernest Bernbaum, Jesse Grant Chapline, Edna Dean Baker, James Andrew Braden,

Mary Melinda Kingsbury Simkovitch,
Mary Helena Dey, Edgar Oakes
Achorn, Edward Everett Nourse,
Woodson Ratcliffe Oglesby, Frederic
Austin Ogg, Eliza Calvert Oben-
chain, Henderson Madison Jaco-
way . . .

Who are these eminent gents and
ladies? Who has ever heard of them?
What have they done?

§ 31

The Verdict.—The net result of two
thousand years of Christian propa-
ganda and practise in the world is this:
that if a man stands up today and an-
nounces publicly that he is a Christian
all other men, including especially all
other Christians, begin to suspect him
at once.



A Song Is a Sorry Thing

By A. Newberry Choyce

A SONG is a sorry thing
To bother about
Dawning and noon-day
And when stars are out.

And a man may be crazy
To burden his brain
With the ache of a sound
Sweeter than rain.

But a ploughboy sang
With the wind at his throat
In a field where I went
And it wasn't his note

That meant so much,
But the lordly way
He lifted his head
To the sun that day

And because I remembered
Another such as he . . .
It was that, I think,
That troubled me.



A Sketch

By Struan Robertson

MEN are hard. McIlwraith had been willing to sympathize until the fellow got drunk—after that his only idea was to keep him from behaving awfully in Sheila's presence. Women are notoriously different, however, and Sheila was so young and ardent that her pity had gone out to this poor soul in anguish, and even his condition, which was rapidly growing worse, did not quench her tenderness.

Braille—that was the man's name, he had said—leaned nearer to her and his words steadied a little.

"I don't want to intrude my sorrow upon you good people."

There was, in Sheila's forgiving mind, at least a trace of gentleness in the clinging to this thought, even though it did not stem the flow of confidences. She murmured some soothing reassurance that it was "no intrusion."

Braille shook his head. His eyes burned feverishly, and his lips trembled as he went on speaking, but his voice was still heavy and gentle with mourning.

"Yes, I am intruding, and I will not do it any more. But fancy my getting a telegram just now, telling me to buck up. I *am* bucked up. I've been bucked up all along. D'ye think I have showed everyone what I've been feeling? Why, let me tell you, I got the word by wire that my own father had died. It was two weeks ago Sunday then, and I was in Peking . . . dancing, I was, and since I'd started dancing I said I would carry on, and not show what I felt. And I did. I carried on in Peking. I carried on in Tientsin. . . . I know a lot of people there, and they all thought I was carrying on. Now don't you

think that's bucking up, Mrs. McIlwraith?"

Sheila only murmured again in her soothing way. Her husband fidgeted and wished that she would hurry more with her dinner. She hadn't touched anything, and there was every sign that this bounder would tell her his life history unless they broke away quickly. Sheila didn't know that one need not be so delicate with the feelings of a drunk. McIlwraith tried ineffectually to break in with some remark about business. It could not succeed. Indeed, in his own ears it sounded tawdry and futile. Braille only waved him aside, wrapped completely in the intensity of his sorrow, and turning always to Sheila's pale, mobile face.

"Business is nothing to me this night, you may know," he said fiercely. "Tonight I am a heartbroken man, and will you call me a coward if I seem to sorrow when I can read in the papers that my wife is dead? Until I heard that I was all right. I carried on, as I tell you, and no one could say that I didn't, dancing with the rest. . . . And then up in Mukden I had this second blow in the face. And two punches in the face knocked me out for good. Can you blame me, Mrs. McIlwraith? Can you blame me for giving up then when I had that second bad news?"

He paused and took a little of the food that was cooling in front of him. His hand was trembling, and McIlwraith wondered that he still spoke so clearly. What would he say next?

"Then, when I heard that, I gave up altogether, and was taken to the hospital for two whole days."

There was a kind of pride in this

complete despair. He glanced up at his listeners, then his head drooped, and he began to speak again, very rapidly, with a strange kind of vague pride showing under his grief, and at the same time a kind of shame besetting him and making him speak hastily:

"They had to send me up to Dairen under medical escort. I looked so bad they thought at first that I was a cholera patient. I had lost twenty pounds in five days."

His gaze dropped again under McIlwraith's skeptic eye, but Sheila was still pitying.

"Ah, you don't know, Mrs. McIlwraith, you don't know what it is! I tell you I crawled through hell on my hands and knees . . . and I've been carrying on, up till now. And now Mann wires me to 'buck up'!"

He mused a little on the injustice of his friend. Then again the strain of courtesy which Sheila had admired caught him up.

"I am intruding on you two," he insisted once more. "I'm intruding my sorrow on you two happy young people, and I mustn't do that. I won't do it again. You couldn't understand me. It's quite impossible. You didn't know my girl . . . and she was a magnificent girl, a magnificent girl, Mrs. McIlwraith! She was the most beautiful girl I've ever seen, the most sweet girl, the most modest girl. Why, when my girl came into a ballroom they all knew that Somebody had come. She was a wonderful girl, never angry with me. It was always 'Yoo-hoo, dearest, your bath's ready' . . ."

Braille was really weeping now, very quietly, and with a kind of ineffable sadness and loneliness that made Sheila forget that he was not himself. She was almost moved to tears, too, and her face comforted Braille a little. He was perfectly simple about it. He seemed to feel that she was actually comprehending his pain. He hurried on—there was so much to tell her.

"My girl was such a sweet girl, Mrs. McIlwraith. Such a very modest girl. Why, her skin was the finest I ever saw

on a woman, and yet she never let me see it, she was so modest. Her body was a beautiful body, but still I never saw it. . . ."

The silence this time was not so comforting. Sheila had turned her delicate face away from him, and was concentrating on her neglected dinner. Her husband, however, was fixing Braille with stern, compelling eyes. Braille shook his head sadly, and tasted a few mouthfuls of food hopelessly. His suffering seemed to burst through this pause with a demand to be heard.

"What shall I do, my friends? I tell you that my wife is dead. I've read it in the papers. Dead and buried, and what shall I do with myself? What shall I do, McIlwraith? You've got to tell me what to do."

McIlwraith twisted uneasily. This was getting rather awful.

"I guess you will have to grin and bear it," he brought out finally with a kind of brutal desperation. "You've done that before, you know. Tightened up your belt and stood things."

This was not enough; Braille only wiped his eyes pitifully.

"You don't know what it is," he said at last. "Imagine that it was you in my place. Suppose you'd lost your wife. What can I do?"

McIlwraith winced and, seeing Sheila's evident suffering, tried to end matters.

"Let's finish dinner and go into the coffee room."

Braille seemed not to have heard.

"I'll have to marry again," he went on. "Don't you think that I should marry again?"

Sheila wondered desperately why he should keep on appealing to Jock. He got scant sympathy, but it apparently did not daunt him. Jock now only answered shortly that every man must decide that for himself. The stranger nodded again weakly.

"None of the girls are as fine as my girl. Ah, if she'd only come back to me now, we'd go on back home, and it would be all right, it would be all right. She was to have gone back last Spring;

I could have sent her in luxury, but I wanted to wait until I could send her in super-luxury. I waited. But if she'll come now I'll send her with a hundred thousand, or two hundred thousand. It will be nothing to me—if she'll only come back.

"Ah, she was a fine girl, and she never left me, whatever I did. I didn't play fair with her, and she never said a word."

The greatness of his sin against her seemed to overwhelm him. Suddenly a burst of bitter self-accusation flooded him. His mind was swimming with pain, and his reason was being washed from him; his speech thickened; his words swept by in a rapid, confused rush.

"I didn't play the game. I never did play the game with her. I never played fair with her. I had girls all over China . . . and she knew it—but she never said a word. When I went away from her, she always knew who was

with me. She always knew where I went. She knew that I wasn't alone. But she never said a word. Not *one* word!"

He leaned heavily across the table. His brain was clouding blindly now; it was hard for him to remember things exactly, but even through this haze he felt that the two people with him must learn his lesson. He pleaded with frenzy, with the passion of a fanatic.

"Play the game, ol' man . . . play the game with your girl. . . . Play the game . . . you gotta play th' game, ol' man. . . ."

He was admonishing the couple before him indiscriminately in a high, failing voice. "Play th' game, play the game, ol' man. . . ."

The words trailed off uncertainly, and his head dropped suddenly to his hands. Obliteration was grateful.

With a face devoid of expression, McIlwraith helped Braille from the table.



I Have Grown Dull

By R. Lynn Riggs

I HAVE grown dull with dreaming too-strange dreams
On white immaculate days beneath the sun—
Now I would dash across the forbidding streams
To the stark ravines where warring thunders run.

Now I would fly from the white dazzle of clouds
Trailing above these still ancestral halls.
I have grown dull—but look! Across the fields
The lightning darts, a sudden shadow falls!



COMMON sense consists largely in putting the worst of interpretations on the best of motives.



Gratitude

By Robert V. Hardon

I

THE County spent, all told, more than seven hundred dollars on her and it didn't do one whit of good.

The girl didn't know the meaning of the word gratitude.

She had blue eyes. And she had yellow hair—nobody knew whether it was peroxide or not. She had her hair bobbed, too. And she worked in the stocking mill and lived in a boarding-house because she didn't have any folks.

That was all right. . . . Belltown was not unaccustomed to bobbed hair. Although, of course, none of the girls who lived over beyond Elm Street in the bon-ton residence section of town ever bobbed their hair. Not if their mothers knew it!

There were other things about her. She had a way of wearing her dresses too low in front. So low sometimes that it wasn't a bit modest. Even if the girl had been flat-chested her dress would have been considered too low. And she wasn't flat-chested.

The other girls who worked in Room 12 in the mill hated her because she was proud of her hands. The idea of a girl being proud of her hands! If the other girls could have understood why she was proud of her hands they would have laughed and not hated. But because they didn't understand, and because they felt that this pride was something they couldn't fathom, they hated her.

And besides that, she danced too well. She wasn't so wonderful as a good-looker. But the qualities which gave her pride got on the nerves of the

others. Mere good looks they could forgive, even grudgingly admit and admire. But proud hands — too much!

It was known that she stepped out on occasions. She hung around the Riverside dance pavilion every night in the summertime because she loved the music and she loved to dance. She would dance with any fellow who wore a white collar. She scorned the hunkies. But she stepped out. The girls in Room 12 knew that. Not that they didn't also step out. Sure they did! Why not? But to be proud and aloof and to dance too well!

Therefore, the girls in Room 12 were not totally unprepared when the event happened.

She suddenly and without apparent rhyme or reason had a baby!

II

It was not a sensational affair. It was not even an unusual affair for Belltown. The *Belltown Evening Enterprise*, in what came afterward, scarcely noticed it. In fact, the story was so cheap and so low, so commonplace, that the sheet gave it only an obscure paragraph. There was the Ladies' Aid to think of in such cases. And the West Side Civic League. And the respectable homes over on the other side of Elm Street. Editors in towns like Belltown carry vastly more responsibility in such matters than the editors of the metropolitan journals. You may be sure of that.

The story of the aftermath of the baby occupied an inch of space with a one-line head over it:

PATERNITY CASE IN JUSTICE COURT

It was no sensation. Moreover, it was only a repetition of many similar events in Belltown. Paternity cases provide a surprisingly regular source of semi-public entertainment in all American cities of thirty thousand population or so. Whether it is that young ladies living in cities of this class are less fortunate or less virtuous than their sisters in the big cities it is hard to say.

The girl's name was Cora.

Cora!

Is there anything sinister about that name? Is there any peculiar presentment in its two brief syllables?

This Cora was seventeen. Old enough (one who knows towns like Belltown would think) to look out for herself. Girls of seventeen learn . . . somehow.

The probation officer felt that the man in the case was not very much to blame. Anyway, he was already married and had a wife and a couple of young ones on his hands. What is the good of paternity cases in justice court in circumstances like that? This government does not countenance polygamy. Anyway, a girl—

"Has she ever been in trouble before?" asked the judge, a little bit bored.

The probation officer hesitated. She was on the verge of saying that so far as she knew (the established sociological formula) Cora had not previously sinned in so flagrant and public a manner. But she caught the flash of a quick glance from Cora's light blue eyes. The flash was of sheer, unadulterated hatred. And bold defiance.

A tactical blunder for Cora.

The woman's lips set in a firm, thin line. She shrugged and smiled with an insinuating frostiness.

"How many times? Don't ask me, your honor," she said.

Cora frowned and her fingers worked nervously. Her expression dropped back quickly into a sort of harsh repose.

The judge hitched uneasily in the ancient swivel-chair. He spat ruminatively into the cuspidor at his feet, and

his eyes traveled out through the dirty windows to the green lawn where a jail trusty was at work with a cheerfully chirping lawn-mower on the courthouse green.

He turned his eyes upon the culprit finally and the feet of the crowd of genteel spectators cooped behind the railing at the far end of the dingy room shuffled with thrilled expectancy.

"Well, Cora," said his honor mildly, "I am not going to send you over to Charlotte, because that wouldn't do any good. You have got to look after your baby."

The crowd thrilled at this. The mere mention of the baby in this kind of a case is the *crème de la crème* of the whole gory performance.

The judge went on:

"I'll just put you on probation. Two years. Miss Belden will get you a place."

The girl made no sign except that she paled just a little. The feet in the back of the room shuffled.

"I hope you will show your gratitude by—er—behaving," the judge finished.

He was either too kind or too conscientious really to be a good judge. Or maybe too old.

"Yes," he finished kindly, "Miss Belden will get you a place."

Miss Belden did.

She got Cora a very good place indeed. A real shelter where they didn't object to Cora's baby so long as it didn't squawl nights. And so that it wouldn't squawl nights Cora bought a bottle of something at the drug store which she administered by the half teaspoonful. The label on the bottle said: "Five to ten drops." But—well, it was understood that the baby mustn't squawl nights.

The place that Miss Belden got for Cora was in a hunky boarding-house over in Mill Street on the edge of town. There were nineteen boarders who slept in the five upstairs rooms.

Cora waited on table and filled the dinner buckets and performed a few other light chores.

The Austrian landlady, who always

wore a pale pink flannel blouse, and between whose skirt and the blouse there was always a comic interlude, agreed that she would look out for Cora.

"Mind, she is to have no nonsense," warned Miss Belden.

The Austrian woman shook an uncomprehending head.

"And you don't pay her any money," said Miss Belden.

"No money? I pay three dollar' week and glad," interrupted the Austrian woman quickly. Even in Belltown there is a servant problem.

But Miss Belden was firm.

"No. Pay her no money. Come to my office in the court-house once a month and pay it to me. She is a ward of the county."

The Austrian woman smiled. She did not understand such queer things.

"The baby, you know, has no father."

"Ain't got no fadder?" The Austrian woman's eyebrows shot up. "No fadder?"

"No."

Then the Austrian woman understood.

"Ach! Too bad." Her work-worn hand reached out and rested on Cora's arm. Cora drew away with a quick frown. The baby stirred in her unwilling arms and let out a faint cry.

"Cora! Nurse your baby."

Cora blushed and turned away into the bright portals of the hunky boarding house.

"If you give her any money," said Miss Belden warningly, "she is likely to run away and leave the baby here on your hands."

The Austrian woman shrugged carelessly.

"Ja?"

"Or she may go uptown and buy a lot of foolish clothes."

It was left that way.

III

Now one would think that after the judge had decently saved Cora from the reformatory, and after Miss Belden had spent a lot of time getting her a dandy

place, and had even gone to all the trouble to place temptation out of her way, that Cora would at least have been grateful.

But that is where you are wrong.

She wasn't at all grateful.

She didn't even appreciate the little sleeping closet downstairs off the kitchen which the kindly Austrian woman had assigned her as her very own private chamber. It had been the pantry. And it even had a door. Not that the door would close, much less lock, for the flour barrels were in the way. But that was a detail only.

And what do you think?

It wasn't a week before one of the boarders was caught down there at two o'clock in the morning.

Absolutely!

One of the other hunkies had gotten to thinking about her in the night. Wondering if she was safe and all that. And he had tip-toed down in his big bare feet to be sure that no burglars had got in or something. And he ran smack into another boarder right there in the dark. In the kitchen just outside the pantry door.

But that would have been all right, perhaps, but for the awkward fact that the two hunkies made such a hell of a row, knocking over the crazy old crockery cabinet, and upsetting the stove, and—oh, a regular rough-house—that a cop two blocks away heard the rumpus and it kept up so long he had to come down to see what it was all about.

Then nothing for him to do but take Cora and her baby up to the station, although he did bawl the two hunkies out; and the other seventeen hunkies who thought it all a great joke on the two, and he did tell the Austrian woman if she thought she could run a fancy house in Belltown she had another think coming. . . . And. . . . But he took Cora and her baby up to the police station. And he talked to her like a Dutch uncle as they trudged across town. It was almost dawn then. Cora was not tired nor even interested. The baby squawled a little, for the effects of the stuff out of the drug store bottle had

sort of worn off. It had been rather exciting.

IV

MISS BELDEN shrugged despondently when she peeped into the "parlor cell" in the basement of the court-house at seven o'clock.

"I don't know what the judge will do to you," she sighed. "I certainly did my level best for you. His patience will be about exhausted, Cora."

The girl turned her back to the grated door. The baby, prone on the narrow iron cot, let out a squawl. Not insistent. Just, perhaps, to assure Miss Belden that he was among those present.

"Cora, ain't you goin' to nurse your baby?"

No answer. Not even the shrug that Cora had picked up since she had been at the hunky boarding-house.

"You're a bad one, all right," said Miss Belden with a sort of tincture of admiration in her voice. "I guess it will be Charlotte for you now. And the baby—well, I guess you'll never see *that* baby again."

The girl's head twisted swiftly, and her blue eyes met those of the probation officer. And she smiled and spoke a filthy, terrible word.

The probation officer slammed the outer oaken door of the "parlor cell" and, recovering from her swift rush of indignation, dropped into the deskroom and greeted the yawning night sergeant prettily.

The two engaged in an animated discussion of the intimate details of Cora and Cora's "case."

V

THE judge sent Cora to Charlotte to remain until she was twenty-one. They sent the baby to some nice people out in the country who obliged the County by taking such babies to board for one dollar a week. In the cases where the babies died the County generously paid the nice people \$50 in a lump sum because—well, to sort of compensate them

for all the trouble the babies had been. It wasn't an ungenerous scheme, everything considered.

Out in Charlotte they had trouble with Cora from the very start. The girl simply did not understand the meaning of the word gratitude. In fact, she was getting to be a pretty tough proposition. The more the County did for her the worse she behaved. The worst thing she did was to create unrest among the other girls in her pavilion. And then, too, she used to start right up without any reason at all and shout the most awful words. Foul, filthy, dirty words. Words that are worse than God damn or hell or—well, pretty awful words.

"She's the limit," observed Mrs. Dunnell, the matron, in discussing Cora and Cora's case with Miss Belden on one of her frequent jaunts to Belldown. "I never heard such language in all my experience, Miss Belden. The girl is simply—"

Miss Belden nodded briskly.

"I know it. But can't you stop her? Can't you—" She finished with an eloquent gesture of her plump well kept hands.

"Oh, no! You can't do *that*. It's against the State law. We don't lick 'em any more out there. Not since they took away the male guards. That's what makes it so hard to handle 'em now. They took away the male guards."

Miss Belden nodded.

"That did cause trouble."

"Trouble? The fellows we had for guards? Mercy, they didn't cause us any trouble, Miss Belden. We could handle the girls all right then. The girls did just as those boys told 'em to, I'll tell you that. But some busy-bodies. . . ."

Her voice trailed off and she avoided Miss Belden's frank stare.

"But discipline?"

Mrs. Dunnell smiled.

"Sure, I discipline 'em. The law allows that."

"You—"

"Well, every time Cora gets gay, I

just call in Big Martha, that's the colored woman I have out in the kitchen. And we just fix up a pail o' warm water and a lot o' good laundry soap and hold her down—or that is, I make some of the girls hold her down—and we wash her mouth out good. And I make her swaller about a quart o' that water. That cures her. For a spell, anyway. And that isn't abusing her, you see. The trustees are awful strict. They don't allow any abuse. Too many men on the board now, Miss Belden. Women make the best trustees for us. They are not so foolish and they know what's good for these girls. Yes, Cora is certainly a tough proposition. But she gets out in November. She's twenty-one then, they say. I don't know. . . ."

VI

We were speaking of gratitude.

When they let her out, after teaching her rug-weaving. Oh, yes. Wait a minute. They taught her rug-weaving. It is a respectable trade. It was an art, even, once upon a time. Machines cannot duplicate the beauty of design of rugs woven by hand. The annual report of the Board of Trustees of the Charlotte State Industrial School for Girls emphasizes this particularly. It is not good for the hands, however. It

breaks and scars the pretty nails of slender fingers. And it causes unpleasant sores to form upon the joints. And. . . .

But do you think that Cora was grateful for all the trouble the overseer had taken to teach her to weave a rug so it could be of any use?

She was not grateful at all. She seemed to be unable to understand the meaning of the word.

When they let Cora out they gave her a letter to the boss of Room 12. Everybody felt that it would be best for Cora to go back to the stocking-mill if she didn't want to set up in business weaving rugs. Everybody thought so—except Cora.

Gratitude!

Every cent the County had spent on her was wasted. All except the fifty-six dollars the County paid to the nice people out in the country who had taken in Cora's baby.

That girl walked right into town the minute they let her out, bold as brass. And she went on out to the car barn and somehow or other got one of the fellows who worked out there nights to give her five dollars. And she took a train for Boston!

She didn't even stop to find out what had happened to her baby. She didn't care, it looked like.

Talk about gratitude!



THE most poignant uncertainty comes, not from wondering what a girl is going to do next, but in wondering what she did last.



A WOMAN may sometimes be trusted with men and sometimes with money, but rarely with a combination of both.



In the Matter of Woman

By Charles G. Shaw

I

A MAN meditates upon how he can win a woman. A woman meditates upon how she can hold a man.

II

A touch of sympathy in a man's love-making and of simplicity in a woman's dress are two of the most important factors in any romance.

III

What has a man ever gained by successfully proving his point in an argument with a woman?

IV

A man seldom appreciates a woman until he loses her, just as a man seldom interests a woman after she has won him.

V

Love becomes a comedy on two occasions: when a man makes a fool of himself and when a woman makes a fool of a man.

VI

He who is most successful with a woman never criticizes her other suitors. On the contrary, he disregards them altogether, at the same time endeavoring to demonstrate to her his own superlatively engaging qualities.

VII

All love affairs are dramatized. Fools make tragedies of them. The wise make comedies.

VIII

Every woman visualizes a mental picture of her ideal, her perfect man, her supreme suitor. He almost invariably epitomizes all those characteristics that she has never been able to understand plus those characteristics that she has been taught to fear.

IX

A woman admires practicability in a man only in so far as it fails to interfere with her own impracticability.

X

The uninitiated think of romance in terms of a story. The sophisticated, in terms of a lie.

XI

A woman condemns punctuality in a man as she forgives procrastination in herself.

XII

A love affair devoid of obstacles is just as conceivable as a steeple-chase devoid of jumps.



Another Kind of Lollypop

By Sarah Addington

I

AS Ellie came in sight of the tents, those distant white patches on the darkness of the night, she began to wonder why, after all, she had come back. But when she got closer and the smell of the place came to her, the blended odor of fresh lumber, browning hamburger and dewy night that is the native smell of a Chautauqua, she forgot to vex herself with questions and hastened on. For in that moment she seemed to forget, too, that she was Ellie Strobel, with all that that name stood for, but became the other Ellie, the schoolgirl who had come here that lifetime ago for the first, and the last, fling of her young life.

She pushed a twenty-five-cent piece in at the ticket window and looked up timidly at the big-jowled man there. No, it was not the same, after all, for then she had used a season ticket, and the big man had grinned familiarly at her when she went in and out through the gate. Now, after four years, he reddened when he saw her and jerked his head awkwardly forward with a reluctant "How-do." Ellie reddened too—it was strange that she had never got used to humiliation—and slid hastily through the gate.

But of course, she told herself as she went into the grounds, this was to have been expected. And why had she come, anyway? She had never wanted to before, in these four years: she had shrunk from this of all places. Yet tonight something had pulled and tugged at her, yanked at her mercilessly, until at last, to satisfy the absurd thing,

whatever it was, she had dressed and started.

And now here she was, in this familiar array of massed tents and holiday crowds, and there was, of course, no place for her. It did not seem to count that her heart, that poor little inexperienced organ, had been left here, that on this spot she had gallantly traded all she had for nothing more than a life of hurt blankness that promised to be eternal. These things had no bearing; she was an intruder here as she was everywhere else.

Once it had all been hers, this fraternity of a small-town Chautauqua, but now the trees and lights and tents, the crowd beyond it in the canvased auditorium, the strollers and lovers on every side, all seemed to hold up hands against her, scandalized, repudiating hands which she could feel though they were not of flesh. The quiet of the night, broken only by the voices of The Dixie Male Quartet, was not the quiet of peace, but the stillness of accusation, too reminiscent of the quiet nights four years ago. The very kicked-up dust did not feel like friendly ground, because she had spoiled that ground, and all ground, for herself forever.

"I'm going back," thought Ellie suddenly to herself.

But she did not. For if the disloyalty of this place hurt and frightened her, well, she had suffered other, greater, disloyalties, and one more could really make no difference, was hardly enough to change the direction of her feet.

She crept into a shadow a few yards from the big tent where sat enthralled before The Dixie Male Quartet their

hundreds of auditors, and looked idly over the heads and backs of the crowd at the four men on the platform beyond. Around her the little camping tents stretched in straight lines toward every direction. Some of them showed lights, rosy paper lanterns, some of them were dark, but all of them were the temporary homes of these people who had left their stores and factories and farms and kitchens to come here for ten days of brass bands, oratory and herded camp life that to them was the fine flower of a year's hard work. If there was any better way of spending a vacation than to take a tent at Chautauqua, the people of Tannerville hadn't heard of it, they would tell you; and they spoke truly.

Ellie turned her eyes from the quartet over toward her old tent, then looked quickly away as a group of young people passed by, eyeing her curiously; Chautauqua is made for couples and groups, not for girls who lurk in the shadows alone. She watched them as they proceeded to the dining tent and remembered the first time she and Dick—oh, how had she come to say his name again? It had been gone from her lips, as he had been gone from her heart, so long now.

She cowered deeper into the dark, fixing stern eyes on the big tent and The Dixie Male Quartet mouthing their song. She tried to listen, but the sounds blurred in her ears as the sight of their white flannels faded from her eyes. For the smell of pine lumber and frying meat and the wetness of trees and grass seemed to attack her like an anesthetic, so that she stood there unconscious of everything else but a dream, a memory that floated in her head like an unreal illusion. And yet it was the one real thing that had happened to Ellie in her whole life. . . .

II

At least, it was the one important thing. Everything else had been real enough, perhaps: her unimaginative childhood in a dull street on the West Side (and in Tannerville, West Side was wrong side, as it is in some other

and more celebrated cities); her routine life at school; her plain clothes; her dish-washing and bed-making at home—oh yes, it was real enough, but hardly worth counting even in the annals of an undemanding person like Ellie. For Ellie was undemanding, clearly the daughter of her passive, dull-spirited mother and earnest, upright father, and untouched even by the rebelliousness that usually to the young is more sustaining than bread and meat.

But if she did not ask anything of life, at least she presented to it a ready willingness that seasoned her quiescence and made it slightly less dull than that of her parents—an added lively quality, a savor of her own. Perhaps this was the way in which her youth chose to assert itself,—a rebelliousness diluted to mere receptivity—though indeed, as young creatures go, Ellie was tame enough as she moved along in her life. For even Ellie's skimpy body seemed unfit for the game of being young, and her pale cheeks and home-made clothes did nothing to soften that meagerness.

And yet her great opportunity had come to her quite as if she had been a well-dressed, glib young thing like the other girls in her class. For lo, one day she had been invited to join some of those superior creatures in a camping party at Chautauqua, a mark of social eligibility in Tannerville, you must know. The Senior clique needed an extra purse, to tell the truth, and Ellie seemed inoffensive enough to qualify. She was accordingly invited to occupy "Dew Drop Inn" at Chautauqua and to pay her share of the expenses.

She had accepted, slightly wondering but vastly pleased, and that August had marked her début into the elite of her generation, a strange, shrinking companion for these shallow-minded, good-natured, pretty, over-dressed girls to whom life spelled but one word and that was "man." ("Men" indeed! Those youths in well-pressed clothes whose baby faces only became the blanker behind their ferocious pipes, who strutted with the knowledge of their own adventures in pool-rooms, cigar stores and

girls' front parlors, as if men really were made that way.)

No, Ellie was hardly congruous in that group, but she did not mind. She had no egotism to be affronted. She was not even self-conscious. She was so used to her own anomalous place in society that even this close contact and sharp contrast did not embarrass her.

She had hung back from the life of that Chautauqua tent of theirs for the first few days. The girls would talk all night in solemn tones about their "men," and she would actually sleep through it. They would go to concerts, to lectures, for walks, and leave her alone in the tent, content enough. She had done most of the cooking for them, to their enthusiastic approval, and had made up the cots, too, so that they might be free for still more concerts and lectures.

Then Dick had come, and it had happened. . . . What a strange, sudden fate it had been. . . .

She remembered now, as she stood there, how bewildered she had been when that newcomer to their acquaintance, Dick Bender, had coolly sought her out from all the other girls jabbering there that first night. She was standing by the little wobbly table they had. She could see the whole thing now: Japanese lanterns strung overhead, high school banners crowding the canvas walls of the tent, smeary chafing dish, summer-clad boys and girls crammed everywhere, on the cots, on the pine floor, standing up.

Dick had appeared with a red-headed boy from Chicago, who introduced him royally as "Mr. Bender." They had proffered him fudge which he had accepted, and a chair, which he declined, already on his way back to the corner where she was. A chill had rocketed up her back; she could feel it now. She could hear his voice now, too, as he said lightly, "Hello there!" And she remembered the laughter of the other girls, who with their own white-trousered, pompadoured youths safely in hand, could afford to laugh at her conquest. He had asked her to go walking,

and they had gone. And Ellie had come back from that walk to quake in her cot all night.

For this strange "Mr. Bender" had made love to Ellie, and the effect on her ready spirit had been that of a cyclone. All her old dull interests had been swept away at one casual touch of his hand. All her inert desires, her acquiescences, her colorless enthusiasms and prejudices, had been cleared out of her on the instant, to leave her in the possession of this new passion, every pore of her body, every turn in her mind, completely in its grasp.

She could see Dick's face there in the dark as she saw it that first night, pallid and oval, almost soft in its relaxed lines and girlish skin, but almost hard, too, in a certain veiled look he had, and a clamping together of his jaws when something did not quite please him. He had looked that way and clicked his jaws together ever so slightly when Ellie in shocked horror, refused to allow his first embraces—a cheap little trick, but then Dick was a cheap little male, though Ellie had merely thought him masculine in this self-willed mood. She thought him lovable, too, perhaps worldly—but if so, none the less to be desired. And she was not the first girl who had read Dick in this wise.

In such a fashion had Ellie's wretched little idyll begun, and in this setting, a crude and naïve enough stage for her own raw ignorance. Here among the closely placed tents, yonder in the wilderness of Tannerville's large natural park, on the bleachers of the main auditorium, in the dining tent, she and Dick had pursued their swift, incredible course, a dark undercurrent in the bright shallow water of that place that nobody would have dreamed was running there. It would have seemed impossible that in such boisterous, artless surroundings any business secret and cunning could have flourished. In a place where tent flaps are always open, where curfew rings at eleven, where honest country people cook meals three times a day and three times a day congregate to gape at lecturer and

choruses, where rarebit parties are a high form of orgy, and late hours are prohibited by the Chamber of Commerce itself, in such a place unsanctioned love could hardly have been believed even if it had been discovered.

And nobody did discover Ellie and Dick in their transgressing. The girls with whom Ellie was camping thought nothing except that at last Ellie had a "man," and that he was, oddly enough, most personable and eligible, and therefore really rather unsuitable for Ellie. They were glad enough for Ellie's sake that she had Dick, and glad for their own, since it kept her out of the way. It all seemed natural enough, and they never thought of questioning it.

No more did Ellie. She accepted Dick as she accepted life, willingly, almost submissively, as if she were yielding to a fate, and she was. She knew little enough about Dick. His past, his family, his business (beyond that she knew he was a professional pool player, whatever that was) were mere human variables that did not interest her. What mattered was that he was at her side throughout the days and nights, that he wanted her there, and that she wanted nothing else: that at last she had found someone with whom to share herself. There had been no give-and-take in Ellie's life, and this sensation of prodigality was thrilling and delicious. So Ellie, still docile, became an echo to Dick's every wish, and reached, she thought, high places.

And this passivity was the very mood that Dick asked for in his incidental amours. At first he had thought to wage his war of love on Ellie in the siege fashion, a pursuit in which he was skilful from long practice. But Ellie had been far too simple an object for his proficiency. If she was shy, she was not timid or prim, the deep little thing! Dick himself could hardly match her for serene daring. For in the face of this great thing that he offered her, she waived all conventions, standards, every consideration—Ellie's way of being magnificent, the only way she knew.

III

HER father had been the most crushed of them all when it became known that Ellie was to pay the penalty for her magnificence. Ellie herself, still blind with infatuation, hardly cared; and her mother could only wonder dully how such a thing could have happened to a daughter of hers. Yet Mr. Strobel, strangely enough, had been the one to uphold Ellie when later she refused to press Dick for a marriage ceremony. For Dick, to Ellie's stunned incredulity, had rejected all responsibility in the matter, and had left Tannerville, sulky, aggrieved, even threatening something or other if she did not leave him alone.

"But it's his," wailed Mrs. Strobel.

"Well—" Ellie was dogged.

"And your father could find him somewheres—"

"But I don't want him found, if he's hiding. And I don't want to marry him—if he don't want to marry me."

"But you ought to think of the child," reminded Mrs. Strobel peevishly.

"I'm not thinkin' of it, though," was Ellie's reply.

And her father had said she was right, they could get along without him. So Ellie had gone it alone, and now she was here hiding miserably in the dark, as she had been hiding ever since.

It was not the disgrace she minded, she knew that now. It was not the disgrace, nor was it the sin itself, for she could remember how she had felt, how little she knew, how much she had trusted. Besides, conventional as she was, or had been, her morality was all mere habit, and did not strike deep; so that when she violated it, the lapse itself did not uproot her, either. And it was not the faithlessness of the errant Dick that hurt the most. A certain dim pride had risen up to choke off her foolhardy love—pride and a peasant shrewdness that would not go forever making a bad bargain.

But what really lay on Ellie as an insupportable load was her loneliness. It was such a lonely business, this being disgraced. Not the empty kind of lone-

liness, she had once thought to herself, but the heavy kind that presses and hurts, and never for a moment ceases. Her friends, the old ones and those of Chautauqua days, meant nothing to her now. Some had dropped her. The Chautauqua campers had been particularly prompt and thorough-going in repenting publicly their ill-advised hospitality—except that brown-eyed Lucy Bates, who to Ellie then became something more than mere girl and very little less than angel. A few of the West Side friends tried hard to be loyal, but they were clumsy and constrained about it. So that the result was about the same with all of them: Ellie was an outlaw and by her own doing. Her child held no comfort for her. A rather callous little chap already, or so he seemed to his mother, hard-headed like Dick but without Dick's suavity.

And yet mere solitude would not have been hideous, Ellie thought, like this—she had often tried to put it in words to herself—this public kind of loneliness. For that was the worst of it. She was not only solitary, but conspicuous. Once she had been obscure, just Ellie Strobel, a nobody, and in that obscurity she had known what peace was. Now she was cut off from the world—except as a target. She had no friends, yet no privacy. Everybody knew. She was pointed out and mentioned; she was known as the Strobel girl, and her story was her tag. This was the thing that kept her under its hand, afraid and maddened and helpless.

At times she had thought desperately of taking her boy and going to another town, but her native habit of inertia was too much even for her desperation. At all times she wished she had kept her secret to herself, that she had gone off before the boy had been born. For she thought she could have stood it all if people only had not known, if only she could have escaped this torment of being alone, yet never really alone, either.

At least, tonight there in the folds of somebody's tent, she had enjoyed a few minutes of blessed relief. Soon, though,

the concert would be over, and she would have to go. She did not want to be seen there, lurking around her old, desecrated haunts.

Ah, but she did not want to go home! For there was no privacy at home either. Her mother, usually inarticulate, found expression miraculously in regard to Ellie's affair, which even after four years seemed to possess fresh novelty for her daily. It was almost as if this misadventure of her daughter's had given her stale spirit new life, she to whom nothing had ever happened before—so that she found inexhaustible stimulus in the whole affair, and was possessed by it. Poor woman, it was fetid food for her imagination, but the only one her life had offered up.

Ellie's father, of another stripe, ranged himself unflinchingly on her side, and in his new kindness to her and her little boy, showed his deep compassion. But his body was not so gallant. He had aged sharply in these few years, and his sagging figure and beaten countenance were a continuous reproach to Ellie that could not but wound her, schooled as she was to reproaches.

No, she did not want to go home tonight. Here was sanctuary, and she was tired, so tired, of fighting the world, weary, so weary, of her old offense.

IV

SHE was startled by a voice at her elbow.

"Hello!" it said, and a man's face appeared, smiling unabashedly at her in the dim light.

Ellie in her fright did not answer.

"Hello!" insisted the voice. "Can't you speak to a fellah?"

"Hello," whispered Ellie fearfully.

"Nice night," went on the man. "Take a walk?"

Ellie shook her head violently.

"Oh, come on," the voice was casual and kindly, "don't be a little crepe hanger. I want a girl!"

"Go away," whispered Ellie. "Please!"

The man peered more closely, then laughed softly.

"Don't be scared. I won't eat you."

He found her hand and pulled at it, as Ellie, cringing, tugged to release it. A man and girl came toward them. Supposing they should see her, this man close to her, pleading, pulling her hand. She gave a desperate wrench and fell back from him, flushed, as the couple passed on.

He laughed again, her ogre.

"All right," he said, "hold your own hand. Only, come on, let's do take a walk. Won't you? I wouldn't hurt you," reassuringly.

Ellie did not answer.

"Listen," the voice continued, "I just want to talk to a nice girl like you. You are a nice girl, I can tell that much, anyway."

Did he hear a faint gasp? No, for he was chuckling.

"Gee, I didn't know I was a monologue artist. But say, come on, kid, please! I like you already, you're so shy. Most of these small-town 'Janes' aren't, believe me. But you—I honestly believe you're the real thing, one of those innocent little kids you read about. Aren't you?

"I'll bet you've got a blue sash on this minute," he went on, indulging his own fancy, "and wear high-necked nighties and a Christian Endeavor pin. And I'll bet you never kissed a fellah in your life." . . . Would her heart jump out of her breast? . . . He waited a moment, then continued, "I've got you sized up all right, haven't I? Say, haven't you got any tongue a'tall? . . . She thinks I'm one of these city slickers. . . . But listen, I'll be as good as gold, girlie. I—" his bluff voice lowered, "I'll take care of you, honest. Please don't be afraid of me."

V

THE grounds were overflowing with the dispersing crowds from the big tent, a slow-moving mass of summer dresses and straw hats bound for town and nearby tents. Lights flashed up every-

where; voices hummed; the dining-room took on a new activity; laughter, motor horns, the discordant note of a banjo floated through the tree tops; somebody was whistling high and shrill.

But nobody saw Ellie as she walked through the grounds with her stranger, for the crowd was leaving by the front gate, and she and the man were making for the great park which lay to the rear of the grounds.

A few boys passed them on the way to the spring for water, rattling their pails, but they saw only a skimpy figure beside that of a man, a sight not worth a second glance. Ellie and the stranger were soon alone again, on a wide thoroughfare of the park.

"This is a swell park," began the man.

"Yes," answered Ellie.

"How many acres?" he wanted to know.

"I—don't know."

"Swell place," he averred again warmly. "What's this, a spring?"

He stopped at a rustic bridge, which crossing the stream led to a spring.

"Yes," said Ellie. "It's fine water. Tastes—oh—kind of lively. Not like hydrant water, you know."

He laughed appreciatively at her expression.

"Well, come on, Miss—by the way, what little miss are you, anyway?"

She told him.

"Ellie Strobel?" he repeated. "Seems to me—"

A spasm of apprehension shook her.

"Seems to me I've heard of Strobel, but I never knew a girl named Ellie before. There's only one Ellie, I guess," he added fatuously.

Ellie smiled, a ghostly smile of relief which he took for gratification.

"Well, my name's Hunter," he told her, "Charlie Hunter."

She tried to make some acknowledgment. Why couldn't she speak up? she asked herself in vague annoyance.

He helped her across the bridge and down the steps to the spring with a careful touch, the pink of chivalry. For he knew a fine little girl when he saw her, did Mr. Hunter, and he was determined

that this innocent kid should not find *him* wanting. He was no angel, but he knew how to treat a good woman with the reverence due her, and here was one, if one ever lived, the poor little scared kid.

This was the direction of Mr. Hunter's thoughts as he put a careful paw to her elbow, a clumsy paw, yet with balm in it, too, for the raw senses of the girl he touched. And as he talked Ellie felt herself expanding, in almost a physical sensation of unfolding in layers. She had been squeezed up tight inside herself so long!

"You know," Mr. Hunter smiled effulgently at her over the rusty tin cup, "it does a fellah good to meet a girl like you. I been around a lot, and—oh well!" He shook his shoulders in the manner of a man who wishes to forget evil things.

They sat down on a bench. Ellie was quite faint, as if, she thought to herself, something had hit her. Mr. Hunter discoursed on music, his blatant voice booming through the quiet of the night.

"The Dixies were great, weren't they?" he asked Ellie.

"I—wasn't in the big tent tonight."

"Oh, wasn't you? Well, they're good, take it from me."

Ellie took it from him with a murmured reply.

"Sang Jubilee songs. You know, 'Roll, Jordan, Roll,' and one called—oh yes, 'I'll be There, Lord Jesus, I'll be There.' Swell."

Under their feet ran the creek, spilling and sprawling over stones and watercress. . . . Ellie and Dick used to eat the peppery wet stuff by the handfuls. . . . Over them the trees, unearthly green under the sharp light of electricity, spread high and weird, roofing their little world fantastically. And Mr. Hunter talked on, Ellie's voice murmurous, monosyllabic, to his resounding speech.

"Yes," he was saying, "I was over to Indinapolis and I just thought I'd run over and see this burg—"

It was all like a sleep, yet streaked now and then for Ellie with flickers of

thought that would not be denied, like dreams that zigzag through sleep. This was her one chance. She knew that. It would never come again. She knew that, too. She must not spoil it. She must just take it, and make the most of it. She was deceiving him, of course. But that didn't matter. She would have lied and stolen and killed, she thought, just to keep that look in his eyes, that bend of his head toward her. She hardly heard what he said, but it didn't matter. He thought—oh, what he thought was the thing that counted to Ellie.

At length, Mr. Hunter turned to her with an impressive, extra-profound expression that to anybody but Ellie would have been ludicrous on that thick countenance.

"Miss Ellie," he began, and that becoming expression of pompous earnestness deepened, "Miss Ellie, I just want to tell you that—well, that this night has been worth everything to me. It's been worth living for. You're just the kind of girl— Well, I can't say more. I'd say too much. But it makes a fellah feel—"

But Ellie had laid a timid hand on his sleeve.

"Thank you," she said, "but please—"

Mr. Hunter, relieved of the tension of unaccustomed emotion, laughed softly.

"Gee, you sure aren't like other girls. I don't believe you *like* compliments."

An automobile approached them and went by with a flash of lights. Mr. Hunter laughed again.

"Gee, I had forgotten this was a public place," he exclaimed heartily. "We haven't seen a soul since we came here."

"Everybody goes to the pavilion," answered Ellie.

"Pavilion," he repeated. "What's that, an eat place? Let's go there. . . . Careful, girlie! Oh say, that's too bad," as she stumbled slightly over a stone.

But Ellie was only glad that she had stumbled. She would have willingly broken her leg if that would give her more and more, and yet more, of that lavish deference of his.

VI

SOME of Ellie's one-time acquaintances were in the park pavilion, when she and Mr. Hunter entered it a few moments later.

"Good heavens," ejaculated one Maud Chisholm, soon to be Maud Somebody Else. Then as Ellie approached their table, she nodded carelessly.

"Hello, Ellie," she said, as the rest of her party stammered out confused greetings.

"Hello," answered Ellie, her pale cheeks coloring.

Mr. Hunter, raising his hat with elaborate pains, escorted her tenderly to a table, seated her, hung his hat on a hook, and took his own place across from her. He had manners, you see, had Mr. Hunter. These Tannerville rubes would please to take notice that he knew what to do and when to do it.

Ellie could see him more plainly now, for the half-light of the park lamps had shown her only a big creature whose clothes were of that variety known as Palm Beach, whose face was hearty, and perhaps heavy, whose eyes wore that expression of humble worship that she cherished so jealously—so craftily. She saw now that he had a thick mouth and a plastered-down growth of colorless hair, that his jaws were not innocent of gold, and that a magenta-bordered handkerchief peeped knowingly from an upper pocket. But Ellie's interest in the man was but academic. His delusion was what she cared about, and she thought again, as she sat there in the room with those who knew all about her, that she would claw and scratch and bite if they even so much as smirked at her, she would *show* Maud Chisholm and her crowd.

"We'll have a banana split," Mr. Hunter told the dirty-aproned boy splendidly, "and—" he consulted her anxiously, "do you like cherry or lemon phosphate better?"

"Cherry," answered Ellie.

"So do I," he agreed enthusiastically.

He stretched his legs under the table and looked at her appreciatively.

"I can't get over you," he told her. "Oh well, let's talk about something else. I can see it scares you when I begin to rave. Was you ever over to Muncie?"

She had never traveled so far.

"Well, it's a bum town," he confided cheerfully. "It's a total loss. Now this town—"

He was off then on an itinerary and a critical estimate of all the towns in Indiana, and he had just arrived at the flower of them all when the banana split arrived.

"No, you can't even get a taxicab in Indinapolis," he informed her, though Ellie had not asked for that convenience. "But I will say that there's a swell place to get a good beefsteak in that burg, Beefsteak Johnny's they call it. Go in there sometimes if you're ever over to Indinapolis. Tables for ladies. Fine high-class place."

Ellie obediently promising that she would patronize Beefsteak Johnny's if she ever visited the city of his establishment, poked a spoon into the syrup-laden, nut-covered banana in front of her.

"Now Dayton," went on this familiar of all Middle Western towns, "now Dayton's small, but it's got class. Pretty place, too," he allowed, "and say, that cash register factory, well, you ought to see it. It's got anything in the East—"

A clatter interrupted the further description of Dayton's prize industry, a sound as of crashing crockery, followed by a rending and groaning, tortured and mighty. It was not the end of the world as any reasonable being might naturally have inferred, but merely the birth agonies of a monumental music-box about to produce a selection. And sure enough, in another instant, there emerged from the chaos an almost recognizable note of music, another followed it, creaking with effort, a third strained into being, and lo, the opening bar had come and gone and the "Mosquito Parade" was issuing from the

colossal instrument in jaunty if limping style.

Mr. Hunter beamed over at his companion.

"Say!" said he. "What do you think of that? I didn't know that thing was a music-box."

Ellie smiled faintly.

"It has been ever since I can remember."

"You didn't need to tell me that!"

Mr. Hunter assured her jocularly.

"Can you beat it? Look here, Miss Ellie, let's dance. Will you?"

"Oh! I don't know how any more."

"Know how your grandmother! All you need to do is to follow me. I'll show you the new stuff. Just a little one-step. No, we'll two step to that old tune. Come on!"

And Ellie, wondering at herself, two-stepped with Mr. Hunter in that pavilion under the very eyes of those who had seen her dance with Dick Bender four years before, and who knew so well why she had never danced with another man since. At first, she kept thinking: They'll stop us. . . . Somebody will come and tell him. . . . Another step now and he'll know. . . . Would Maud do that? . . . She's not mean, but she might. . . . Oh, of course they'll tell him. . . . Why don't they hurry? . . . I wish it was over with. . . .

But then, as she measured the curious, shocked eyes at Maud's table, she realized how frantic and absurd her terror had been. They wouldn't do anything, of course, and it didn't matter what they thought. Nothing mattered now but the luxury, the luxury, the incredible luxury of being in Mr. Hunter's big, careful arm, of following his lead, of listening to his snorts and jests, of knowing that he would never be enlightened.

It was a weird dance, that old-fashioned two step to a creaking, silly, long-forgotten tune; the rough floor; the sticky, marble-topped tables through which they had to wind; the dirty-aproned boy slopping a black rag over his province as he whistled aimlessly to

the noise. But to Ellie it soon became as natural as was everything else in an unquestioned world. She forgot her feeble rebellion of four long years. She forgot her accustomed shrinking self. She even forgot Maud and her friends sitting there. She could only revel in this utter content that Mr. Hunter, all unknowing, was giving her. Mr. Hunter's understanding was small, poor man, but he carried great gifts that night.

It would soon be over, Ellie was hazily conscious of that. But even that could not disturb her. She would take what came to her now. She had it embedded deep in her, she knew, and she would draw on it—forever. Like lollypops, she thought to herself, with a half smile at her own fancy. She used to try to make lollypops last forever when she was a little girl, and she almost did, with her parsimonious tongue. This was just another kind of lollypop. And she could make this one last, she knew.

And so they danced on, the exuberant Mr. Hunter and his skimpy little partner, as the giant music box ground out its grist of cracked old tunes (Mr. Hunter marveling that you didn't have to put a nickel in each time). The minutes were slipping, and the boy was making significant noises at the counter, but the two danced on. . . . And on. . . . And on. . . . Until at last, they could stay no longer. Maud's party had left. The boy was putting up the shutters.

"Say, that was great!" declared Mr. Hunter. "I don't know when I've had a better time. And now, Miss Ellie, I must get you home. Where—"

"Oh!" Ellie was almost startled at the suggestion. "I'll go alone. There's a car—"

"Oh no, you won't," Mr. Hunter assured her. "Nothing doing there. I'll take you home, of course."

So they took one of the little jumpy street cars that penetrated to the West Side, the last one, as Ellie told her escort. Whereat he replied that it looked it, and laughed uproariously.

But he wasn't laughing when they reached Ellie's door. His face wore that same lugubrious solemnity that had come over him in the park. For Mr. Hunter had become suddenly conscious of the impending good-byes and was in frank distress about them. Not that he wouldn't see her again, as he tried to be cheered by saying to himself, but it was tough luck that tomorrow he had to go on to Chicago and thence West for three solid months. Three months without her. . . . It looked like an eternity. . . .

He tried to say something like this, but he couldn't, of course. Ellie was trying to say something too.

"Thank you, Mr. Hunter. It was a lovely evening."

Oh, that look of his! Could she give it up now? Wasn't it harder, almost, to relinquish it than it would have been never to have had it? Ellie remembered a saying—she didn't know where she had heard it—something about its being better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. That might be true about love, but was it true about this greater thing, this unbelievable blessing that Mr. Hunter had brought her in which she had basked for two or three luxurious hours? No, no, no. Not at all true of this.

How could she go back now to the old daily pain? How could she face these eyes that seemed to see nothing but her sin, not herself at all? Sometimes the world had seemed only eyes, eyes, eyes, streets full of them, strings

of them, everywhere. Even her son's eyes—and he was too young to know or understand her history—seemed dangerously keen, as if he guessed, too, that something was wrong and it was all her fault. But Mr. Hunter's eyes—! Did she have enough of Mr. Hunter stored up in her to last? Would this lollypop melt away, too, as all the others had, and leave her desolate?

She stuck out her hand swiftly.

"Good-bye," she whispered, and flew up the path to the door.

Her key scratched nervously; she heard it as a ghostly sound. She opened the door and then looked back. Mr. Hunter was standing in grotesque uncertainty on the walk, benumbed apparently by her swiftiness. She saw for the last time his big body, powerless now but to stand dumbly still. She took one long last gulp of that incredible, self-abasing worship of his. Then she slipped into the house and upstairs, and Mr. Hunter was left staring at the place where her face had shown white and strained against the darkness.

VII

MR. HUNTER was puzzled, for the first time in his cocksure existence. He didn't understand Ellie. But Maud Chisholm was not puzzled.

"Gee," she said to her sister that night, "Ellie's worse than I ever dreamed. She must be as hard as nails."



A WOMAN is repelled by superficiality in a man in the same degree that a man is ensnared by simplicity in a woman.



THE truly successful fellow with women is he who is able to fascinate them when he is not with them.



The Rebellion of Women

(A Dramatic Fantasy)

By John McClure

METRODOROUS ASTYANAX,
DIODORUS CARNIFEX, EUSEBIUS
SCAURUS and PETRONIUS AM-
PHAX are discovered in animated con-
versation in a cabaret at Cairo.

METRODORUS

There has been a rebellion among the
lovers and the women is killing the
men. Those of us as are not handsome
will likely get killed by mistake.

DIODORUS

It is unprecedented. It is said there
is no sleep any more for the evangelical
parsons.

EUSEBIUS

There is no question the priesthood
suffers extremely.

METRODORUS

And after the parsons comes the ac-
tors and acrobats. Us metaphysicians—

PETRONIUS

Do not appropriate a title which does
not concern you. But you are quite
right. None of us is threatened with
danger, unless it is you, Metrodorus.
These massacres are largely adulterous.
We are unmarried, and you are not
wed.

METRODORUS

Bah! There is no need to be mar-
ried. I tell you the women is killing
the men.

PETRONIUS

These are triangular tragedies that
alarm you, Metrodorus. And, after all,
sin is almost inexcusable since the
young wenches of Cairo are wearing
their hair short.

S. S.—Feb.—5

EUSEBIUS

There is no palpable reason certainly
why one man should infringe on an-
other's preserve.

METRODORUS

It's the women is doing the killing, I
tell you. The men is slaughtering no-
body. Us bachelors is in as great dan-
ger as any.

PETRONIUS

I have not looked at a woman since
New Year's.

METRODORUS

That is all very well. They will slit
your gullet for that.
(Enter a Numidian dancer.)

DIODORUS

This should be very diverting.

METRODORUS

I seen a woman like her at Antioch
in a circus.

PETRONIUS

She is pretty enough.

METRODORUS

I wonder would she drink beer.
(The Numidian dancer enters upon an
intricate dance.)

EUSEBIUS

Whatever else you may say, she is
graceful.

METRODORUS

She is as nimble as two ordinary
housewives.

DIODORUS

One would scarcely believe it was
possible to touch the crown of the head
with the sole of the foot as she does.

METRODORUS

She can do anything.

PETRONIUS

Observe as she unravels.

METRODORUS

I never seen anyone twisted in so much of a knot. She is a gifted woman, Petronius Amphax.

PETRONIUS

Clever, beyond denial.

METRODORUS

I wonder would she enter a two-step with a partner.

DIODORUS

You might ask her.

(METRODORUS ASTYANAX approaches the Numidian dancer. She accepts his advances. As METRODORUS and the dancer are proceeding in a two-step accompanied by a clapping of hands, METRODORUS' WOMAN appears. She stands agape.)

DIODORUS

This is inevitably death.

PETRONIUS

Is there no way to save him?

METRODORUS' WOMAN

Hold, rogue!

(METRODORUS halts frozen, one leg in the air.)

METRODORUS' WOMAN

So this is the way you burn candles to Isis!

METRODORUS

I was at the temple until five minutes ago. I come here at the behest of Petronius Amphax.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

Dancing with a brown woman! Spending your silver for beer and not a copper at home!

(METRODORUS' WOMAN unsheaths from her bosom a carving knife of pewter and brass.)

METRODORUS' WOMAN

It is an act of mercy to destroy a wild man like you. Candles to Isis indeed! And that huzzy—

DIODORUS

Blink at her, else he is annihilated.

PETRONIUS

Blink at her yourself.

(DIODORUS winks at METRODORUS' WOMAN. She halts with the carving knife over her head.)

DIODORUS

I pray you not to expose yourself to crucifixion for murder. The ragamuffin is not worth it. Better men worship you.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

Eh?

DIODORUS

I have adored you long. It is only my friendship for Metrodorus has curbed me.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

Oh, if that is the way it is, why did you not speak to me sooner? I had never suspected.

DIODORUS

While Metrodorus was true to you, how could I speak?

METRODORUS' WOMAN

You are indeed a man of honor.

DIODORUS

I have smouldered for months.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

That is a pity.

(METRODORUS' WOMAN puts the carving knife back in her bosom.)

DIODORUS

Madam, will you sit on my lap and drink wine?

METRODORUS' WOMAN

(Blushing.) It is not customary.

DIODORUS

I implore you.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

(Seating herself.) A little sugar, and heat it.

(METRODORUS ASTYANAX and the Numidian dancer escape through the rear.)

The Higher Learning in America

XIII

Dartmouth College

By D. M. Sample

I

HANOVER, New Hampshire, housing Dartmouth College, is an unassuming beauty spot of New England. But without the college Hanover would be bereft of fully two-thirds of its beauty.

Entering the village by automobile from the south, one emerges suddenly over the brow of a steep hill and lands directly in the center of the town. Every merchant in Hanover has his store in this block. A few steps farther discloses the college campus, which is a flat, vivid greensward dissected intricately by paths showing a contrasting white. On all four sides of this spacious plot are college buildings set among stately trees: The Commons, which was originally designed as a gathering place for students—the one, large, fraternity house idea—but which is defeated to some extent in its purpose by an ubiquitous malodor of foods emanating from the grill in the basement; Robinson Hall, an attractive building which houses a neat “Little Theatre” together with all non-athletic activity offices; Tuck Hall, the home of the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance; the “Ad” building, pleasant to look upon but forbidding in atmosphere, the hang-out of the officials; and Chandler, an architectural horror, a drab building of classrooms.

On the north side of the campus there is a majestic beauty spot—Webster Hall—an auditorium well designed

even if a trifle inadequate as to space. Then, on the northeast corner squats Rollins Chapel, completely charming and restful but a bit draughty, and also too small for the student body.

Continuing around the corner, one comes upon the relics of Dartmouth Row—the white brick buildings which were erected as a replica of the old Dartmouth Row destroyed by fire. Then Reed and Thornton, lately renovated but still, nevertheless, eyesores—barn-like, ratty and foul. These two are dormitories.

Back of all these buildings, which directly face the campus on the four sides, is the rest of the college. It is not spread out; approximate dimensions, including fraternity houses, the gymnasium, the medical school, and the power plant, would be three city blocks each way.

Freshmen emerge over the brow of the hill late in the month of September. They matriculate. They stoically tolerate a few days of mild buffooneries formerly known as hazing. At the always impressive ceremonies of Dartmouth Night they are warned to “set a watch lest the old traditions fail.” Later they hail the football games with the proper feverish enthusiasm; the wealthy—that is to say, those who have lately acquired a cheque from home—go to New York to a game, on what is commonly known as a pee-rade, and come back slightly foggy and redolent of the vague fumes of synthetic gin.

They study; they wear idiotic little

METRODORUS

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green caps which at first they hate thoroughly but in time grow accustomed to; they throw peanuts at the movies like regular patrons. Supercilious sophomores keep them in line and continually remind them of their adolescence. Christmas vacation comes welcomingly to them: they are glad to be out of the place and to forget for a space the ignominies of being a callow freshman. Arriving home with an entirely new vocabulary, they dance with adoring débutantes and whisper surreptitiously of their fraternity ambitions.

Back in January, they study more and harder, they ski on the golf links; they play mandolins until harshly "piped down" by self-appointed vigilantes; they cheer dutifully at the basketball games.

Examinations come like a thunderstorm and catch about one-third of them without raincoats. Those who flunk never did care for the place anyway; they will try Colgate. Those who slide through begin to like the spirit of the college; they begin to see something after all in all that hokum about college life; they begin staunchly to stand up for the raw New England winter with its frozen water pipes, winter sports, cold dormitories, and hearth fires; the administration is not so bad as they had pictured; the undergraduate body is a fairly decent bunch after all; things in general have a far more roseate hue. They have been told ever since they entered that there is no place like Dartmouth. It is drilled into their ears until they finally grow to believe it, even begin to reiterate it themselves.

The majority of men coming to Dartmouth have one of two peculiarly divergent ideas. One type has always visualized the college man as a large, muscled football player, flashing a glaring letter on his breast, smoking a long, curved, numeraled pipe, effecting ultra-modish clothes, and spending his moments plucking a ukelele amid a jolly bunch who boisterously emit the college yell on the least provocation. The other lad is also an extremist. This fellow is the superwise prep. school phenomenon—

the species who already holds his liquor well, has learned to tell the lewdest jokes, and has already adopted a cynical crust of intolerance. This lad firmly believes that he has successfully emulated the college man he will meet. Both these types, of course, are somewhat disappointed when they see what Dartmouth really is. Between the two there are many varieties.

It takes, on the average, about a year for each of them to become the orthodox type—a Dartmouth man. Some never attain this, but the majority do. It is useless to attempt to define the Dartmouth man. He is certainly a species—while in college, at any rate. He is as intolerant of others as Great Britain is of Tierra del Fuego.

II

LONG ago Daniel Webster, in a burst of vision and inspired oratory, saved Dartmouth College from the fate of becoming a university. Those were indeed turbulent times. There is no more fascinating reading to anyone with the slightest interest than that of the history of this institution from the time of Eleazer Wheelock's backwoods Indian Charity School, through the turmoil of the famous "case," the forceful administration of Nathan Lord, the adamant rule of the Reverend Bartlett, the "man of iron," and the efficient generalship of President Tucker, up to the present leadership of President Hopkins.

Dartmouth is a college of at present a fraction over two thousand students. The entrance requirements are rigid; it favors the selective system of admission. This is necessary to keep the numbers of the college to a normal point. It has evolved from an Indian school of buckskins to a present-day institution of fur-coated, sport-suited undergraduates.

At this point the bald and reminiscent alumnus will opine, "The place is degenerating—it's getting to be a school of ladies. In my time men were hard . . . rough. . . ." He will pompously recall the sweat shirt era and pass many caustic comments on the present trend for

literary discussions and afternoon teas.

The sweat shirt era, as learned from the bald alumnus, is interesting to note even though it is not generally understood just what a sweat shirt is. This period ended—or, rather, diminished—with the war. The rigors of the Northern breezes, which swept bleakly down the Connecticut River from Sherbrooke and Montreal, compelled the hardy yokels and the less hardy city lads to combat the chill. Fur coats? Hardly: they were as unknown as Packard Twin Sixes. They cost too much and, besides, who wanted to doll up when no one else did? No one else, in fact, would stand for it. There was democracy: all dressed alike, janitors' sons as bankers' sons; you could not tell one from the other.

Thus the sweat shirt was the thing—or, in fact, any heavy sweater. There were no ladies to dress for and the democracy of the college must be upheld. The alumnus tells us their everyday costume: shoe packs, ski boots or the like; corduroy or any serviceable trousers—with sometimes a sandpaper patch on the hip for lighting matches; flannel shirt (the routine punctuated only occasionally by a white one); sweater, heavy coat, or—sweat shirt; and a beard. This latter was, of course, not necessary but frequent. Stiff collars, naturally, were all but unknown.

Yes, they were hardy, these rough "he-men"; their life was the out-of-door existence and they dressed for it. Indeed, when attired to leave town on vacations they were all but unrecognizable, by dint of their vacation finery, to their fellows. The alumnus continues:

"Cold, clear, New Hampshire evenings with the campus under a curtain of two feet of snow, dotted with hurrying students. Comes a file of rough-clothed hikers in from their daily jaunt, scraping over the crust on skis, helped along by long poles, packs on their backs, mits on their hands, their faces aglow with the zest of life. They are weary but happy with the knowledge of covering at least *twelve*

miles that afternoon. The scene repeated at intervals. There was the hardy life! Every afternoon their jaunt! Up there where men were men! Outdoors!"

Picture that! A daily run of twelve miles!

Well, the evenings are still cold and clear and the campus still has snow on it in the Winter. The only essential differences between the present-day era and the quotation above is that at present it is a daily Winter scene—in the past it was unique and a curiosity. Else why the Outing Club's recent flourishing?

It is a significant fact that in the year 1910 one more energetic than the rest founded the Dartmouth Outing Club to promote a keener appreciation of the great outdoors which was their natural advantage, to foster among the students the novelty of a really outdoor Winter, and to jerk them reluctantly away from hearth fires, "bull" leagues, and poker games. At the present day the Outing Club flourishes—it is actually popular.

Despite his denial, the age at hand has far more outdoor activity than the sweat shirt era depicted by the windy alumnus. It is true that the campus is now dotted by immaculate tweeds, camels' hair, and linen, and is enveloped in a country club atmosphere of leisurely and bored respectability. But times change and the alumnus admits it dolefully, maintaining that at any rate it's darned good to see the old place again. . . .

III

THE year opens with bewildered freshmen hastening about their duties trying to avoid being seen; rugs being beaten and truckmen being bargained with; furniture being borrowed, bought and traded; the greeting of old acquaintances—the handshake being the conventional low swoop, the greeting the customary, "Have a good vacation?"; music emanating from somewhere—a raucous jazz band in its first seasonable workout; welcome to brothers with the self-conscious fumbling

for the "grip"; loiterers in front of Allen's and Piani's discussing the football prospects; breezy salesmen vending indispensable articles (to freshmen)—books, banners, cots, rugs, seals, statues, laundry tickets, stationery, galoshes, and everything useless; billiards and bridge (which has gradually ousted poker and craps from prominence) in fraternity houses, and much serious discussion of the prospects for good fraternity delegations; football practice—sixty-odd selected, sweating warriors, bawled at and admonished by nearly as many coaches and attended by critical students who are "in the know"; smoking on dormitory steps and mixing reminiscences with ribald jokes; buying cider to ferment in the room; writing love-sick *débutantes* on crested stationery; marching huffily in to crab at the registrar and marching dejectedly out again; fixing up of courses with the usual last minute juggling to get in a newly rumored "pipe" course; and finally settling down to the routine of studies, bridge, "bull" leagues, football and the movies.

Fall passes in a furor of settling down. The wail is, "As soon as football is over I start to study." The big games are in New York or Boston.

At these times there is a general exodus from Hanover. Students board a special train on which only about two-thirds of them pay their fare. Their methods of accomplishing this evasion are worthy of note. Some have a collection of train checks from which they select the color and shape in use on that journey; one will get down on hands and knees between two seats while his paying comrades throw an overcoat completely over him, place a suitcase on his back, and play cards on the suitcase until the conductor has passed (this is a gruelling method but very effective); others hunch in between two seats that are back to back and cover themselves with overcoats, galoshes, suitcases and the like until they are completely buried—to emerge pale and gasping after the conductor has gone his way; still others filch their

comrades' train checks (the comrade, having paid, would sooner be put off the train than pay again).

Arrived in the large city, they seek a reliable bootlegger, bet on the game no matter what the chances, attend an unbelievably crowded, disorderly and almost universally drunken dance, and come back for classes on Monday wishing they had back both their money and the new hats they lost in the scramble.

By the time the football season and the Fall house parties are over, the glorious Autumn has given way to a chilly barrenness and there is often a covering of snow on the ground.

After Christmas real Winter has set in and there is a general demand for paraphernalia to indulge in Winter sports. The golf links, a short distance from the center of the village, afford a splendid sweep for the practice of beginners at the art of skiing. Further on, across the Vale of Tempe, is a new ski jump with a runway one hundred feet high at a dizzy angle of forty-five degrees. This is for the skilled artist, not the neophyte. Yet a great many go over the jump before they finish their four years and there are surprisingly few accidents.

The Dartmouth Outing Club, that worthy and efficient organization mentioned before, promotes the annual Winter carnival. This is by all odds the best party of the year, perhaps because it is purely and originally a Dartmouth function. Every college has its prom and commencement, but Dartmouth stands practically alone with a real Winter carnival: there are no affairs quite like it. It is held during the first part of February—an opportune time, since all examination worries are then past.

The festivities start on a Thursday evening and continue through three hectic days of feverish activity. Outdoor events, such as skiing, snowshoeing, fancy skating and hockey, are combined frantically with dramatic performances, dancing, musical club concerts, saxophone playing, drinking, petting, and

dutifully resisting both rest and sleep. There is always a violent agitation before the week-end that the outdoor activities be supported rather than the feature of teas and dances. This warning, strangely, is heeded: the party turns out in full force for the ski events and the like. Even the flapperish and pampered guests, fresh from ballroom conquests at the Ritz, Yale, Lake Placid and Williams, discard their dainty silks for the woolens and wallow through deep snows, delighted, no doubt, at the unique experience. That is what makes Carnival original—it judiciously caters to the outdoors. It has successfully departed from the days of grate-fire and steam-radiator inertia to a more vigorous, truly open air Carnival.

The Outing Club does more. A trail and cabin system, which has grown as a natural result of the beauty of the country surrounding the college, is maintained in good shape. Every week-end throughout the Winter finds a group at one or more of these cabins utilizing the food and blankets with which they are continually stocked. There, the three-letter man mixes with the Phi Beta Kappa, the “weir” with the “snake,” the boozier with the Sunday-school-worker; there, forgetting for a brief interval the duties of the classroom, men cook good honest grub, sleep in hard bunks under rough blankets, and pass an evening away swapping experiences and gossip before a huge log fire. There are numerous trails and cabins and more are being added each year. The Outing Club has been scoffed at from its infancy, but now the few scoffers are in turn ridiculed.

February and March are the months designated under the present fraternity system to the lining up, rushing, pledging and initiating of freshmen.

A few years ago, when no efficacious system dominated, there was no special period in which to pledge freshmen. Then it was exciting. Men, inoffensive but recommended by some obscure alumnus and therefore eligible, were buttonholed as soon as they stepped into

Hanover in September. Some were even jerked bodily off the train. They were immediately rushed to the fraternity house, fed, royally entertained, made to feel important; they were talked to continuously by garrulous and persuasive members. If they managed to survive this screed, they were soon ferreted out by other groups who fêted and harangued them equally as frantically. They were passed about and fought for like rare bric-à-brac; their days were hectic. Finally, in most cases from sheer exhaustion, they succumbed to one group—and from then on they led a dog’s life until initiation.

It is needless to add that the fraternities made as many mistakes as the freshmen.

Under the present February and March system the tang of the chase has lessened; the febrile bustle has departed. It is now saner, more sensible and far more efficient. It furnishes but mild diversion, exciting, perhaps, to the freshman himself, but merely a duty of the upper classman.

The period from Carnival to Spring is by far the most monotonous of the year.

The snows melt tardily but by the first of May, Spring, with its activities, is well on the way. Golf, baseball, Junior Prom, campus “hums,” tennis, “Wet Down,” Keg parties—there is plenty to do in the Spring. Obviously the real keg party is a thing of the past. Anyone back of the class of 1922 will hold forth lengthily and yearningly on the outings of the now defunct Balmaccan A. C.

The Balmaccan functioned every Spring on one colossal, beer-swilling bacchanal. A special train was chartered. The tax for everything was five dollars. The place was some convenient field of the country, usually the sunny shores of Lake Morey. The crowd, assembling at the station after leaving the train, marched to the lake headed by a makeshift brass band. Then the kegs were tapped. There was beer everywhere—at every turn: a keg

on the dock, a keg in among the trees, in the middle of a field, in the barn, behind the shed—all tapped, ready with a spout. Everyone had his own can. Enormous boxes of crackers were strewn about. Drink, drink, drink—one can after another, even pouring it down by funnels! There was a ball game featured by tackling on the base lines and ending in a good-natured rough-and-tumble brawl; there was a prevailing jollity, speeches, songs, unsteady promenades in the lengthening shadows of a rosy, if blurred, New Hampshire twilight. New friends were made, old friendships were renewed; there were absurd and lengthy discussions on the most irrelevant subjects—groups having heart-to-heart talks; there was a swim, and then—more beer. In short, there was supreme good fellowship. It was really a unique debauch. The Balmacchan today is no more. The spirit of it echoes in the form of insipid cider but—what a comparison!

Once, in the Spring, the self-important governor of the only movie theatre in town—The Nugget—closed his show because the antics of the patrons did not suit him. He was out to teach the lads a lesson. They threw too many peanuts; they hissed the films when they were poor (which was most of the time) and cheered them when they were acceptable; they walked out in the middle of shows, herding the more sedate before them; they were vulgar, boisterous, ungentlemanly, obscene—according to the movie magnate. The result was what was called an “indignation” meeting. Like bees swarming, undergraduates gathered on the main street. Luckily nothing violent happened; no one knew what they wanted. An efficient student governing body quelled a riot.

The meeting gradually calmed down to a Spring revival meeting conducted by a self-appointed preacher who stood on the horse trough and whooped for souls to be saved. Speeches were made dramatically about how, after twenty years in the gutter, the speaker had been

uplifted from the slough by the Salvation Army. Amen! Halleluia! A band of brass horn, bass drum, trombone, cornet and saxophone, hastily organized for the occasion, ground out a lugubrious dirge to the tune of “Halleluia, Drunk Again.” There was another speech and another dirge, followed by a clamor for a performance by a well-known local elocutionist. He was found, pushed up on the trough, and cheered. His stunt was the melodramatic recital, with horrible and gruesome gestures, of such masterpieces as “The Shooting of Dan McGrew” and “Nell Taught School When She First Went West.” Yells, groans, more speeches, antics by the wags of the college—the windows of the Inn were filled with curious faces, guests wondering what it was all about.

The gathering ended with a sincere and resounding cheer for the college and “Prexy” Hopkins. A good time was had by all, not to mention the fact that ten souls were converted. Two days later the proprietor of the Nugget Theater, sour and disgruntled at his two-day loss, opened shop. There followed the same amount of peanut throwing, hissing, booing, and walking out; nothing was changed; the pictures were as bad as ever.

Toward the close of the year the mayor of Hanover is elected. This is a rite with all the earmarks of a gala holiday. It is an amusing burlesque, attended by pomp and display—pointless, and for that reason doubly ludicrous. Some windy undergraduate with a gift of oratory and humor usually opposes one of the town characters—a teamster, barber or janitor. There is a good bit of comical electioneering with an abundance of speeches, parades and the passing of cheap cigars. The planks of the platform are solemnly set forth as all-important: a boardwalk to Smith College; free ice cream at Allen’s; unlimited cuts for all; round wheels on the Boston and Maine coaches; a pipe line from Montreal and other needed improvements. The student always wins. He receives congratula-

tory telegrams from former mayors and bosses; he spouts forth thanks to his cohorts, promises of astounding reforms, and condolences to his defeated rival in a bombastic tide of oratory delivered from the porch of the Commons. Dressed in a frock coat, a red vest, a plug hat, and with a huge cigar in his mouth, he is solemnly sworn into office. Then he and his adherents celebrate if they can acquire it.

"Wet Down" officially closes the academic year. It deserves no lengthy discussion, since a function similar in effect takes place at nearly every college. There is a freshman-sophomore battle—a gang rush over a keg of lemonade (it formerly was ale). At Wet Down seniors become alumni; juniors, after running one by one through two lines of seniors and being belted with canes, become seniors; sophomores, after running through a double line of both juniors and seniors and being beaten with canes and belts, become juniors; and freshmen, with a similar maneuver through all three upper classes, become sophomores.

Now Wet Down is a tradition and as such is excusable by some. But this cane rush is a bad custom. Imagine if you can being actually caned mercilessly for about seventy-five yards of running. There is nothing suggesting a contest in such antics and it is extremely pointless. The Freshman is as defenceless as if he were hung up by his thumbs and beaten. Football rushes no matter how rough and murderous, at least furnish competition; but to be flayed with a hickory stick without a chance for a comeback is at best unsportsmanlike. Some say it is a remnant of the Indians running the gantlet. Perhaps. The Mary Hitchcock Hospital does a flourishing business at Wet Down.

Spring is indeed an active season. By the time final examinations and Commencement are over, everyone is rather glad to get away. But after two months of vacation they usually are more than anxious to return in the Fall.

IV

THE chances to display or develop talent in other than athletic activities are numerous. The drama at Dartmouth is well established. The plays produced by the undergraduates rank well with any college productions. There is an organization called "The Players" which annually produces a passable musical comedy, written and directed solely by students, together with many plays by popular playwrights. There is also undertaken from time to time more serious pieces by Galsworthy, Maeterlinck, Baring, Shaw, Ibsen and others. This helps to abolish the mistaken impression that college players devote themselves only to trivial stuff written by undergraduates. The scenery, costumes, and general histrionic abilities are all surprisingly good, eliminating to a large extent the usually looked-for amateurishness.

As much cannot be said of the musical clubs, although their efforts are at least earnest. They are, perhaps, as good as any in their line. Inasmuch as all concerts by college glee and mandolin clubs bore fully three-quarters of the audience, it may be assumed that the fault is not individual. The glee club is the usual line of songsters, togged in dress suits, ill at ease and looking horribly conscious as they warble, who sing dull songs about howling winds, pipes and bowls, and Old King Cole. The mandolin club departs from waltzes and minuets occasionally to burst forth in a rather poor imitation of a good jazz band. The specialty acts are what usually save the program from utter banality. These are varied: violinists, pianists, jazz bands, magicians, comedians, soft-shoe dancers, trios, and quartettes. Some of these are extraordinarily good and well put on while some, of course, are inordinately tiresome.

Not so long ago there was one act which, if played legitimately in a New York musical comedy, would have caused a mild sensation. It consisted of a jazz orchestra that played soft and

irresistibly dirty blues—the kind that you find in obscure black dives on South State Street—a band which, when intact and sufficiently stimulated, made even Ted Lewis himself wonder. This band accompanied an eccentric jazz dancer, an amateur of rare talent, whose only possible rival in comedy and ability was the now almost forgotten Frisco. There are still echoes of this act in imitations using the same basic idea. They are good—but not quite so good.

The college orchestra offers a field in which real musicians may work out. The songsters in the choir are out solely for the credit it gives.

There are three major publications of the college. The *Dartmouth* is really very good; the *Jack O'Lantern* is only fair; and the *Bema* is more or less mediocre. The *Dartmouth* is the only morning paper available in Hanover. It is a daily, combining the news of the college with several items from the Associated Press. Besides being the oldest college publication in the country it ranks with the best. Aside from early season relapses into simple and inane wails about lack of attendance at mass meetings, its editorials are usually brisk and its news columns savor of the professional sheet.

The *Jack O'Lantern* is the college humorous publication, putting forth about ten issues during the college year. Many first-rate artists can be dug up from the students: its illustrations, cartoons and cover designs are often of the first order, but the jokes, fillers and anecdotes are vapid, pitiful and dull. *Jack O's* only hope of rising about the commonplace is to become bizarre, indiscreet and risqué.

The *Bema* is photographically good but its literary matter is poor. Its stories and articles are prosaic and for the most part poorly done. People like the *Bema's* photographs and illustrations but they read the print, if at all, purely from duty.

The *Third Rail*, a magazine appearing spasmodically with the pick of the essays, short stories, poems and articles from the English classes, is excel-

lent in form but rather uninspired. The new *Literary Magazine*, a product of the year 1922, gives promise of becoming a first-rate vehicle for undergraduate efforts.

V

FRATERNITIES at Dartmouth are nearly the same as at every other college. They exist and prosper but they are relatively unimportant. It leaves no stigma to be left out. A faculty ruling limits the number of men living in each house to fifteen. Democracy is also enhanced by the fact that meals are not served in the houses—that being left to restaurants and eating clubs. This tends to prevent the segregation into fraternity groups to the detriment of the whole.

The Arts is an organization which was founded to further an appreciation of culture. In the sweat shirt era it was nearly a disgrace to belong to The Arts. You were a "lily," a high-brow, a "weir"; it was even rumored that actually tea was served every afternoon in the rooms of the society! Unbelievable! That may or may not have been so. At any rate The Arts today serves a worthy purpose. It takes complete charge of all visiting celebrities who come to lecture, sing or play; it arranges programs; it stimulates interest in literature, in the drama, in music. It is living down its former reputation: a big, strong, rough, distinctly unesthetic football captain was recently elected to membership—and he willingly accepted.

VI

HANOVER is isolated and entertainment is scarce. Besides the one movie theatre, which cannily mixes feature pictures with Mack Sennett comedies, the only local form of amusement is the occasional effort of The Players. Importations occur far too frequently to break the monotony. When artists do appear in Hanover, Webster Hall is always packed to the shutters—a proof of appreciation.

In the way of intelligent lectures the college is more fortunate. Within its own confines there are many interesting speakers. Regular informal talks are held weekly under the name of "Six-Forty-Five's." Then, too, there are the Sunday evening talks at various fraternity houses by different members of the faculty. These are appreciated equally by the student and the speaker. Outsiders visit the college at intervals; they are always assured of an enthusiastic audience.

Winter Carnival has been mentioned. There are two other official parties: Junior Prom and Commencement—the same in general structure as at every other college. But throughout the year the craving for feminine society is so great that almost weekly there is what is known in the parlance of the day as a "rat" dance (the exact origin of the term is obscure) at either Gates' Opera House, the Lebanon Town Hall, or the Hanover Boys' Club. These are well attended by icemen, barbers, plumbers, telephone operators, waitresses, and undergraduates. These "rat" dances will always be a success so long as the supply of females remains subnormal. The amusements undergraduates will unearth are indeed strange.

VII

THE general trend of advice handed out is to mix judiciously studious pursuits with outside interests. Certainly the man who does nothing but study deserves to be ostracized, as he usually is. On the other hand, the athlete who is purposely dumb will not last—there is no college farther from the taint of professionalism in athletics than Dartmouth. The ideal, of course, is the man with both a football "D" and a Phi Beta Kappa key (some include the similarly appearing key of Kappa Beta Phi).

Dartmouth has the usual number of commonplace courses of study. It is unnecessary to go into the details of the divisions into groups except to mention that each man is required to take a little of everything—that is to say,

there must be at least a smattering of science and economics in a four-year course of literature and language; there must be a dose of literature and the arts in a four-year course of biology or science. The plan is for broadening. With the exception of freshmen requirements there are few compulsory courses; choice is almost entirely left to the individual.

There are to be found a number of professors long past the efficient stage. There are the grandiose old fogies whose counterparts are in every institution. There are crabs, mediocrities, and good fellows as elsewhere. On the whole the faculty of the college is of a high order both personally and intellectually. At Hanover there is a microcosm in itself where the professor meets the student on a genuine and unassumed spirit of good fellowship and equality. Perhaps there is no place where men have attained such widespread and lasting popularity as a selected few at Dartmouth. There is Professor Wellman, who combines a rare instructing ability with a shrewd business head and a wonderful personality; Professor Lord, a quiet-speaking, kindly, grand old philosopher; Professor Richardson, a friend and adviser of the student; "Doc" Griggs, whose ability at cooking roast pig and strawberry shortcake is equaled only by his ability to tell a funny story with a lugubriously serious face; Harry Hillman, who knows all there is to know about training track men (witness Earl Thomson); there is Dean Laycock himself, whose official sternness is more than offset by his genial anecdotes and his earnest fair-mindedness. There are more of the selected few—too many to list. It is a fact that no one is more popular, and at the same time respected, than the president of the college himself.

* * *

Recently President Hopkins made a tasty speech to incoming freshmen, stressing the fact that too many men go to college and advocating an "aristocracy of brains." His theories caused

PATERNITY CASE IN JUSTICE COURT

It was no sensation. Moreover, it was only a repetition of many similar events in Belltown. Paternity cases provide a surprisingly regular source of semi-public entertainment in all American cities of thirty thousand population or so. Whether it is that young ladies living in cities of this class are less fortunate or less virtuous than their sisters in the big cities it is hard to say.

The girl's name was Cora.

Cora!

Is there anything sinister about that name? Is there any peculiar presentment in its two brief syllables?

This Cora was seventeen. Old enough (one who knows towns like Belltown would think) to look out for herself. Girls of seventeen learn . . . somehow.

The probation officer felt that the man in the case was not very much to blame. Anyway, he was already married and had a wife and a couple of young ones on his hands. What is the good of paternity cases in justice court in circumstances like that? This government does not countenance polygamy. Anyway, a girl—

"Has she ever been in trouble before?" asked the judge, a little bit bored.

The probation officer hesitated. She was on the verge of saying that so far as she knew (the established sociological formula) Cora had not previously sinned in so flagrant and public a manner. But she caught the flash of a quick glance from Cora's light blue eyes. The flash was of sheer, unadulterated hatred. And bold defiance.

A tactical blunder for Cora.

The woman's lips set in a firm, thin line. She shrugged and smiled with an insinuating frostiness.

"How many times? Don't ask me, your honor," she said.

Cora frowned and her fingers worked nervously. Her expression dropped back quickly into a sort of harsh repose.

The judge hitched uneasily in the ancient swivel-chair. He spat ruminatively into the cuspidor at his feet, and

his eyes traveled out through the dirty windows to the green lawn where a jail trusty was at work with a cheerfully chirping lawn-mower on the courthouse green.

He turned his eyes upon the culprit finally and the feet of the crowd of genteel spectators cooped behind the railing at the far end of the dingy room shuffled with thrilled expectancy.

"Well, Cora," said his honor mildly, "I am not going to send you over to Charlotte, because that wouldn't do any good. You have got to look after your baby."

The crowd thrilled at this. The mere mention of the baby in this kind of a case is the *crème de la crème* of the whole gory performance.

The judge went on:

"I'll just put you on probation. Two years. Miss Belden will get you a place."

The girl made no sign except that she paled just a little. The feet in the back of the room shuffled.

"I hope you will show your gratitude by—er—behaving," the judge finished.

He was either too kind or too conscientious really to be a good judge. Or maybe too old.

"Yes," he finished kindly, "Miss Belden will get you a place."

Miss Belden did.

She got Cora a very good place indeed. A real shelter where they didn't object to Cora's baby so long as it didn't squawl nights. And so that it wouldn't squawl nights Cora bought a bottle of something at the drug store which she administered by the half teaspoonful. The label on the bottle said: "Five to ten drops." But—well, it was understood that the baby mustn't squawl nights.

The place that Miss Belden got for Cora was in a hunky boarding-house over in Mill Street on the edge of town. There were nineteen boarders who slept in the five upstairs rooms.

Cora waited on table and filled the dinner buckets and performed a few other light chores.

The Austrian landlady, who always

From the Notebook of a Roman Psychiatrist

By Milnes Levick

CASE 613 (female): Cleopatra P.
Physical age (at time of examination): 25 years.

Mental age (at time of examination): 11¼ years (Erasistratus test.)

Intelligence quotient: 74.

Physique: Small, well developed; rather good-looking and, when she wished, not without charm.

Remarks: An unusual case in which the quantitative intelligence defects and their affective components are attributable to heritable factors depending upon recessive unit characters, although overshadowed by concomitant affective deviations. The patient gave characteristically conclusive symptoms of infatuation with the physician.

Heredity: The patient was the issue of a family of high-grade morons, with a history of intermarriage covering several generations. The father was an alcoholic, a musician praised by those about him; described as indulgent but "nervous" and "easily excited." He had various extra-legal consorts and died when the patient was aged 17. Mother: no data.

Siblings: One sister, "queer" (see below), who was brought to Rome from Alexandria in so-called "white slavery." Two half-brothers (see below) who both met violent deaths. An aunt had "asthma."

Home conditions: Poor in childhood. Lack of paternal control; maternal care absent. The patient, previously "wayward," left home at the age of 20.

The patient: Born at Alexandria, Egypt, in the year 686. Curiosity a marked characteristic at an early age:

in her fourth year she was found smothering her younger sister, Arsinoë (see above), a border-line subject. Cleopatra said she did this to see if her sister would cry. Their father (see above) characteristically entered this remark in a papyrus under the heading "Bright Sayings."

The patient was ambidextrous and at the age of five stabbed her nurse with her left hand. She early showed herself pleasure-loving and fond of personal adornment. Addicted to narcotics and poor in arithmetic. At the age of thirteen she began using cosmetics and boasted of the habit among her playmates, to whom she gave cosmetic formulas she claimed to have invented. Frequently out late at night. At puberty her choleric temperament became more marked. Poisoned her tutor because he would not take her rowing. Keen imagination (vide cosmetic recipes, above), as especially manifested in interpretation of pictures in sarcophagi test.

It is doubtful if she knew what it is to "be sorry." The cause of the patient's lack of control may have been mental conflict, caused by a marked inferiority complex and its resultant compensatory domination traits, or by some unrecognized repression, with a contributive factor in the Elektra complex as displayed by an affective imbalance and deficiency of inhibition in her relations with her half-brothers. It must be noted that the patient's psychopathic reactions of conduct were not asocial when judged by the standards of her social group.

By her father's will, Cleopatra P. was associated with her elder half-brother in the control of the family affairs. This brother (see above), described as "tall and lank" (rachitic?), suffered from a religious delusional form of egomania. She quarreled violently with him and he threw her out of the house. In Alexandria she took up with a Roman politician, Julius C. The half-brother died at the age of 17, being drowned while running away in a fight. Subsequently Cleopatra went through a form of marriage ceremony with a young cousin, but she returned at once to the company of C. Said she "wanted to see the world." She remained with C. until his sudden death in Rome.

The diagnosis and prognosis of this case while under observation are borne out by the later history of the patient. While in Rome she had a child. On the death of C. she took the child to Alexandria, where she again displayed

substitutive reactions suggestive of a psychotic personality by poisoning her remaining brother. While on a boat ride she met a soldier, Marcus A. Subsequently he committed suicide. Cleopatra P. attempted to duplicate with another soldier, O., her influence over A., but increasing egoism had produced equivalent deterioration of the powers of judgment, such as they were, and when O. told her he was a married man she took an overdose of hasheesh, aged 38.

Disposition: Possibly because of influence by friends of O., the coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death by snake-bite.

Conclusions: This case forms a typical example of the constitutional psychopathic inferior, and serves excellently as an instance to emphasize the need of custodial correction and, where practicable, segregative elimination of the ambivalent potentialities of environmental stresses, whether delusional or traumatic.



Two

By Luis Muñoz Marin

One said:

THE mist has blotted out the lovely hills
And caged my eyes.

Another:

A miraculous breach has been opened in the hills
And my eyes have been released into an infinite
Vista of quiet silver.



THERE is nothing new under the moon.



Mister 13

By Gertrude S. Gertrude

I

MY name is Susie Pollock, and I am a respectable, peace-loving woman who keeps a select rooming house on West 13th Street in New York City. I make it a point to take honest people of good stock, mostly young girls who are likely to be stenographers, and two or three gentlemen such as clerks and salesmen, etc. I think I can safely say that until last summer I had never taken in a person who didn't show some promise of being hard-working. I'm a hard-working woman myself and I never could stand to have people in my house lolling around their rooms after seven in the morning and coming in all hours of the night, keeping up a steady commotion. But sometimes things do happen in this life that naturally force a person to break all their set rules and do the very opposite of what they believe in.

Well, last summer that time came for me and it came so sudden that it just seemed to knock all my rules flat out from under me.

I had been over to Brooklyn to see a distant relative of mine who had taken to her bed with a spell of rheumatism and looked as if she never would get up again. Her being so ill accounted for my going to Brooklyn, though I must say I haven't such a distaste for that city as most others pretend.

Well, coming back, I had got off the street car at Brooklyn Bridge. It being a fine evening and the lights looking so grand, I thought it would

be nice to walk over and take another car after I got across. So I was sauntering along, stopping every once in a while and leaning on the railing so as to look down at the water and see the light hitting it sideways and grazing along the top in elegant little crinkles. And then there was the skyscrapers to look at, all lit up and standing out against the sky very sharp as if they were made of pure stars.

I had got about halfway across the bridge when all of a sudden I noticed a young man acting peculiar. He had taken off his coat and was scrambling up to the top of the railing as fast as he could climb, looking around at the same time as if he was scared to death somebody would see him. It was plain what he was going to do, and I began to have a funny weak feeling in my stomach, which always happens when I get frightened. But seeing there was no time to lose, I jerked myself together and went running toward the man.

I got there just in time to catch him by the ankle, and having a lot of strength in my hands I held him firm though he tried to wriggle away, and kicked at me with the other foot.

I saw then that he really was craving destruction and that the only way to save him was to throw him back down on the bridge even if it bruised him a little. So I caught his other ankle and pulled both his feet back out from under him very sudden. In a second he was sprawled out on the planks of the bridge, so still that I thought sure I had killed

In the Matter of Woman

By Charles G. Shaw

I

A MAN meditates upon how he can win a woman. A woman meditates upon how she can hold a man.

II

A touch of sympathy in a man's love-making and of simplicity in a woman's dress are two of the most important factors in any romance.

III

What has a man ever gained by successfully proving his point in an argument with a woman?

IV

A man seldom appreciates a woman until he loses her, just as a man seldom interests a woman after she has won him.

V

Love becomes a comedy on two occasions: when a man makes a fool of himself and when a woman makes a fool of a man.

VI

He who is most successful with a woman never criticizes her other suitors. On the contrary, he disregards them altogether, at the same time endeavoring to demonstrate to her his own superlatively engaging qualities.

VII

All love affairs are dramatized. Fools make tragedies of them. The wise make comedies.

VIII

Every woman visualizes a mental picture of her ideal, her perfect man, her supreme suitor. He almost invariably epitomizes all those characteristics that she has never been able to understand plus those characteristics that she has been taught to fear.

IX

A woman admires practicability in a man only in so far as it fails to interfere with her own impracticability.

X

The uninitiated think of romance in terms of a story. The sophisticated, in terms of a lie.

XI

A woman condemns punctuality in a man as she forgives procrastination in herself.

XII

A love affair devoid of obstacles is just as conceivable as a steeple-chase devoid of jumps.



Another Kind of Lollypop

By Sarah Addington

I

AS Ellie came in sight of the tents, those distant white patches on the darkness of the night, she began to wonder why, after all, she had come back. But when she got closer and the smell of the place came to her, the blended odor of fresh lumber, browning hamburger and dewy night that is the native smell of a Chautauqua, she forgot to vex herself with questions and hastened on. For in that moment she seemed to forget, too, that she was Ellie Strobel, with all that that name stood for, but became the other Ellie, the schoolgirl who had come here that lifetime ago for the first, and the last, fling of her young life.

She pushed a twenty-five-cent piece in at the ticket window and looked up timidly at the big-jowled man there. No, it was not the same, after all, for then she had used a season ticket, and the big man had grinned familiarly at her when she went in and out through the gate. Now, after four years, he reddened when he saw her and jerked his head awkwardly forward with a reluctant "How-do." Ellie reddened too—it was strange that she had never got used to humiliation—and slid hastily through the gate.

But of course, she told herself as she went into the grounds, this was to have been expected. And why had she come, anyway? She had never wanted to before, in these four years: she had shrunk from this of all places. Yet tonight something had pulled and tugged at her, yanked at her mercilessly, until at last, to satisfy the absurd thing,

whatever it was, she had dressed and started.

And now here she was, in this familiar array of massed tents and holiday crowds, and there was, of course, no place for her. It did not seem to count that her heart, that poor little inexperienced organ, had been left here, that on this spot she had gallantly traded all she had for nothing more than a life of hurt blankness that promised to be eternal. These things had no bearing; she was an intruder here as she was everywhere else.

Once it had all been hers, this fraternity of a small-town Chautauqua, but now the trees and lights and tents, the crowd beyond it in the canvased auditorium, the strollers and lovers on every side, all seemed to hold up hands against her, scandalized, repudiating hands which she could feel though they were not of flesh. The quiet of the night, broken only by the voices of The Dixie Male Quartet, was not the quiet of peace, but the stillness of accusation, too reminiscent of the quiet nights four years ago. The very kicked-up dust did not feel like friendly ground, because she had spoiled that ground, and all ground, for herself forever.

"I'm going back," thought Ellie suddenly to herself.

But she did not. For if the disloyalty of this place hurt and frightened her, well, she had suffered other, greater, disloyalties, and one more could really make no difference, was hardly enough to change the direction of her feet.

She crept into a shadow a few yards from the big tent where sat enthralled before The Dixie Male Quartet their

So I went out after leaving a suit of pink and white striped flannel pajamas for him, which would be warm but which was as appropriate as anything I could find; they having accidentally been left by a young gentleman who had given up his room last month and forgot to take them.

II

WELL, that night was a sleepless one for me. Between worrying about Mr. 13 and wondering what I was going to do with him and hoping the other roomers wouldn't find out about him and a lot of other things, I didn't close my eyes till nearly morning, and then I overslept, which is so rare for me that I couldn't believe my clock, the hands being at eight sharp.

My young people had all gone out to work by then, so I put on my wrapper and hurried downstairs to unlock the parlor door and see about Mr. 13. I had thought it advisable to lock him in because there's no telling what these suicidal people won't be up to.

I rapped on the door and there being no answer I looked in. He was lying there so still and white that I hurried in and touched one of his cheeks to see if he was alive. The dreadful thought had struck me that he might have turned on the gas and finished himself that way, but when I touched him he gave a little moan and rolled his head over on the pillow. And then he said something in his sleep, all of which I could hear being—"but of course the sayzan is more compelling."

I wrote this down for future reference, thinking it might give me some clue or something, but to this day I haven't found out what a sayzan is, nobody seeming to have any knowledge about it whatever, except that it must be some Greek word which is now extinct.

Looking at Mr. 13 lying there, I

thought he looked more and more like a little boy, his ringlets falling over the pillow very graceful and his long eyelashes curling up at the ends and very black. He had that innocent look of children even in spite of his hollow cheeks.

I thought the thing to do was to let him go on sleeping till I had cleaned the house and changed the beds, it being Saturday, and then to cook him some nice hot food. So I locked the door again and went about my work, thinking all the time over what I would say to my young people about Mr. 13. I had been brought up to consider suicide was a disgrace, and my mind was made up to lie right along about how he came to be in the house.

I had to do my marketing and get a plumber for the pipe in the bathroom which was leaking, and attend to some other little things that needed my attention before I got back to Mr. 13.

It was then nearly eleven o'clock though I found him still in bed and staring at the ceiling. It was not until I had put down the tray on which I had fixed two fried eggs and ham and rolls and oatmeal and coffee in my best tea pot that I noticed something strange about the room. I was glad to see Mr. 13 sitting up and looking at the food with such real hunger that it was a few minutes before I could have told what had happened.

Now as I mentioned previous to this, I am very proud of my parlor. It is a large room with a handsome green and brown and red flowered carpet, green wall paper trimmed with gold figures in regular rows, and a fireplace with lovely carving all around it. The radiator works pretty well, so I always keep the fireplace full of pampas grass which has been prepared so it will last a lifetime without changing.

In one corner is a large square piano which don't work any more but which makes a wonderful stand for

girls' front parlors, as if men really were made that way.)

No, Ellie was hardly congruous in that group, but she did not mind. She had no egotism to be affronted. She was not even self-conscious. She was so used to her own anomalous place in society that even this close contact and sharp contrast did not embarrass her.

She had hung back from the life of that Chautauqua tent of theirs for the first few days. The girls would talk all night in solemn tones about their "men," and she would actually sleep through it. They would go to concerts, to lectures, for walks, and leave her alone in the tent, content enough. She had done most of the cooking for them, to their enthusiastic approval, and had made up the cots, too, so that they might be free for still more concerts and lectures.

Then Dick had come, and it had happened. . . . What a strange, sudden fate it had been. . . .

She remembered now, as she stood there, how bewildered she had been when that newcomer to their acquaintance, Dick Bender, had coolly sought her out from all the other girls jabbering there that first night. She was standing by the little wobbly table they had. She could see the whole thing now: Japanese lanterns strung overhead, high school banners crowding the canvas walls of the tent, smeary chafing dish, summer-clad boys and girls crammed everywhere, on the cots, on the pine floor, standing up.

Dick had appeared with a red-headed boy from Chicago, who introduced him royally as "Mr. Bender." They had proffered him fudge which he had accepted, and a chair, which he declined, already on his way back to the corner where she was. A chill had rocketed up her back; she could feel it now. She could hear his voice now, too, as he said lightly, "Hello there!" And she remembered the laughter of the other girls, who with their own white-trousered, pompadoured youths safely in hand, could afford to laugh at her conquest. He had asked her to go walking,

and they had gone. And Ellie had come back from that walk to quake in her cot all night.

For this strange "Mr. Bender" had made love to Ellie, and the effect on her ready spirit had been that of a cyclone. All her old dull interests had been swept away at one casual touch of his hand. All her inert desires, her acquiescences, her colorless enthusiasms and prejudices, had been cleared out of her on the instant, to leave her in the possession of this new passion, every pore of her body, every turn in her mind, completely in its grasp.

She could see Dick's face there in the dark as she saw it that first night, pallid and oval, almost soft in its relaxed lines and girlish skin, but almost hard, too, in a certain veiled look he had, and a clamping together of his jaws when something did not quite please him. He had looked that way and clicked his jaws together ever so slightly when Ellie in shocked horror, refused to allow his first embraces—a cheap little trick, but then Dick was a cheap little male, though Ellie had merely thought him masculine in this self-willed mood. She thought him lovable, too, perhaps worldly—but if so, none the less to be desired. And she was not the first girl who had read Dick in this wise.

In such a fashion had Ellie's wretched little idyll begun, and in this setting, a crude and naïve enough stage for her own raw ignorance. Here among the closely placed tents, yonder in the wilderness of Tannerville's large natural park, on the bleachers of the main auditorium, in the dining tent, she and Dick had pursued their swift, incredible course, a dark undercurrent in the bright shallow water of that place that nobody would have dreamed was running there. It would have seemed impossible that in such boisterous, artless surroundings any business secret and cunning could have flourished. In a place where tent flaps are always open, where curfew rings at eleven, where honest country people cook meals three times a day and three times a day congregate to gape at lecturer and

choruses, where rarebit parties are a high form of orgy, and late hours are prohibited by the Chamber of Commerce itself, in such a place unsanctioned love could hardly have been believed even if it had been discovered.

And nobody did discover Ellie and Dick in their transgressing. The girls with whom Ellie was camping thought nothing except that at last Ellie had a "man," and that he was, oddly enough, most personable and eligible, and therefore really rather unsuitable for Ellie. They were glad enough for Ellie's sake that she had Dick, and glad for their own, since it kept her out of the way. It all seemed natural enough, and they never thought of questioning it.

No more did Ellie. She accepted Dick as she accepted life, willingly, almost submissively, as if she were yielding to a fate, and she was. She knew little enough about Dick. His past, his family, his business (beyond that she knew he was a professional pool player, whatever that was) were mere human variables that did not interest her. What mattered was that he was at her side throughout the days and nights, that he wanted her there, and that she wanted nothing else: that at last she had found someone with whom to share herself. There had been no give-and-take in Ellie's life, and this sensation of prodigality was thrilling and delicious. So Ellie, still docile, became an echo to Dick's every wish, and reached, she thought, high places.

And this passivity was the very mood that Dick asked for in his incidental amours. At first he had thought to wage his war of love on Ellie in the siege fashion, a pursuit in which he was skilful from long practice. But Ellie had been far too simple an object for his proficiency. If she was shy, she was not timid or prim, the deep little thing! Dick himself could hardly match her for serene daring. For in the face of this great thing that he offered her, she waived all conventions, standards, every consideration—Ellie's way of being magnificent, the only way she knew.

III

HER father had been the most crushed of them all when it became known that Ellie was to pay the penalty for her magnificence. Ellie herself, still blind with infatuation, hardly cared; and her mother could only wonder dully how such a thing could have happened to a daughter of hers. Yet Mr. Strobel, strangely enough, had been the one to uphold Ellie when later she refused to press Dick for a marriage ceremony. For Dick, to Ellie's stunned incredulity, had rejected all responsibility in the matter, and had left Tannerville, sulky, aggrieved, even threatening something or other if she did not leave him alone.

"But it's his," wailed Mrs. Strobel.

"Well—" Ellie was dogged.

"And your father could find him somewheres—"

"But I don't want him found, if he's hiding. And I don't want to marry him—if he don't want to marry me."

"But you ought to think of the child," reminded Mrs. Strobel peevishly.

"I'm not thinkin' of it, though," was Ellie's reply.

And her father had said she was right, they could get along without him. So Ellie had gone it alone, and now she was here hiding miserably in the dark, as she had been hiding ever since.

It was not the disgrace she minded, she knew that now. It was not the disgrace, nor was it the sin itself, for she could remember how she had felt, how little she knew, how much she had trusted. Besides, conventional as she was, or had been, her morality was all mere habit, and did not strike deep; so that when she violated it, the lapse itself did not uproot her, either. And it was not the faithlessness of the errant Dick that hurt the most. A certain dim pride had risen up to choke off her foolhardy love—pride and a peasant shrewdness that would not go forever making a bad bargain.

But what really lay on Ellie as an insupportable load was her loneliness. It was such a lonely business, this being disgraced. Not the empty kind of lone-

III

WELL, the next few weeks my house was the most changed place you ever saw. Where everything before had been running smooth and perfect and regular, everything now was turned around and disjointed and without any system at all. It's unbelievable what one artist can do to a household, specially he not being in his right mind.

What with my trying to think up excuses for him and his typhoid fever and answering all the other questions that were put to me about his peculiar ways, and keeping him well fed, etc., my hands were full.

But there was more to it than that. He sat up burning the parlor gas and drawing queer pictures, some of them without any sense at all, for half the night, and then nothing could make him get out of bed before eleven or twelve in the morning. I tried to appeal to his pride about it, but he didn't seem to have any. He'd look up at me with those dark fringed eyes of his and smile, and the minute he did that, I'd wilt right down and smile back at him. When he did get up he'd stay such a long time in the bathroom that I'd be all on edge thinking he was drowning himself in the bathtub.

Then there was the question of his clothes. Having only the one set which was pretty shabby, I had to make him some underclothes and buy socks for him. He didn't go out much, so I figured his suit and shoes would last a little longer.

Often I said to him,

"Now, Mr. 13, this is getting serious. I can't afford to go on keeping you like this, buying food for you and allowing you to have the parlor and everything. I just can't do it! And you living in such laziness!"

And every time he would say,

"I told you what you had got yourself into. This is the penalty you are paying for your rash act on

the Bridge. The affair is your own doing."

Well, several months went on in this way, and the girls all began falling in love with Mr. 13, trifling as he was. Little Carrie Miller had worshiped him from the moment she laid eyes on him, but the others took longer to warm up, seeing he was pretty distant himself.

First, Miss Pimmington, who teaches Domestic Science in the public school, began talking about his glorious eyes and how proud she was over living in the house with a real artist; and then Inez Waller, who has been with me some time and who is a saleslady at Hearn's, got stuck on him and lost her head complete.

In the second floor front I had a Miss Callahan, who had only been stopping with me about six months. I remember I was a little dubious about taking her in when she first came, she being one of these bold-faced brunette types with big rolling eyes and long earrings. Also wearing a curl pasted against the middle of her forehead very flat as if it was painted on, and the rest of her hair puffed out so far on the sides that it looked outrageous. She had good letters of recommendation though, and I thought after all a person can't judge altogether by the outside these days, so I took a chance.

She was studying dressmaking with a stylish concern that copies French models direct from Paris, and I thought it might have influenced her to some extent. I never did like her much, somehow, always expecting trouble from her, but she settled down very quiet and went and came regular about her work like the rest.

Mr. Snivers took a shine to her right off and took the photo of his last young lady friend out of a silver frame which he keeps on his dresser to put Miss Callahan in. Then Mr. Mushton begun to prick up and make eyes at her too. Mr. Mushton is a pale blond young man, very plump

and having pure white eyelashes, but being very moral. He does typewriting for some people who handle stocks and bonds and the like, and while he don't seem to have as much energy as Mr. Snivers, he's all right, being the sort that sends money home to his mother every month, and writing her long letters in between.

Now soon after I took Mr. 13 in, Miss Callahan begun to fluff her hair out wider than ever on the sides and to make advances to him about drawing her picture, which I could see was a fictitious excuse to make friends with him.

The three of us was sitting out on the stoop one evening, I always trying to encourage Mr. 13 to take the air whenever I could. He was still frail, being of that nature, but his face had filled out wonderful and he looked more like a hero in the movies than in the beginning. Also he was real cheerful, showing no signs of wanting to do away with himself though still being peculiar.

As I said, the three of us was sitting on the stoop and Miss Callahan was saying,

"I think art is just grand, Mr. 13, I don't see why you never want to talk about it."

He gives his shoulders a little hitch the way he has a habit of doing and looks sort of helpless.

"Why don't you like to talk about art, Mr. 13?" she keeps on.

"Maybe it's because I don't know enough about it," he says.

I got that remark, but Miss Callahan must have missed it for she goes right on.

"Last Sunday," says she, "I went up to the Museum of Metropolitan Art and saw some fine pictures. There's one of a lot of horses going to a fair—the one painted by Miss Bonheur, which you probably know. It's great!"

"Why?" asks Mr. 13, very unexpected.

Miss Callahan throws her head back and laughs fit to kill, rolling her

eyes around at Mr. 13 something awful.

"Oh, Mr. 13," she says, "you're so funny! Don't everybody say it's a great picture? And isn't it the biggest one in the room? You *are* funny!"

Well, after staying on the subject of art for a while and seeing Mr. 13 don't offer to draw her, she puts the question straight to him.

"Oh, Mr. 13, won't you please make a picture of me this evening?"

And he not having the heart to refuse her, goes into the parlor and she with him.

I go upstairs and about an hour later I hear Miss Callahan come running up to her room and slam the door. And then I hear Mr. 13 going out. He wasn't much on going out in the daytime but he loved to wander about the streets after dark, which I was used to by this time. I went right down to look at the picture, being curious to see what it was like. He had left the gas burning full force as usual and there was the picture lying out on the table, which was in the middle of the floor, he having changed the furniture all around and completely spoiled the looks of the room. You couldn't have told it was ever a parlor, there being pictures and books and papers scattered over everything; and ashes everywhere, because of his steady cigarette smoking.

The picture of Miss Callahan was awful. It looked like the wrath of God, there being no nose on the face and everything else made in points and funny angles like building blocks for children. The hair being puffed way out on the sides, and the earrings was what made me recognize it. He had colored it up a little with some blue and red pencils as if he was trying to do his best too.

Well, who should come in at that minute but Mr. Snivers and Mr. Mushton. When they saw the drawing and I told them it was a picture of Miss Callahan, they both got as

mad as wet hens. Mr. Snivers, having more energy, exploded first.

"The scoundrel!" says he, "I've never liked him from the beginning! Think of it! The impudence of it! Taking a beautiful girl like Miss Callahan and making her look like this!" and he snatches the paper and holds it out from him looking at it as if it was a wriggling serpent trying to bite him.

"It's an outrage!" puts in Mr. Mushton, "I can't believe it! Look at that chin!"

"Chin!" screams Mr. Snivers. "Look at *everything*! Your Mr. 13 ought to be strung up!" and he looks at me, very angry. "This is too much, Miss Pollock, and I for one say if you don't get rid of this villain *tonight*, I'll leave myself. *Tonight*, do you hear that?"

I was at a loss what to say. I knew these two men were terrible jealous of Mr. 13, because they had hinted as much before, saying he took up too much time in the bathroom, and that it was too bad not to be able to use the parlor and a lot of other things. But I hadn't thought it would come to this, and Mr. Snivers with his nice manners too.

And on top of that, Miss Callahan who had come halfway down the steps, says with her eyes flashing,

"And Miss Pollock, if you don't turn that creature out, I'll leave too. I wouldn't stay in the same house with him another night for the world!"

"Neither would I," says Mr. Mushton, and he and Mr. Snivers joined Miss Callahan on the steps.

IV

I SLID the folding doors shut and paced up and down the parlor floor wondering how it would all end. Something had to be done right away. I couldn't sit silent without raising a hand and see three of my best paying boarders leave at one stroke. My house was my sole means of support

and I being a maiden lady had to think of the future.

Looking at the picture of Miss Callahan again (which really was fierce) I reflected that Mr. 13 had also lowered the standard of my entire household. My young people all got up later now, which they'd never have thought of but for his heathenish influence, and having less time to dress, they left their rooms mostly in a terrible condition with clothes strewn all over and twice as much work for me to do.

Walking up and down the floor that night, I began making a long list in my mind of the awful things Mr. 13 was responsible for, direct and indirect, and before I got through, I had worked myself up to quite a pitch. All around the parlor I kept finding new records of his deviltry. He had not only thrown my elegant sea shells in the fireplace, where I found them concealed back of the pampas grass, but he had also made immodest sketches of undressed ladies all over the back and inside pages of my family album which I prized so much. Then I found two new holes burned in the carpet from his cigarette smoking and ink spilled all over my brown velvet table cover. On top of my having to support him and everything, these new things was too much, and I began getting hotter and hotter, till finally the last straw came, the way it always does when things began to pile up like that.

Two of my other roomers, young men who I haven't had occasion to mention previous to this, came bursting into the parlor.

"Where's the picture?" they says, grabbing it off the table at the same time, and I can see plain that they've been talking to Mr. Snivers and Mushton and Miss Callahan. One of them puts his hand over his mouth and starts to laugh when he sees the picture, but the elder, Mr. Parkmore, frowns him down, and says,

"Mr. Snivers is right. I've never

VI

SOME of Ellie's one-time acquaintances were in the park pavilion, when she and Mr. Hunter entered it a few moments later.

"Good heavens," ejaculated one Maud Chisholm, soon to be Maud Somebody Else. Then as Ellie approached their table, she nodded carelessly.

"Hello, Ellie," she said, as the rest of her party stammered out confused greetings.

"Hello," answered Ellie, her pale cheeks coloring.

Mr. Hunter, raising his hat with elaborate pains, escorted her tenderly to a table, seated her, hung his hat on a hook, and took his own place across from her. He had manners, you see, had Mr. Hunter. These Tannerville rubes would please to take notice that he knew what to do and when to do it.

Ellie could see him more plainly now, for the half-light of the park lamps had shown her only a big creature whose clothes were of that variety known as Palm Beach, whose face was hearty, and perhaps heavy, whose eyes wore that expression of humble worship that she cherished so jealously—so craftily. She saw now that he had a thick mouth and a plastered-down growth of colorless hair, that his jaws were not innocent of gold, and that a magenta-bordered handkerchief peeped knowingly from an upper pocket. But Ellie's interest in the man was but academic. His delusion was what she cared about, and she thought again, as she sat there in the room with those who knew all about her, that she would claw and scratch and bite if they even so much as smirked at her, she would *show* Maud Chisholm and her crowd.

"We'll have a banana split," Mr. Hunter told the dirty-aproned boy splendidly, "and—" he consulted her anxiously, "do you like cherry or lemon phosphate better?"

"Cherry," answered Ellie.

"So do I," he agreed enthusiastically.

He stretched his legs under the table and looked at her appreciatively.

"I can't get over you," he told her. "Oh well, let's talk about something else. I can see it scares you when I begin to rave. Was you ever over to Muncie?"

She had never traveled so far.

"Well, it's a bum town," he confided cheerfully. "It's a total loss. Now this town—"

He was off then on an itinerary and a critical estimate of all the towns in Indiana, and he had just arrived at the flower of them all when the banana split arrived.

"No, you can't even get a taxicab in Indinaplis," he informed her, though Ellie had not asked for that convenience. "But I will say that there's a swell place to get a good beefsteak in that burg, Beefsteak Johnny's they call it. Go in there sometimes if you're ever over to Indinaplis. Tables for ladies. Fine high-class place."

Ellie obediently promising that she would patronize Beefsteak Johnny's if she ever visited the city of his establishment, poked a spoon into the syrup-laden, nut-covered banana in front of her.

"Now Dayton," went on this familiar of all Middle Western towns, "now Dayton's small, but it's got class. Pretty place, too," he allowed, "and say, that cash register factory, well, you ought to see it. It's got anything in the East—"

A clatter interrupted the further description of Dayton's prize industry, a sound as of crashing crockery, followed by a rending and groaning, tortured and mighty. It was not the end of the world as any reasonable being might naturally have inferred, but merely the birth agonies of a monumental music-box about to produce a selection. And sure enough, in another instant, there emerged from the chaos an almost recognizable note of music, another followed it, creaking with effort, a third strained into being, and lo, the opening bar had come and gone and the "Mosquito Parade" was issuing from the

The Catechism

By Parkhurst Whitney

I

THE young of the village were trained carefully for the great battle with the demon rum which was to result years later in his defeat by Constitutional amendment. The Loyal Temperance Legion met every Saturday afternoon during the winter, thereby interfering seriously with such important matters as skating, coasting, and those persistently unsuccessful ventures into the woods to see if a fast-moving rabbit could be laid low with a shot from a twenty-two calibre revolver. The good sisters who led the cold-water crusade didn't realize apparently, how much they hurt their high cause by placing it in competition with such dangerous rivals. A small boy could have told them, but it was not his habit to volunteer information to his elders; he had long since learned by bitter experience that the race of elders was without compassionate understanding.

The fact was, the temperance meeting was pretty much like school; and anything resembling school on a day sacred to play was likely to stir up deep and subtle resentments. Preparations for the session were as much to be dreaded as the session itself. Good old clothes had to be removed. Ears had to be scrubbed. Fingernails were ravished with a painful file. Rubbers had to be put on, because the shoes were Sunday best. The ripe, red scarf knit by gran'ma was replaced by a black satin muffler.

A round black hat replaced the tobogganer's gay stocking.

Thus funereally outfitted, a small boy marched down River Street to sit quietly for a precious hour in the Juvenile room at the Y. M. C. A. It was a sad rite, and fell like a black shadow across an otherwise sunny winter's day.

While the event bore some resemblance to school, it at least called for no great mental effort. A small boy was supposed to be familiar with the information in the Temperance Catechism prepared by the Rev. Edgar T. Bunn, but he was not required to memorize anything. So that when the high-bosomed Mrs. Jacob Moss took up her position on the platform, adjusted her nose glasses, cleared her throat thoroughly, and inquired: "How is alcohol produced?" a small boy could simply open his catechism and reply: "By fermentation."

If Mrs. Moss persisted in her inquiry, he could tell her that fermentation could be brought about by a proper mixture of fruit, water and yeast; that the consequences of such a mixture would be a moderately intoxicating drink, which could be made even more potent by a process known as distillation. He was even prepared to describe distillation, for the Rev. Bunn had been thorough to the point of illustrating his text with a picture of a still.

The Temperance Catechism was at once a tribute to the painstaking methods of the Rev. Bunn and a

revelation of his positive nature. It was full of questions, but for every one of them there was a ready answer. Let Mrs. Moss ask what she would; with the help of the Rev. Bunn, a small boy was never stumped.

"Who," Mrs. Moss might ask, "is most likely to become pious—the drinker or the abstainer?"

"The abstainer," it was perfectly easy to respond.

"Who will be the greater comfort to his parents—the drinker or the abstainer?"

"The abstainer."

"Who can contribute most to Missionary, Tract and Bible Societies—the drinker or the abstainer?"

"The abstainer."

"And what is the effect of alcohol upon the human body?"

"It weakens the muscles, injures the nerves, inflames the stomach, retards the digestion, diseases the liver, affects the brain, exhausts the strength and shortens life."

Clearly, there was an air of finality about that summary; and as the demon rum expired under those smashing blows, the victory was celebrated with song which the thoughtful Rev. Bunn had provided for just such an emergency. Miss Angelica Tuttle seated herself at the square piano, stroked the yellow keys, bobbed her head and struck into:

We're marching to the field of strife,
To give the dying drunkard life;
Let temp'rance then forever reign,
And never let us drink again.
What, never drink again?
No, never drink again.
What, never drink again?
No, never drink again.

A small boy took part in the figurative cheering with an enthusiasm that was not entirely inspired by the victory. The call for music was a sign that the meeting would soon be over; and, after the last promise never to drink again, there was a general

grabbing at hats and scraping of chairs. The attempt to get away at this time was never successful, but with the eternal hopefulness of mankind a small boy's companions never ceased to try. Instinctively they were united in feeling that the demon rum had been sufficiently manhandled for the time, and that here on this note of song was the moment of climax.

Mrs. Moss, however, didn't seem to understand dramatic values. No doubt she had the highest admiration for the Rev. Bunn's attention to detail; what she didn't seem to realize was that her supplements weakened the good man's effects.

"Now children—"

Her deep voice rumbled up through the iron-clad stays that with difficulty held her generous figure in check.

"Now, children, let us be patient a few moments longer. Don't scrape the chairs on the floor, and take your catechisms with you when you go. I think it would be real nice if you would study the catechisms during the week, and I hope you will take to heart all that you have learned to-day about the iniquitous habit of drinking, and I hope all the little boys and girls here will never, no never, touch the vile fluid. Never take even the first drink of wine, for when little boys and girls learn to love wine it is only a little while before they are to be found in the fashionable bars drinking whiskey punch and brandy and soon they will be dying in the gutter. I hope no little boys and girls of the Loyal Temperance Legion will ever die in the gutter and I think before we go we will have one more song about the dreadful fate of Harry Porter if Miss Angelica will favor us at the piano."

It appeared that Miss Angelica would be glad to favor; and so in the gathering dusk, too late for skating or coasting, shrill voices piped the

The Rebellion of Women

(A Dramatic Fantasy)

By John McClure

METRODOROUS ASTYANAX,
DIODORUS CARNIFEX, EUSEBIUS
SCAURUS and PETRONIUS AM-
PHAX are discovered in animated con-
versation in a cabaret at Cairo.

METRODORUS

There has been a rebellion among the
lovers and the women is killing the
men. Those of us as are not handsome
will likely get killed by mistake.

DIODORUS

It is unprecedented. It is said there
is no sleep any more for the evangelical
parsons.

EUSEBIUS

There is no question the priesthood
suffers extremely.

METRODORUS

And after the parsons comes the ac-
tors and acrobats. Us metaphysicians—

PETRONIUS

Do not appropriate a title which does
not concern you. But you are quite
right. None of us is threatened with
danger, unless it is you, Metrodorus.
These massacres are largely adulterous.
We are unmarried, and you are not
wed.

METRODORUS

Bah! There is no need to be mar-
ried. I tell you the women is killing
the men.

PETRONIUS

These are triangular tragedies that
alarm you, Metrodorus. And, after all,
sin is almost inexcusable since the
young wenches of Cairo are wearing
their hair short.

S. S.—Feb.—5

EUSEBIUS

There is no palpable reason certainly
why one man should infringe on an-
other's preserve.

METRODORUS

It's the women is doing the killing, I
tell you. The men is slaughtering no-
body. Us bachelors is in as great dan-
ger as any.

PETRONIUS

I have not looked at a woman since
New Year's.

METRODORUS

That is all very well. They will slit
your gullet for that.
(Enter a Numidian dancer.)

DIODORUS

This should be very diverting.

METRODORUS

I seen a woman like her at Antioch
in a circus.

PETRONIUS

She is pretty enough.

METRODORUS

I wonder would she drink beer.
(The Numidian dancer enters upon an
intricate dance.)

EUSEBIUS

Whatever else you may say, she is
graceful.

METRODORUS

She is as nimble as two ordinary
housewives.

DIODORUS

One would scarcely believe it was
possible to touch the crown of the head
with the sole of the foot as she does.

METRODORUS

She can do anything.

PETRONIUS

Observe as she unravels.

METRODORUS

I never seen anyone twisted in so much of a knot. She is a gifted woman, Petronius Amphax.

PETRONIUS

Clever, beyond denial.

METRODORUS

I wonder would she enter a two-step with a partner.

DIODORUS

You might ask her.

(METRODORUS ASTYANAX approaches the Numidian dancer. She accepts his advances. As METRODORUS and the dancer are proceeding in a two-step accompanied by a clapping of hands, METRODORUS' WOMAN appears. She stands agape.)

DIODORUS

This is inevitably death.

PETRONIUS

Is there no way to save him?

METRODORUS' WOMAN

Hold, rogue!

(METRODORUS halts frozen, one leg in the air.)

METRODORUS' WOMAN

So this is the way you burn candles to Isis!

METRODORUS

I was at the temple until five minutes ago. I come here at the behest of Petronius Amphax.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

Dancing with a brown woman! Spending your silver for beer and not a copper at home!

(METRODORUS' WOMAN unsheaths from her bosom a carving knife of pewter and brass.)

METRODORUS' WOMAN

It is an act of mercy to destroy a wild man like you. Candles to Isis indeed! And that huzzy—

DIODORUS

Blink at her, else he is annihilated.

PETRONIUS

Blink at her yourself.

(DIODORUS winks at METRODORUS' WOMAN. She halts with the carving knife over her head.)

DIODORUS

I pray you not to expose yourself to crucifixion for murder. The ragamuffin is not worth it. Better men worship you.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

Eh?

DIODORUS

I have adored you long. It is only my friendship for Metrodorus has curbed me.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

Oh, if that is the way it is, why did you not speak to me sooner? I had never suspected.

DIODORUS

While Metrodorus was true to you, how could I speak?

METRODORUS' WOMAN

You are indeed a man of honor.

DIODORUS

I have smouldered for months.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

That is a pity.

(METRODORUS' WOMAN puts the carving knife back in her bosom.)

DIODORUS

Madam, will you sit on my lap and drink wine?

METRODORUS' WOMAN

(Blushing.) It is not customary.

DIODORUS

I implore you.

METRODORUS' WOMAN

(Seating herself.) A little sugar, and heat it.

(METRODORUS ASTYANAX and the Numidian dancer escape through the rear.)

home shortly afterward. If his feet were uncertain it was not due to the demon rum; he had been so unsteady with excitement that only a few drops trickled into his mouth.

Ominous thoughts raced through his mind as he waded through the tall grass in the direction of the railroad tracks. He had broken with the Rev. Bunn, with Mrs. Moss, with his militant gran'ma—he had broken with the only world that he knew. He had taken the first step toward the gutter, but he was not thinking so much of the future as that he could never return to the past.

His lips had touched liquor.

The work of a few minutes had brought to naught a whole winter's study of the evils of drink!

Why couldn't the Temperance Catechism help him?

III

THE world didn't change much, but that very likely was because the world didn't know what had happened. If the world—if his militant gran'ma in particular—had learned what had transpired on that hill south of the railroad tracks, a small boy might have witnessed some exceedingly unpleasant changes.

The secret was well kept by all those boys who had stepped off on the path to the gutter; no one of them openly defied the world, and a small boy even lived much the same sort of life that had been his before his fall.

Some time passed before he took the second step toward ruin; before he got as far as the fashionable bars, he devoted a second winter to the alcoholic course offered by the Loyal Temperance Legion. He was introduced by his gran'ma to the monthly meetings of the W. C. T. U., and heard Judge Beam tell, with many whistlings, how the village was just one unit in the grand army of temperance.

He saw the forces of evil win one

of their infrequent victories in the village. The Commercial House bar was opened and refurnished after long disuse. Empty half-pint bottles, suitable for many purposes, could be found with pleasant regularity along the walks and roads of the township. In the early evening, if a small boy and his companions took up a position in the maple tree near the bar-room window they could see for themselves the famous institution that the Rev. Bunn had so carefully described for them. They could see the alluring picture of Violet, the brass rail, the shining pumps, the glittering glasses and mirrors. They could watch Luke Potter, the bartender, serving whiskey punch, mopping the counter, interceding in arguments that promised to have interesting developments. Once in a while, Luke's attempts to arbitrate didn't succeed; those were great occasions.

After two years, the forces of righteousness triumphed again. A small boy wasn't as happy as his gran'ma when the bar closed; but sinner though he was, neither was he greatly disappointed. The villager was swinish in his cups.

All these things which should have made him increasingly pious and abstemious came to pass; and yet they checked him not at all. When the time came, he took his second step with very little hesitation.

He was not so small when it happened. He had arrived at that period of luxuriant growth when he always looked indecently exposed. He was out of his clothes in all directions; not only that, but there were occasions, over which he had no control, when his voice came forth in a manish rumble. The situation was considered serious enough for a family conference, out of which came a decision for long pants.

As one thing leads to another, so did long pants help to precipitate the next encounter with the demon rum. It may be that the world saw through

green caps which at first they hate thoroughly but in time grow accustomed to; they throw peanuts at the movies like regular patrons. Supercilious sophomores keep them in line and continually remind them of their adolescence. Christmas vacation comes welcomely to them: they are glad to be out of the place and to forget for a space the ignominies of being a callow freshman. Arriving home with an entirely new vocabulary, they dance with adoring débutantes and whisper surreptitiously of their fraternity ambitions.

Back in January, they study more and harder, they ski on the golf links; they play mandolins until harshly "piped down" by self-appointed vigilantes; they cheer dutifully at the basketball games.

Examinations come like a thunderstorm and catch about one-third of them without raincoats. Those who flunk never did care for the place anyway; they will try Colgate. Those who slide through begin to like the spirit of the college; they begin to see something after all in all that hokum about college life; they begin staunchly to stand up for the raw New England winter with its frozen water pipes, winter sports, cold dormitories, and hearth fires; the administration is not so bad as they had pictured; the undergraduate body is a fairly decent bunch after all; things in general have a far more roseate hue. They have been told ever since they entered that there is no place like Dartmouth. It is drilled into their ears until they finally grow to believe it, even begin to reiterate it themselves.

The majority of men coming to Dartmouth have one of two peculiarly divergent ideas. One type has always visualized the college man as a large, muscled football player, flashing a glaring letter on his breast, smoking a long, curved, numeraled pipe, effecting ultra-modish clothes, and spending his moments plucking a ukelele amid a jolly bunch who boisterously emit the college yell on the least provocation. The other lad is also an extremist. This fellow is the superwise prep. school phenomenon—

the species who already holds his liquor well, has learned to tell the lewdest jokes, and has already adopted a cynical crust of intolerance. This lad firmly believes that he has successfully emulated the college man he will meet. Both these types, of course, are somewhat disappointed when they see what Dartmouth really is. Between the two there are many varieties.

It takes, on the average, about a year for each of them to become the orthodox type—a Dartmouth man. Some never attain this, but the majority do. It is useless to attempt to define the Dartmouth man. He is certainly a species—while in college, at any rate. He is as intolerant of others as Great Britain is of Tierra del Fuego.

II

LONG ago Daniel Webster, in a burst of vision and inspired oratory, saved Dartmouth College from the fate of becoming a university. Those were indeed turbulent times. There is no more fascinating reading to anyone with the slightest interest than that of the history of this institution from the time of Eleazer Wheelock's backwoods Indian Charity School, through the turmoil of the famous "case," the forceful administration of Nathan Lord, the adamant rule of the Reverend Bartlett, the "man of iron," and the efficient generalship of President Tucker, up to the present leadership of President Hopkins.

Dartmouth is a college of at present a fraction over two thousand students. The entrance requirements are rigid; it favors the selective system of admission. This is necessary to keep the numbers of the college to a normal point. It has evolved from an Indian school of buckskins to a present-day institution of fur-coated, sport-suited undergraduates.

At this point the bald and reminiscent alumnus will opine, "The place is degenerating—it's getting to be a school of ladies. In my time men were hard . . . rough. . . ." He will pompously recall the sweat shirt era and pass many caustic comments on the present trend for

literary discussions and afternoon teas.

The sweat shirt era, as learned from the bald alumnus, is interesting to note even though it is not generally understood just what a sweat shirt is. This period ended—or, rather, diminished—with the war. The rigors of the Northern breezes, which swept bleakly down the Connecticut River from Sherbrooke and Montreal, compelled the hardy yokels and the less hardy city lads to combat the chill. Fur coats? Hardly: they were as unknown as Packard Twin Sixes. They cost too much and, besides, who wanted to doll up when no one else did? No one else, in fact, would stand for it. There was democracy: all dressed alike, janitors' sons as bankers' sons; you could not tell one from the other.

Thus the sweat shirt was the thing—or, in fact, any heavy sweater. There were no ladies to dress for and the democracy of the college must be upheld. The alumnus tells us their everyday costume: shoe packs, ski boots or the like; corduroy or any serviceable trousers—with sometimes a sandpaper patch on the hip for lighting matches; flannel shirt (the routine punctuated only occasionally by a white one); sweater, heavy coat, or—sweat shirt; and a beard. This latter was, of course, not necessary but frequent. Stiff collars, naturally, were all but unknown.

Yes, they were hardy, these rough "he-men"; their life was the out-of-door existence and they dressed for it. Indeed, when attired to leave town on vacations they were all but unrecognizable, by dint of their vacation finery, to their fellows. The alumnus continues:

"Cold, clear, New Hampshire evenings with the campus under a curtain of two feet of snow, dotted with hurrying students. Comes a file of rough-clothed hikers in from their daily jaunt, scraping over the crust on skis, helped along by long poles, packs on their backs, mits on their hands, their faces aglow with the zest of life. They are weary but happy with the knowledge of covering at least *twelve*

miles that afternoon. The scene repeated at intervals. There was the hardy life! Every afternoon their jaunt! Up there where men were men! Outdoors!"

Picture that! A daily run of twelve miles!

Well, the evenings are still cold and clear and the campus still has snow on it in the Winter. The only essential differences between the present-day era and the quotation above is that at present it is a daily Winter scene—in the past it was unique and a curiosity. Else why the Outing Club's recent flourishing?

It is a significant fact that in the year 1910 one more energetic than the rest founded the Dartmouth Outing Club to promote a keener appreciation of the great outdoors which was their natural advantage, to foster among the students the novelty of a really outdoor Winter, and to jerk them reluctantly away from hearth fires, "bull" leagues, and poker games. At the present day the Outing Club flourishes—it is actually popular.

Despite his denial, the age at hand has far more outdoor activity than the sweat shirt era depicted by the windy alumnus. It is true that the campus is now dotted by immaculate tweeds, camels' hair, and linen, and is enveloped in a country club atmosphere of leisurely and bored respectability. But times change and the alumnus admits it dolefully, maintaining that at any rate it's darned good to see the old place again. . . .

III

THE year opens with bewildered freshmen hastening about their duties trying to avoid being seen; rugs being beaten and truckmen being bargained with; furniture being borrowed, bought and traded; the greeting of old acquaintances—the handshake being the conventional low swoop, the greeting the customary, "Have a good vacation?"; music emanating from somewhere—a raucous jazz band in its first seasonable workout; welcome to brothers with the self-conscious fumbling

for the "grip"; loiterers in front of Allen's and Piani's discussing the football prospects; breezy salesmen vending indispensable articles (to freshmen)—books, banners, cots, rugs, seals, statues, laundry tickets, stationery, galoshes, and everything useless; billiards and bridge (which has gradually ousted poker and craps from prominence) in fraternity houses, and much serious discussion of the prospects for good fraternity delegations; football practice—sixty-odd selected, sweating warriors, bawled at and admonished by nearly as many coaches and attended by critical students who are "in the know"; smoking on dormitory steps and mixing reminiscences with ribald jokes; buying cider to ferment in the room; writing love-sick *débutantes* on crested stationery; marching huffily in to crab at the registrar and marching dejectedly out again; fixing up of courses with the usual last minute juggling to get in a newly rumored "pipe" course; and finally settling down to the routine of studies, bridge, "bull" leagues, football and the movies.

Fall passes in a furor of settling down. The wail is, "As soon as football is over I start to study." The big games are in New York or Boston.

At these times there is a general exodus from Hanover. Students board a special train on which only about two-thirds of them pay their fare. Their methods of accomplishing this evasion are worthy of note. Some have a collection of train checks from which they select the color and shape in use on that journey; one will get down on hands and knees between two seats while his paying comrades throw an overcoat completely over him, place a suitcase on his back, and play cards on the suitcase until the conductor has passed (this is a gruelling method but very effective); others hunch in between two seats that are back to back and cover themselves with overcoats, galoshes, suitcases and the like until they are completely buried—to emerge pale and gasping after the conductor has gone his way; still others filch their

comrades' train checks (the comrade, having paid, would sooner be put off the train than pay again).

Arrived in the large city, they seek a reliable bootlegger, bet on the game no matter what the chances, attend an unbelievably crowded, disorderly and almost universally drunken dance, and come back for classes on Monday wishing they had back both their money and the new hats they lost in the scramble.

By the time the football season and the Fall house parties are over, the glorious Autumn has given way to a chilly barrenness and there is often a covering of snow on the ground.

After Christmas real Winter has set in and there is a general demand for paraphernalia to indulge in Winter sports. The golf links, a short distance from the center of the village, afford a splendid sweep for the practice of beginners at the art of skiing. Further on, across the Vale of Tempe, is a new ski jump with a runway one hundred feet high at a dizzy angle of forty-five degrees. This is for the skilled artist, not the neophyte. Yet a great many go over the jump before they finish their four years and there are surprisingly few accidents.

The Dartmouth Outing Club, that worthy and efficient organization mentioned before, promotes the annual Winter carnival. This is by all odds the best party of the year, perhaps because it is purely and originally a Dartmouth function. Every college has its prom and commencement, but Dartmouth stands practically alone with a real Winter carnival: there are no affairs quite like it. It is held during the first part of February—an opportune time, since all examination worries are then past.

The festivities start on a Thursday evening and continue through three hectic days of feverish activity. Outdoor events, such as skiing, snowshoeing, fancy skating and hockey, are combined frantically with dramatic performances, dancing, musical club concerts, saxophone playing, drinking, petting, and

dutifully resisting both rest and sleep. There is always a violent agitation before the week-end that the outdoor activities be supported rather than the feature of teas and dances. This warning, strangely, is heeded: the party turns out in full force for the ski events and the like. Even the flapperish and pampered guests, fresh from ballroom conquests at the Ritz, Yale, Lake Placid and Williams, discard their dainty silks for the woolens and wallow through deep snows, delighted, no doubt, at the unique experience. That is what makes Carnival original—it judiciously caters to the outdoors. It has successfully departed from the days of grate-fire and steam-radiator inertia to a more vigorous, truly open air Carnival.

The Outing Club does more. A trail and cabin system, which has grown as a natural result of the beauty of the country surrounding the college, is maintained in good shape. Every week-end throughout the Winter finds a group at one or more of these cabins utilizing the food and blankets with which they are continually stocked. There, the three-letter man mixes with the Phi Beta Kappa, the “weir” with the “snake,” the boozier with the Sunday-school-worker; there, forgetting for a brief interval the duties of the classroom, men cook good honest grub, sleep in hard bunks under rough blankets, and pass an evening away swapping experiences and gossip before a huge log fire. There are numerous trails and cabins and more are being added each year. The Outing Club has been scoffed at from its infancy, but now the few scoffers are in turn ridiculed.

February and March are the months designated under the present fraternity system to the lining up, rushing, pledging and initiating of freshmen.

A few years ago, when no efficacious system dominated, there was no special period in which to pledge freshmen. Then it was exciting. Men, inoffensive but recommended by some obscure alumnus and therefore eligible, were buttonholed as soon as they stepped into

Hanover in September. Some were even jerked bodily off the train. They were immediately rushed to the fraternity house, fed, royally entertained, made to feel important; they were talked to continuously by garrulous and persuasive members. If they managed to survive this screed, they were soon ferreted out by other groups who fêted and harangued them equally as frantically. They were passed about and fought for like rare bric-à-brac; their days were hectic. Finally, in most cases from sheer exhaustion, they succumbed to one group—and from then on they led a dog’s life until initiation.

It is needless to add that the fraternities made as many mistakes as the freshmen.

Under the present February and March system the tang of the chase has lessened; the febrile bustle has departed. It is now saner, more sensible and far more efficient. It furnishes but mild diversion, exciting, perhaps, to the freshman himself, but merely a duty of the upper classman.

The period from Carnival to Spring is by far the most monotonous of the year.

The snows melt tardily but by the first of May, Spring, with its activities, is well on the way. Golf, baseball, Junior Prom, campus “hums,” tennis, “Wet Down,” Keg parties—there is plenty to do in the Spring. Obviously the real keg party is a thing of the past. Anyone back of the class of 1922 will hold forth lengthily and yearningly on the outings of the now defunct Balmaccan A. C.

The Balmaccan functioned every Spring on one colossal, beer-swilling bacchanal. A special train was chartered. The tax for everything was five dollars. The place was some convenient field of the country, usually the sunny shores of Lake Morey. The crowd, assembling at the station after leaving the train, marched to the lake headed by a makeshift brass band. Then the kegs were tapped. There was beer everywhere—at every turn: a keg

on the dock, a keg in among the trees, in the middle of a field, in the barn, behind the shed—all tapped, ready with a spout. Everyone had his own can. Enormous boxes of crackers were strewn about. Drink, drink, drink—one can after another, even pouring it down by funnels! There was a ball game featured by tackling on the base lines and ending in a good-natured rough-and-tumble brawl; there was a prevailing jollity, speeches, songs, unsteady promenades in the lengthening shadows of a rosy, if blurred, New Hampshire twilight. New friends were made, old friendships were renewed; there were absurd and lengthy discussions on the most irrelevant subjects—groups having heart-to-heart talks; there was a swim, and then—more beer. In short, there was supreme good fellowship. It was really a unique debauch. The Balmaccan today is no more. The spirit of it echoes in the form of insipid cider but—what a comparison!

Once, in the Spring, the self-important governor of the only movie theatre in town—The Nugget—closed his show because the antics of the patrons did not suit him. He was out to teach the lads a lesson. They threw too many peanuts; they hissed the films when they were poor (which was most of the time) and cheered them when they were acceptable; they walked out in the middle of shows, herding the more sedate before them; they were vulgar, boisterous, ungentlemanly, obscene—according to the movie magnate. The result was what was called an “indignation” meeting. Like bees swarming, undergraduates gathered on the main street. Luckily nothing violent happened; no one knew what they wanted. An efficient student governing body quelled a riot.

The meeting gradually calmed down to a Spring revival meeting conducted by a self-appointed preacher who stood on the horse trough and whooped for souls to be saved. Speeches were made dramatically about how, after twenty years in the gutter, the speaker had been

uplifted from the slough by the Salvation Army. Amen! Halleluia! A band of brass horn, bass drum, trombone, cornet and saxophone, hastily organized for the occasion, ground out a lugubrious dirge to the tune of “Halleluia, Drunk Again.” There was another speech and another dirge, followed by a clamor for a performance by a well-known local elocutionist. He was found, pushed up on the trough, and cheered. His stunt was the melodramatic recital, with horrible and gruesome gestures, of such masterpieces as “The Shooting of Dan McGrew” and “Nell Taught School When She First Went West.” Yells, groans, more speeches, antics by the wags of the college—the windows of the Inn were filled with curious faces, guests wondering what it was all about.

The gathering ended with a sincere and resounding cheer for the college and “Prexy” Hopkins. A good time was had by all, not to mention the fact that ten souls were converted. Two days later the proprietor of the Nugget Theater, sour and disgruntled at his two-day loss, opened shop. There followed the same amount of peanut throwing, hissing, booing, and walking out; nothing was changed; the pictures were as bad as ever.

Toward the close of the year the mayor of Hanover is elected. This is a rite with all the earmarks of a gala holiday. It is an amusing burlesque, attended by pomp and display—pointless, and for that reason doubly ludicrous. Some windy undergraduate with a gift of oratory and humor usually opposes one of the town characters—a teamster, barber or janitor. There is a good bit of comical electioneering with an abundance of speeches, parades and the passing of cheap cigars. The planks of the platform are solemnly set forth as all-important: a boardwalk to Smith College; free ice cream at Allen’s; unlimited cuts for all; round wheels on the Boston and Maine coaches; a pipe line from Montreal and other needed improvements. The student always wins. He receives congratula-

The Battle-Fields

By Paul Tanaquil

I

OF course, they had to go and visit the battle-fields; that was inevitable. Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy realized that her voyage to Europe would be quite wasted if she failed to view the ground upon which the most cataclysmic horrors of history took place.

It was all very sad, yes, it was tragic: all of the wastage of youth, so many splendid young lives! But then it had been done for the good of the world. If the war had not been fought, Mr. Harding would not be President of the United States to-day. To be sure, she did not have anything against Mr. Wilson, personally, save that all her firm friends called him a rogue, and assured her that Mr. Harding was the finest representative America has had since Mr. Roosevelt died.

But things were going better since the war was over; things always do work out for the best. Deep down in her heart Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy was convinced that the war had turned out to be an excellent thing. Who would have said in 1913, for example, that Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy would be giving a large dinner-party at the Ritz in Paris, a party which numbered among its guests a marquis, two countesses, two literary personages and a financial magnate? (The other guests were just folks from home whom Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy had met in hotel lobbies and elsewhere and to whom she was demonstrating that in Europe she was somebody that mattered.) She did not know

that the Marquis was a Papal creature, that the two countesses were so merely in their own right. One had lived for a long time with a Cossack prince and on his death she had adopted one of his minor titles; the other had made it her business to present dazzling young Parisian actresses to rich South-Americans who thereupon betokened an extraordinary interest in Art and were willing to be angel for a show in which the beautiful young things took the town by storm. But even when they failed to get so far as the stage, this lady always managed to put something in the bank. So that, when she retired, she really thought she deserved some sort of recognition. She had lived in the Rue des Vignes so she called herself the Comtesse des Vignens. Anyhow, far back in her childhood in the little inn at Le-Treport, she remembered her mother suggested that she had in her veins better blood than that of her father. Some years ago there had stopped in the village an Italian nobleman. . . .

The literary personages were so only in her estimation. Mallory Frere was modest enough, God knows! Just a little slim book of correct lyrics and a story here and there in a magazine; and his friend Ronald Holliday had merely reviewed a few books for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. But Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy had read none of the poems nor the four reviews. Still, even if she had, she would have continued in her belief. At least until she did meet somebody whose stories she could read in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Then she would flatter them

irresistibly dirty blues—the kind that you find in obscure black dives on South State Street—a band which, when intact and sufficiently stimulated, made even Ted Lewis himself wonder. This band accompanied an eccentric jazz dancer, an amateur of rare talent, whose only possible rival in comedy and ability was the now almost forgotten Frisco. There are still echoes of this act in imitations using the same basic idea. They are good—but not quite so good.

The college orchestra offers a field in which real musicians may work out. The songsters in the choir are out solely for the credit it gives.

There are three major publications of the college. The *Dartmouth* is really very good; the *Jack O'Lantern* is only fair; and the *Bema* is more or less mediocre. The *Dartmouth* is the only morning paper available in Hanover. It is a daily, combining the news of the college with several items from the Associated Press. Besides being the oldest college publication in the country it ranks with the best. Aside from early season relapses into simple and inane wails about lack of attendance at mass meetings, its editorials are usually brisk and its news columns savor of the professional sheet.

The *Jack O'Lantern* is the college humorous publication, putting forth about ten issues during the college year. Many first-rate artists can be dug up from the students: its illustrations, cartoons and cover designs are often of the first order, but the jokes, fillers and anecdotes are vapid, pitiful and dull. *Jack O's* only hope of rising about the commonplace is to become bizarre, indiscreet and risqué.

The *Bema* is photographically good but its literary matter is poor. Its stories and articles are prosaic and for the most part poorly done. People like the *Bema's* photographs and illustrations but they read the print, if at all, purely from duty.

The *Third Rail*, a magazine appearing spasmodically with the pick of the essays, short stories, poems and articles from the English classes, is excel-

lent in form but rather uninspired. The new *Literary Magazine*, a product of the year 1922, gives promise of becoming a first-rate vehicle for undergraduate efforts.

V

FRATERNITIES at Dartmouth are nearly the same as at every other college. They exist and prosper but they are relatively unimportant. It leaves no stigma to be left out. A faculty ruling limits the number of men living in each house to fifteen. Democracy is also enhanced by the fact that meals are not served in the houses—that being left to restaurants and eating clubs. This tends to prevent the segregation into fraternity groups to the detriment of the whole.

The Arts is an organization which was founded to further an appreciation of culture. In the sweat shirt era it was nearly a disgrace to belong to The Arts. You were a "lily," a high-brow, a "weir"; it was even rumored that actually tea was served every afternoon in the rooms of the society! Unbelievable! That may or may not have been so. At any rate The Arts today serves a worthy purpose. It takes complete charge of all visiting celebrities who come to lecture, sing or play; it arranges programs; it stimulates interest in literature, in the drama, in music. It is living down its former reputation: a big, strong, rough, distinctly unesthetic football captain was recently elected to membership—and he willingly accepted.

VI

HANOVER is isolated and entertainment is scarce. Besides the one movie theatre, which cannily mixes feature pictures with Mack Sennett comedies, the only local form of amusement is the occasional effort of The Players. Importations occur far too frequently to break the monotony. When artists do appear in Hanover, Webster Hall is always packed to the shutters—a proof of appreciation.

In the way of intelligent lectures the college is more fortunate. Within its own confines there are many interesting speakers. Regular informal talks are held weekly under the name of "Six-Forty-Five's." Then, too, there are the Sunday evening talks at various fraternity houses by different members of the faculty. These are appreciated equally by the student and the speaker. Outsiders visit the college at intervals; they are always assured of an enthusiastic audience.

Winter Carnival has been mentioned. There are two other official parties: Junior Prom and Commencement—the same in general structure as at every other college. But throughout the year the craving for feminine society is so great that almost weekly there is what is known in the parlance of the day as a "rat" dance (the exact origin of the term is obscure) at either Gates' Opera House, the Lebanon Town Hall, or the Hanover Boys' Club. These are well attended by icemen, barbers, plumbers, telephone operators, waitresses, and undergraduates. These "rat" dances will always be a success so long as the supply of females remains subnormal. The amusements undergraduates will unearth are indeed strange.

VII

THE general trend of advice handed out is to mix judiciously studious pursuits with outside interests. Certainly the man who does nothing but study deserves to be ostracized, as he usually is. On the other hand, the athlete who is purposely dumb will not last—there is no college farther from the taint of professionalism in athletics than Dartmouth. The ideal, of course, is the man with both a football "D" and a Phi Beta Kappa key (some include the similarly appearing key of Kappa Beta Phi).

Dartmouth has the usual number of commonplace courses of study. It is unnecessary to go into the details of the divisions into groups except to mention that each man is required to take a little of everything—that is to say,

there must be at least a smattering of science and economics in a four-year course of literature and language; there must be a dose of literature and the arts in a four-year course of biology or science. The plan is for broadening. With the exception of freshmen requirements there are few compulsory courses; choice is almost entirely left to the individual.

There are to be found a number of professors long past the efficient stage. There are the grandiose old fogies whose counterparts are in every institution. There are crabs, mediocrities, and good fellows as elsewhere. On the whole the faculty of the college is of a high order both personally and intellectually. At Hanover there is a microcosm in itself where the professor meets the student on a genuine and unassumed spirit of good fellowship and equality. Perhaps there is no place where men have attained such widespread and lasting popularity as a selected few at Dartmouth. There is Professor Wellman, who combines a rare instructing ability with a shrewd business head and a wonderful personality; Professor Lord, a quiet-speaking, kindly, grand old philosopher; Professor Richardson, a friend and adviser of the student; "Doc" Griggs, whose ability at cooking roast pig and strawberry shortcake is equaled only by his ability to tell a funny story with a lugubriously serious face; Harry Hillman, who knows all there is to know about training track men (witness Earl Thomson); there is Dean Laycock himself, whose official sternness is more than offset by his genial anecdotes and his earnest fair-mindedness. There are more of the selected few—too many to list. It is a fact that no one is more popular, and at the same time respected, than the president of the college himself.

* * *

Recently President Hopkins made a tasty speech to incoming freshmen, stressing the fact that too many men go to college and advocating an "aristocracy of brains." His theories caused

lably. Was it at her? Almost she mistrusted him.

The Countess des Vignes was talking to Frere in French now. For the first time Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy regretted not having studied more assiduously. She could have practised with the stewardess on board. She caught one word: "*louftingue*." Funny word, slang perhaps. She must look it up in the dictionary. But most of the words she caught clearly, and those Frere even spelled for her, were not to be found in the dictionary. At least, not in her pocket-dictionary. He had laughed, when she told him that, and assured her she must consult the greater ones. And when she had failed, he said that the word was a new one and the Academy had not got around to incorporate it in the language.

Funny people the French: an academy sitting over a dictionary all their lives. Why not just accept everything and if people didn't like hard words they needn't use them. She would like to meet an academician; they must be tall and thin and greying at the temples like the good-looking portier at the hotel. Yes, she would love to go to the races at Auteuill. The Countess was awfully sweet to be inviting them. The Countess began on a story, her English almost as bad as Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy's French. She must see how Dolly . . . Frere was talking to her. She listened. Tea . . . yes . . . at five. Dolly must send a *petit-bleu*. Any day. What was a *petit-blue*? And where was Frere asking her to go? Lipschitz now; he was wishing they were all on the boat again. Frere was agreeing that, compared with life on a transatlantic steamer, Paris was dull; and his friend winked. Or perhaps his eye was weak. These literary people led very fast lives. . . .

But it was rather wonderful, after all. Thirty years ago, Jasper Gilfillan-Hardy had opened his store in Chicago; five years after that he had proposed to her. They had been

married in June and three years later Dolly was born. By then Jasper had done very well; his business had increased to an unheard-of degree in Chicago and he had been able to open up branch establishments in Milwaukee, Saint Louis and Minneapolis. Three years after he had discovered Gilfillan's Baking Process and they had been in clover.

Poor Jasper! He had only had time to complain of the bills for Dolly's early schooling and Betty's kindergarten when he died. Then had followed two years in California with Dolly and Betty at the Bishop's School in La Jolla. It was in Coronado that she met Frere. Incidentally, by then she had changed her name. She was in no way ashamed of the Baking Process association, but her own name was Hardy and she had no brothers. She wanted the name to continue; they had been honest tradesmen in Saint Louis, just as good as the Chicago Gilfillans. Besides, she had heard of several well-known families doing the same thing. Gilfillan-Hardy had a fine, round sound to it; so Gilfillan-Hardy was what she became three weeks after the death of her husband. Frere had asked her was she English? And in the joy of the compliment she had not even paused to ask herself whether he were in earnest.

Still, he had been very nice then, and ever since. He looked out for Dolly when she came to the University of California and introduced her to several very nice people; nor was it long before she had attained the dignity of being invited to join the best sorority on the campus. And after Miss Devereaux had assured Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy that there was no room in her school, it was through a letter from Mallory Frere that finally the superior educatrice had consented to admit Betty to the pleasurable refinement vouchsafed by the company of the swagger Middle-Western sub-debs that gathered under her wing in New York.

From the Notebook of a Roman Psychiatrist

By Milnes Levick

CASE 613 (female): Cleopatra P.
Physical age (at time of examination): 25 years.

Mental age (at time of examination): 11¼ years (Erasistratus test.)

Intelligence quotient: 74.

Physique: Small, well developed; rather good-looking and, when she wished, not without charm.

Remarks: An unusual case in which the quantitative intelligence defects and their affective components are attributable to heritable factors depending upon recessive unit characters, although overshadowed by concomitant affective deviations. The patient gave characteristically conclusive symptoms of infatuation with the physician.

Heredity: The patient was the issue of a family of high-grade morons, with a history of intermarriage covering several generations. The father was an alcoholic, a musician praised by those about him; described as indulgent but "nervous" and "easily excited." He had various extra-legal consorts and died when the patient was aged 17. Mother: no data.

Siblings: One sister, "queer" (see below), who was brought to Rome from Alexandria in so-called "white slavery." Two half-brothers (see below) who both met violent deaths. An aunt had "asthma."

Home conditions: Poor in childhood. Lack of paternal control; maternal care absent. The patient, previously "wayward," left home at the age of 20.

The patient: Born at Alexandria, Egypt, in the year 686. Curiosity a marked characteristic at an early age:

in her fourth year she was found smothering her younger sister, Arsinoë (see above), a border-line subject. Cleopatra said she did this to see if her sister would cry. Their father (see above) characteristically entered this remark in a papyrus under the heading "Bright Sayings."

The patient was ambidextrous and at the age of five stabbed her nurse with her left hand. She early showed herself pleasure-loving and fond of personal adornment. Addicted to narcotics and poor in arithmetic. At the age of thirteen she began using cosmetics and boasted of the habit among her playmates, to whom she gave cosmetic formulas she claimed to have invented. Frequently out late at night. At puberty her choleric temperament became more marked. Poisoned her tutor because he would not take her rowing. Keen imagination (vide cosmetic recipes, above), as especially manifested in interpretation of pictures in sarcophagi test.

It is doubtful if she knew what it is to "be sorry." The cause of the patient's lack of control may have been mental conflict, caused by a marked inferiority complex and its resultant compensatory domination traits, or by some unrecognized repression, with a contributive factor in the Elektra complex as displayed by an affective imbalance and deficiency of inhibition in her relations with her half-brothers. It must be noted that the patient's psychopathic reactions of conduct were not asocial when judged by the standards of her social group.

By her father's will, Cleopatra P. was associated with her elder half-brother in the control of the family affairs. This brother (see above), described as "tall and lank" (rachitic?), suffered from a religious delusional form of egomania. She quarreled violently with him and he threw her out of the house. In Alexandria she took up with a Roman politician, Julius C. The half-brother died at the age of 17, being drowned while running away in a fight. Subsequently Cleopatra went through a form of marriage ceremony with a young cousin, but she returned at once to the company of C. Said she "wanted to see the world." She remained with C. until his sudden death in Rome.

The diagnosis and prognosis of this case while under observation are borne out by the later history of the patient. While in Rome she had a child. On the death of C. she took the child to Alexandria, where she again displayed

substitutive reactions suggestive of a psychotic personality by poisoning her remaining brother. While on a boat ride she met a soldier, Marcus A. Subsequently he committed suicide. Cleopatra P. attempted to duplicate with another soldier, O., her influence over A., but increasing egoism had produced equivalent deterioration of the powers of judgment, such as they were, and when O. told her he was a married man she took an overdose of hasheesh, aged 38.

Disposition: Possibly because of influence by friends of O., the coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death by snake-bite.

Conclusions: This case forms a typical example of the constitutional psychopathic inferior, and serves excellently as an instance to emphasize the need of custodial correction and, where practicable, segregative elimination of the ambivalent potentialities of environmental stresses, whether delusional or traumatic.



Two

By Luis Muñoz Marin

One said :

THE mist has blotted out the lovely hills
And caged my eyes.

Another :

A miraculous breach has been opened in the hills
And my eyes have been released into an infinite
Vista of quiet silver.



THERE is nothing new under the moon.



Mister 13

By Gertrude S. Gertrude

I

MY name is Susie Pollock, and I am a respectable, peace-loving woman who keeps a select rooming house on West 13th Street in New York City. I make it a point to take honest people of good stock, mostly young girls who are likely to be stenographers, and two or three gentlemen such as clerks and salesmen, etc. I think I can safely say that until last summer I had never taken in a person who didn't show some promise of being hard-working. I'm a hard-working woman myself and I never could stand to have people in my house lolling around their rooms after seven in the morning and coming in all hours of the night, keeping up a steady commotion. But sometimes things do happen in this life that naturally force a person to break all their set rules and do the very opposite of what they believe in.

Well, last summer that time came for me and it came so sudden that it just seemed to knock all my rules flat out from under me.

I had been over to Brooklyn to see a distant relative of mine who had taken to her bed with a spell of rheumatism and looked as if she never would get up again. Her being so ill accounted for my going to Brooklyn, though I must say I haven't such a distaste for that city as most others pretend.

Well, coming back, I had got off the street car at Brooklyn Bridge. It being a fine evening and the lights looking so grand, I thought it would

be nice to walk over and take another car after I got across. So I was sauntering along, stopping every once in a while and leaning on the railing so as to look down at the water and see the light hitting it sideways and grazing along the top in elegant little crinkles. And then there was the skyscrapers to look at, all lit up and standing out against the sky very sharp as if they were made of pure stars.

I had got about halfway across the bridge when all of a sudden I noticed a young man acting peculiar. He had taken off his coat and was scrambling up to the top of the railing as fast as he could climb, looking around at the same time as if he was scared to death somebody would see him. It was plain what he was going to do, and I began to have a funny weak feeling in my stomach, which always happens when I get frightened. But seeing there was no time to lose, I jerked myself together and went running toward the man.

I got there just in time to catch him by the ankle, and having a lot of strength in my hands I held him firm though he tried to wriggle away, and kicked at me with the other foot.

I saw then that he really was craving destruction and that the only way to save him was to throw him back down on the bridge even if it bruised him a little. So I caught his other ankle and pulled both his feet back out from under him very sudden. In a second he was sprawled out on the planks of the bridge, so still that I thought sure I had killed

him. So it was a real relief when he sat up and looked straight at me.

"Damn you!" he says, "what do you mean by such an impertinent act?"

Those were his selfsame words; and I could only stand by speechless, having heretofore always been treated like a perfect lady.

He clenched his teeth then and mumbled something to himself about never working up the nerve to do it again, and then he got to his feet and began to brush off his clothes. I couldn't see him very plain but there was enough light to tell that he was built like a gentleman though looking a little underfed. He was less than medium size and, on a rough guess, didn't seem more than twenty-five. His hair was all dark ringlets, and his face was thin and fine like a lady's, and when he turned it sideways it looked very genteel like the side-face of a Lord or a Prince in the movies.

I haven't any children of my own, never having been married, but I thought to myself as the two of us stood there—any woman would be proud to have him for a son even though he does talk like a sailor fresh from a ship.

"Well, what do you expect to do about it?" he says to me, looking me hard in the eye as if I had committed a crime.

"I have already done it," I says, "though there was surely nothing expected about it."

He rubs his knee which seems to have been bruised pretty bad and then he gives me that hard look in the eye again and says,

"Do you realize what a terrific thing you've done?"

I just stare at him amazed, so he goes on.

"You've taken a liberty that the Lord Almighty Himself would have hesitated at. But for you I would now be floating in watery peace and oblivion. But *you!* You have hurled me back bodily into a life which is hell to me—a world which I loathe

and abominate," and he goes on at this rate, finally ending up with those words which he says slow and solemn, the way people do when they put a curse on you—

"Very well! Now that you've taken my destiny in your hands you'll have to finish the job. From this day on you are responsible for me. You will have to give me food, clothing and shelter for the rest of my natural life. My act has absolved me from any duty toward myself, and *yours* has bound you to my support and guardianship forever."

I stood there quiet for a minute because a speech like that shocked me more than I can say. Two cars went roaring over the bridge but the sound seemed far off as if I was somewhere else. I looked at the young man and saw that he was rubbing his knee again and was shivering all over. My common sense came up then and I told him to put on his coat and follow me. It just dawned on me that maybe being in the condition he was he might have been talking out of his head, and that anyhow it was my duty to fix up his knee and put him to bed for the night. Because after all I had given him a considerable jar throwing him down on the bridge that way.

When we got in the street car with the bright lights shining on us, I could see that he was very pale and hollow looking and that his eyes were deep back in his head. Also that he was still shaking all over. He kept one hand over his knee and I noticed it was long and fair like the hands on statues. Having lost his hat and being so pitiful looking, people stared at him a good deal and we both sat quiet and still, I wondering how I was going to get the boy into the house without attracting too much notice. It was around ten o'clock and some of my young people might still be sitting on the front stoop when we got there.

Then I was thinking too that there wasn't a vacant room in the house.

I'd either have to give him my room and move into a little storeroom where I kept a cot, or put him in the parlor for the night. I decided right, there on the parlor because it was a really elegant room, and I figured it would cheer him up and make him forget some of his troubles. I had an old-time sofa in there which let down at the head and had nice comfortable springs, and I could fix it with clean sheets because the linen had just come in that morning.

So that was all settled by the time we got to the front door. Thank goodness! There was nobody on the stoop and I hurried the boy in so fast that I guess he wondered about it. There was a dim light in the hall but no sign of anybody stirring.

The folding doors into the parlor, because of not being opened much, are usually stuck, and I thought that night I'd never pull them apart, but at last one of them jolted loose with a loud scraping noise that was enough to rouse the house. I shoved the boy into the room, jamming the door to after me and latching it before I dared light the gas. Then I grasped around in my handbag for matches and lit two burners on the chandelier. It's a magnificent chandelier and I've always thought it set off the parlor more than anything else. It's gilded all over—a little dusky by now but still brighter than most, and it has more carvings and decorating on it than you can imagine, looking exactly like the curly icing on the top of an elegant wedding cake, only more tasty through being gold colored.

I turned on the young man, wanting to see what effect the room would have on him, but I saw at once it was too soon to expect him to take any interest in such things. He had sank down on the sofa and was holding his head in both hands looking at the floor. Several ringlets were straggling out between his pale fingers and he looked real pretty sitting there, but too pitiful for words.

S. S.—Feb.—6

"Could I maybe bring you a little food?" I says to him.

He shuddered and made a sign the way you do when you can't stand the mention of anything, and I thought well, the best thing to do was to get him right to bed. So after unlocking the door and looking out very cautious, I hurried upstairs to get the bed clothes. I met little Carrie Miller, a young stenographer of much promise and one of my favorites, coming out of the bathroom. She nodded very sweet and usual just as though nothing strange was going on in the house, and I didn't stop to talk, being afraid she'd notice that there was a new look on my face.

While I was fixing the sofa and putting the sheets on, my new lodger was sitting slouched over the edge of a chair looking sad and vacant.

"You didn't tell me your name," I says to him, hoping to stop him from whatever he was thinking.

He gave a start as if I had just come into the room and says, after a little,

"Oh it doesn't matter! Call me anything you like. I'd rather forget my name and everything connected with it. You might just call me a number."

"A number!" says I, letting the sheet fall and staring at him.

"Yes. Let's see—Thirteen; that would do all right. Suppose you just call me 13."

I put my lips firm together and looked at him a little stern. I've never cared for novelties. They always upset me; but he looked so like a little boy sitting there so pale and weak that I didn't have the heart to cross him.

So I says, "All right, Mr. 13," just as if it was as regular as Smith, "all right. Now you just undress yourself and then I'll come back and see about putting a poultice on your knee."

"Oh, no," he says, "thank you, but it's only a slight bruise. Don't worry any more. I'll go right to bed."

So I went out after leaving a suit of pink and white striped flannel pajamas for him, which would be warm but which was as appropriate as anything I could find; they having accidentally been left by a young gentleman who had given up his room last month and forgot to take them.

II

WELL, that night was a sleepless one for me. Between worrying about Mr. 13 and wondering what I was going to do with him and hoping the other roomers wouldn't find out about him and a lot of other things, I didn't close my eyes till nearly morning, and then I overslept, which is so rare for me that I couldn't believe my clock, the hands being at eight sharp.

My young people had all gone out to work by then, so I put on my wrapper and hurried downstairs to unlock the parlor door and see about Mr. 13. I had thought it advisable to lock him in because there's no telling what these suicidal people won't be up to.

I rapped on the door and there being no answer I looked in. He was lying there so still and white that I hurried in and touched one of his cheeks to see if he was alive. The dreadful thought had struck me that he might have turned on the gas and finished himself that way, but when I touched him he gave a little moan and rolled his head over on the pillow. And then he said something in his sleep, all of which I could hear being—"but of course the sayzan is more compelling."

I wrote this down for future reference, thinking it might give me some clue or something, but to this day I haven't found out what a sayzan is, nobody seeming to have any knowledge about it whatever, except that it must be some Greek word which is now extinct.

Looking at Mr. 13 lying there, I

thought he looked more and more like a little boy, his ringlets falling over the pillow very graceful and his long eyelashes curling up at the ends and very black. He had that innocent look of children even in spite of his hollow cheeks.

I thought the thing to do was to let him go on sleeping till I had cleaned the house and changed the beds, it being Saturday, and then to cook him some nice hot food. So I locked the door again and went about my work, thinking all the time over what I would say to my young people about Mr. 13. I had been brought up to consider suicide was a disgrace, and my mind was made up to lie right along about how he came to be in the house.

I had to do my marketing and get a plumber for the pipe in the bathroom which was leaking, and attend to some other little things that needed my attention before I got back to Mr. 13.

It was then nearly eleven o'clock though I found him still in bed and staring at the ceiling. It was not until I had put down the tray on which I had fixed two fried eggs and ham and rolls and oatmeal and coffee in my best tea pot that I noticed something strange about the room. I was glad to see Mr. 13 sitting up and looking at the food with such real hunger that it was a few minutes before I could have told what had happened.

Now as I mentioned previous to this, I am very proud of my parlor. It is a large room with a handsome green and brown and red flowered carpet, green wall paper trimmed with gold figures in regular rows, and a fireplace with lovely carving all around it. The radiator works pretty well, so I always keep the fireplace full of pampas grass which has been prepared so it will last a lifetime without changing.

In one corner is a large square piano which don't work any more but which makes a wonderful stand for

photographs and little odds and ends like sea shells and other souvenirs. And in another corner near one of the windows I keep the goldfish. I have ten of them and a magnificent large globe that shows them off fine. My furniture is mostly red plush and very select and I have pictures everywhere and some beautiful statues. There is one of a dog begging for a bone, and a large one which is a bust of a very genteel lady with curly hair and a wide lace bonnet with a high crown and plumes, and there's two of a shepherd and shepherdess with places in the back of them for matches, and then there's the one without any clothes on except a garland of flowers. I had always had an uncomfortable feeling about this statue but I kept it out because it had been handed down to my mother by my grandmother and I always say that anything my grandmother could stand I surely can. Then, too, I believe in being broad.

But as I looked around my parlor I decided maybe I was wrong because what had Mr. 13 gone and done but covered up the lady with the garland by putting a table cover over her.

Now if that had been all I could have understood it right away, but he hadn't stopped there. He had covered up all the other statuary too, some with sofa pillows and others with his clothes and even some of the pictures were turned to the wall.

"Poor boy," I thought to myself, "he's not in his right mind. What a pity and so pretty too!" and then having heard somewhere that insane people must be humored, I figured out it would be better not to appear to notice anything was wrong.

I sat down by the sofa and watched him eat his breakfast, which it was a pleasure to see him enjoy even though he didn't quite finish it. For suddenly he says to me, putting the tray on the floor and drawing the sheet around him—"Please give me a paper and pencil."

Having got this, not being surprised at anything now, I was about to take the tray away, when he says, "No, no! Stay just as you were. Sit down. I want to make a sketch of you."

"A sketch?" says I, settling back in my chair.

"Yes," says he, "I want to draw a picture of you," and before I can say another word he begins making lines on the paper with little quick looks at me in between.

"Oh! So you're an artist!" says I, getting very interested, though wishing at the same time I had put on my best clothes so as to appear better in the picture.

It was a surprise to think anybody would want to draw me, because I haven't any striking features. I am middle aged and my hair is a sort of peculiar green color due to its starting to turn gray and not finishing. My face is naturally heavy and I'm getting fat very fast. But then as I've oft heard, there's no accounting for taste.

Well, the time slipped by and I forgot it was Saturday which is the day when most of my young people come home at one o'clock during the summer months.

First, Mr. Snivers came in. He sells cloaks and suits in a large clothing house and is a good, energetic young man with a nice disposition and swell manners. Seeing the parlor door open he comes in and there he stands stock still in the middle of the floor with his mouth hanging ajar. I have to smile because I know just how he feels at such a sight, but then I'm uneasy too, wondering if I'll be able to lie straight, having had so little practice.

"Mr. Snivers," says I, "meet Mr. 13, which is his stage name, and a nice one too I think."

Mr. 13 nods without taking time to look at Mr. Snivers, and the latter is too flabbergasted to say anything either.

"Sit down and make yourself com-

fortable," says I, waving to a chair but not daring to move my head. And he sits down, still not saying anything. Now Mr. Snivers had been living in my house for three solid years, and up to that time every day in those three years had been just like all the other days.

Now without a grain of warning he comes in and finds me sitting stiff and straight, having my picture drawn by a pretty though crazy young man who is still in bed in spite of its being one o'clock. And in the parlor too!

"Well," says I, trying to talk out of the side of my mouth so it won't spoil the picture, "Mr. 13 is an old friend of my deceased mother's—I mean a friend of my deceased mother's son—who is, of course, my brother."

I made a slip the very first thing, but I think I covered it up very neat.

However, I had got the attention of Mr. 13 who held his pencil aside and gave me an unintelligent look with both his eyebrows up.

I winked at him very hard to keep him quiet and he seemed to know what I meant right away. He went on drawing, though I could feel him listening steadily, too.

"Now my brother sent Mr. 13 to my house to stay while he was getting over a spell of typhoid fever."

"Typhoid?" asked Mr. 13, barely audible, so Mr. Snivers couldn't hear.

"A very bad spell of typhoid fever," says I again firmly, looking Mr. 13 square in the face.

"Oh," says Mr. Snivers, pulling himself together. "Now that's really too bad! Where did you contract typhoid fever, Mr. 13?"

Mr. 13 answered up nobly.

"Why, one gets that sort of thing in Panama," says he, looking at me to see if that was all right, which I thought it was.

And then I heard another key in the front door and little Carrie Miller came into the hall. I knew by her step it was her.

"Come here, dearie," I called out, "and meet Mr. 13, who has just come from Panama to get over a spell of typhoid fever which is still very bad. He'll surely want to draw you because he's a real artist and likes pretty faces. And, dearie, please close the parlor door, because I don't think there ought to be a draught on Mr. 13."

At that, the supposed invalid looked up at me as if he appreciated the way I was handling things, and he didn't pay much attention to Carrie, though I could see she was very taken with him in spite of being too bewildered to say anything.

I noticed Mr. Snivers looking at the covered-over statues and figured it was necessary to do some more lying. I know now that it's a thing that grows on a person—lying, I mean. I says slowly and distinctly—

"You are noticing the statuary being covered up, Mr. Snivers. That's because a plasterer is coming to fix the ceiling and I find they never fail to splash things up."

I was surprised to feel considerable pleasure in what I had invented, sinful as it was, and hoped they wouldn't look at the ceiling which was really in good shape.

Mr. 13 smiled at me from back of his long eyelashes as if lying was a great gift of nature, and I had said something grand. It was the first time he had smiled and it brightened his face up considerable and made him a good sight to see.

Then he said the picture was finished, which was fortunate, my neck having got cramped being so immovable; so I took the paper from him and looked at it, while Carrie and Mr. Snivers bent over my shoulder. It was me and it wasn't me. I looked a little frowsy, I thought, and a few pounds too stout, but he had got my mouth perfect and anybody could have told who it was meant for.

After that Mr. 13 said he was tired and would try to sleep a little more, so we all went and left him to himself.

III

WELL, the next few weeks my house was the most changed place you ever saw. Where everything before had been running smooth and perfect and regular, everything now was turned around and disjointed and without any system at all. It's unbelievable what one artist can do to a household, specially he not being in his right mind.

What with my trying to think up excuses for him and his typhoid fever and answering all the other questions that were put to me about his peculiar ways, and keeping him well fed, etc., my hands were full.

But there was more to it than that. He sat up burning the parlor gas and drawing queer pictures, some of them without any sense at all, for half the night, and then nothing could make him get out of bed before eleven or twelve in the morning. I tried to appeal to his pride about it, but he didn't seem to have any. He'd look up at me with those dark fringed eyes of his and smile, and the minute he did that, I'd wilt right down and smile back at him. When he did get up he'd stay such a long time in the bathroom that I'd be all on edge thinking he was drowning himself in the bathtub.

Then there was the question of his clothes. Having only the one set which was pretty shabby, I had to make him some underclothes and buy socks for him. He didn't go out much, so I figured his suit and shoes would last a little longer.

Often I said to him,

"Now, Mr. 13, this is getting serious. I can't afford to go on keeping you like this, buying food for you and allowing you to have the parlor and everything. I just can't do it! And you living in such laziness!"

And every time he would say,

"I told you what you had got yourself into. This is the penalty you are paying for your rash act on

the Bridge. The affair is your own doing."

Well, several months went on in this way, and the girls all began falling in love with Mr. 13, trifling as he was. Little Carrie Miller had worshiped him from the moment she laid eyes on him, but the others took longer to warm up, seeing he was pretty distant himself.

First, Miss Pimmington, who teaches Domestic Science in the public school, began talking about his glorious eyes and how proud she was over living in the house with a real artist; and then Inez Waller, who has been with me some time and who is a saleslady at Hearn's, got stuck on him and lost her head complete.

In the second floor front I had a Miss Callahan, who had only been stopping with me about six months. I remember I was a little dubious about taking her in when she first came, she being one of these bold-faced brunette types with big rolling eyes and long earrings. Also wearing a curl pasted against the middle of her forehead very flat as if it was painted on, and the rest of her hair puffed out so far on the sides that it looked outrageous. She had good letters of recommendation though, and I thought after all a person can't judge altogether by the outside these days, so I took a chance.

She was studying dressmaking with a stylish concern that copies French models direct from Paris, and I thought it might have influenced her to some extent. I never did like her much, somehow, always expecting trouble from her, but she settled down very quiet and went and came regular about her work like the rest.

Mr. Snivers took a shine to her right off and took the photo of his last young lady friend out of a silver frame which he keeps on his dresser to put Miss Callahan in. Then Mr. Mushton begun to prick up and make eyes at her too. Mr. Mushton is a pale blond young man, very plump

and having pure white eyelashes, but being very moral. He does typewriting for some people who handle stocks and bonds and the like, and while he don't seem to have as much energy as Mr. Snivers, he's all right, being the sort that sends money home to his mother every month, and writing her long letters in between.

Now soon after I took Mr. 13 in, Miss Callahan begun to fluff her hair out wider than ever on the sides and to make advances to him about drawing her picture, which I could see was a fictitious excuse to make friends with him.

The three of us was sitting out on the stoop one evening, I always trying to encourage Mr. 13 to take the air whenever I could. He was still frail, being of that nature, but his face had filled out wonderful and he looked more like a hero in the movies than in the beginning. Also he was real cheerful, showing no signs of wanting to do away with himself though still being peculiar.

As I said, the three of us was sitting on the stoop and Miss Callahan was saying,

"I think art is just grand, Mr. 13, I don't see why you never want to talk about it."

He gives his shoulders a little hitch the way he has a habit of doing and looks sort of helpless.

"Why don't you like to talk about art, Mr. 13?" she keeps on.

"Maybe it's because I don't know enough about it," he says.

I got that remark, but Miss Callahan must have missed it for she goes right on.

"Last Sunday," says she, "I went up to the Museum of Metropolitan Art and saw some fine pictures. There's one of a lot of horses going to a fair—the one painted by Miss Bonheur, which you probably know. It's great!"

"Why?" asks Mr. 13, very unexpected.

Miss Callahan throws her head back and laughs fit to kill, rolling her

eyes around at Mr. 13 something awful.

"Oh, Mr. 13," she says, "you're so funny! Don't everybody say it's a great picture? And isn't it the biggest one in the room? You *are* funny!"

Well, after staying on the subject of art for a while and seeing Mr. 13 don't offer to draw her, she puts the question straight to him.

"Oh, Mr. 13, won't you please make a picture of me this evening?"

And he not having the heart to refuse her, goes into the parlor and she with him.

I go upstairs and about an hour later I hear Miss Callahan come running up to her room and slam the door. And then I hear Mr. 13 going out. He wasn't much on going out in the daytime but he loved to wander about the streets after dark, which I was used to by this time. I went right down to look at the picture, being curious to see what it was like. He had left the gas burning full force as usual and there was the picture lying out on the table, which was in the middle of the floor, he having changed the furniture all around and completely spoiled the looks of the room. You couldn't have told it was ever a parlor, there being pictures and books and papers scattered over everything; and ashes everywhere, because of his steady cigarette smoking.

The picture of Miss Callahan was awful. It looked like the wrath of God, there being no nose on the face and everything else made in points and funny angles like building blocks for children. The hair being puffed way out on the sides, and the earrings was what made me recognize it. He had colored it up a little with some blue and red pencils as if he was trying to do his best too.

Well, who should come in at that minute but Mr. Snivers and Mr. Mushton. When they saw the drawing and I told them it was a picture of Miss Callahan, they both got as

mad as wet hens. Mr. Snivers, having more energy, exploded first.

"The scoundrel!" says he, "I've never liked him from the beginning! Think of it! The impudence of it! Taking a beautiful girl like Miss Callahan and making her look like this!" and he snatches the paper and holds it out from him looking at it as if it was a wriggling serpent trying to bite him.

"It's an outrage!" puts in Mr. Mushton, "I can't believe it! Look at that chin!"

"Chin!" screams Mr. Snivers. "Look at *everything*! Your Mr. 13 ought to be strung up!" and he looks at me, very angry. "This is too much, Miss Pollock, and I for one say if you don't get rid of this villain *tonight*, I'll leave myself. *Tonight*, do you hear that?"

I was at a loss what to say. I knew these two men were terrible jealous of Mr. 13, because they had hinted as much before, saying he took up too much time in the bathroom, and that it was too bad not to be able to use the parlor and a lot of other things. But I hadn't thought it would come to this, and Mr. Snivers with his nice manners too.

And on top of that, Miss Callahan who had come halfway down the steps, says with her eyes flashing,

"And Miss Pollock, if you don't turn that creature out, I'll leave too. I wouldn't stay in the same house with him another night for the world!"

"Neither would I," says Mr. Mushton, and he and Mr. Snivers joined Miss Callahan on the steps.

IV

I SLID the folding doors shut and paced up and down the parlor floor wondering how it would all end. Something had to be done right away. I couldn't sit silent without raising a hand and see three of my best paying boarders leave at one stroke. My house was my sole means of support

and I being a maiden lady had to think of the future.

Looking at the picture of Miss Callahan again (which really was fierce) I reflected that Mr. 13 had also lowered the standard of my entire household. My young people all got up later now, which they'd never have thought of but for his heathenish influence, and having less time to dress, they left their rooms mostly in a terrible condition with clothes strewn all over and twice as much work for me to do.

Walking up and down the floor that night, I began making a long list in my mind of the awful things Mr. 13 was responsible for, direct and indirect, and before I got through, I had worked myself up to quite a pitch. All around the parlor I kept finding new records of his deviltry. He had not only thrown my elegant sea shells in the fireplace, where I found them concealed back of the pampas grass, but he had also made immodest sketches of undressed ladies all over the back and inside pages of my family album which I prized so much. Then I found two new holes burned in the carpet from his cigarette smoking and ink spilled all over my brown velvet table cover. On top of my having to support him and everything, these new things was too much, and I began getting hotter and hotter, till finally the last straw came, the way it always does when things began to pile up like that.

Two of my other roomers, young men who I haven't had occasion to mention previous to this, came bursting into the parlor.

"Where's the picture?" they says, grabbing it off the table at the same time, and I can see plain that they've been talking to Mr. Snivers and Mushton and Miss Callahan. One of them puts his hand over his mouth and starts to laugh when he sees the picture, but the elder, Mr. Parkmore, frowns him down, and says,

"Mr. Snivers is right. I've never

seen anything so rotten. Artists are bad enough, at the best, but this guy, Number 13, is the worst excuse I ever hope to see. I've said so from the first. Now with all due respect to you, Miss Pollock, I can't stay in your house any longer if you keep this gink. I just told Miss Callahan I wouldn't and I mean it."

"I can't either, Miss Pollock," says the younger, who is always a perfect echo of Mr. Parkmore.

"Well," says I, being worked up to the highest pitch by now. "I'll see what can be done," and I march straight upstairs and get my hat, my mind being now made up beyond any doubt. I sit, hat on, waiting impatient on the stoop till Mr. 13 comes back from his walk. Pretty soon, seeing him coming down the street, I go to meet him and take him by the arm very determined and set.

Says I, "Come along. I want you to go somewhere with me."

He looked surprised but followed me and we got on a street car together. He didn't know where I was taking him till we got off at Brooklyn Bridge and then he turned pale and says to me,

"Why did you come here?"

"I'll tell you soon," says I, keeping a firm upper lip, and he followed me without a word till we got to the middle of the bridge.

"Now," says I, taking all my strength in my hands, "I'm about to undo my crime. I want you to climb up on that rail and jump straight into the water as was your original intention."

He was quiet a long spell as if stunned and then he gave me a reproachful look from his elegant eyes.

"Oh!" he says, "You! To do this! How can you? Besides, it would be impossible to drown myself in cold blood. I have lost the impulse."

That one look out of his eyes made me a slave at his feet again, but I was so full of tears that I couldn't speak just at once. I took out my pocket handkerchief and wiped my wet cheeks and then I looked up to find he was gone. I saw him hurrying off down the bridge and tried to run after him, but my legs wouldn't work.

"Mr. 13! Mr. 13!" cries I with sobs shaking me all over, but he walks right on into the night without once looking back. And I've never seen him again to this day.



NOTHING is more wearying than a supremely dull woman with the possible exception of a supremely witty one.



SURELY love is deaf. The prettiest speech ever devised will not atone for a thoughtless act.



WOMEN admire a man for his greatness; women adore a man for his gentleness.



The Catechism

By Parkhurst Whitney

I

THE young of the village were trained carefully for the great battle with the demon rum which was to result years later in his defeat by Constitutional amendment. The Loyal Temperance Legion met every Saturday afternoon during the winter, thereby interfering seriously with such important matters as skating, coasting, and those persistently unsuccessful ventures into the woods to see if a fast-moving rabbit could be laid low with a shot from a twenty-two calibre revolver. The good sisters who led the cold-water crusade didn't realize apparently, how much they hurt their high cause by placing it in competition with such dangerous rivals. A small boy could have told them, but it was not his habit to volunteer information to his elders; he had long since learned by bitter experience that the race of elders was without compassionate understanding.

The fact was, the temperance meeting was pretty much like school; and anything resembling school on a day sacred to play was likely to stir up deep and subtle resentments. Preparations for the session were as much to be dreaded as the session itself. Good old clothes had to be removed. Ears had to be scrubbed. Fingernails were ravished with a painful file. Rubbers had to be put on, because the shoes were Sunday best. The ripe, red scarf knit by gran'ma was replaced by a black satin muffler.

A round black hat replaced the tobogganer's gay stocking.

Thus funereally outfitted, a small boy marched down River Street to sit quietly for a precious hour in the Juvenile room at the Y. M. C. A. It was a sad rite, and fell like a black shadow across an otherwise sunny winter's day.

While the event bore some resemblance to school, it at least called for no great mental effort. A small boy was supposed to be familiar with the information in the Temperance Catechism prepared by the Rev. Edgar T. Bunn, but he was not required to memorize anything. So that when the high-bosomed Mrs. Jacob Moss took up her position on the platform, adjusted her nose glasses, cleared her throat thoroughly, and inquired: "How is alcohol produced?" a small boy could simply open his catechism and reply: "By fermentation."

If Mrs. Moss persisted in her inquiry, he could tell her that fermentation could be brought about by a proper mixture of fruit, water and yeast; that the consequences of such a mixture would be a moderately intoxicating drink, which could be made even more potent by a process known as distillation. He was even prepared to describe distillation, for the Rev. Bunn had been thorough to the point of illustrating his text with a picture of a still.

The Temperance Catechism was at once a tribute to the painstaking methods of the Rev. Bunn and a

revelation of his positive nature. It was full of questions, but for every one of them there was a ready answer. Let Mrs. Moss ask what she would; with the help of the Rev. Bunn, a small boy was never stumped.

"Who," Mrs. Moss might ask, "is most likely to become pious—the drinker or the abstainer?"

"The abstainer," it was perfectly easy to respond.

"Who will be the greater comfort to his parents—the drinker or the abstainer?"

"The abstainer."

"Who can contribute most to Missionary, Tract and Bible Societies—the drinker or the abstainer?"

"The abstainer."

"And what is the effect of alcohol upon the human body?"

"It weakens the muscles, injures the nerves, inflames the stomach, retards the digestion, diseases the liver, affects the brain, exhausts the strength and shortens life."

Clearly, there was an air of finality about that summary; and as the demon rum expired under those smashing blows, the victory was celebrated with song which the thoughtful Rev. Bunn had provided for just such an emergency. Miss Angelica Tuttle seated herself at the square piano, stroked the yellow keys, bobbed her head and struck into:

We're marching to the field of strife,
To give the dying drunkard life;
Let temp'rance then forever reign,
And never let us drink again.
What, never drink again?
No, never drink again.
What, never drink again?
No, never drink again.

A small boy took part in the figurative cheering with an enthusiasm that was not entirely inspired by the victory. The call for music was a sign that the meeting would soon be over; and, after the last promise never to drink again, there was a general

grabbing at hats and scraping of chairs. The attempt to get away at this time was never successful, but with the eternal hopefulness of mankind a small boy's companions never ceased to try. Instinctively they were united in feeling that the demon rum had been sufficiently man-handled for the time, and that here on this note of song was the moment of climax.

Mrs. Moss, however, didn't seem to understand dramatic values. No doubt she had the highest admiration for the Rev. Bunn's attention to detail; what she didn't seem to realize was that her supplements weakened the good man's effects.

"Now children—"

Her deep voice rumbled up through the iron-clad stays that with difficulty held her generous figure in check.

"Now, children, let us be patient a few moments longer. Don't scrape the chairs on the floor, and take your catechisms with you when you go. I think it would be real nice if you would study the catechisms during the week, and I hope you will take to heart all that you have learned to-day about the iniquitous habit of drinking, and I hope all the little boys and girls here will never, no never, touch the vile fluid. Never take even the first drink of wine, for when little boys and girls learn to love wine it is only a little while before they are to be found in the fashionable bars drinking whiskey punch and brandy and soon they will be dying in the gutter. I hope no little boys and girls of the Loyal Temperance Legion will ever die in the gutter and I think before we go we will have one more song about the dreadful fate of Harry Porter if Miss Angelica will favor us at the piano."

It appeared that Miss Angelica would be glad to favor; and so in the gathering dusk, too late for skating or coasting, shrill voices piped the

undoubtedly dreadful fate of poor Harry:

It was just a year ago since that honest
Harry Porter,
Who was just as nice a fellow as you'd
ever chance to see;
First began to like the taste of that horrid
fire water,
And to think 'twas fine and jolly to be
often on a spree.

Cho: No, no, no, never, never, never,
Will I bind myself to chains
So difficult to sever,
Once the evil is begun;
Ah, then who can bid it stop?
And all the danger lies
In taking just one drop.

Oh, then greater grew his thirst, and much
weaker grew poor Harry;
So the wine cup was his ruin, quick and
easy was his fall;
And the man who once in halls of both
wealth and grace might tarry,
Now lies often in the gutter and is not a
man at all.

One more chorus, firmly denying
any intention of following Harry—
and then, with the poor fellow's fate
clearly pictured in his mind, a small
boy could hurry home.

II

Reviewing his evil life, as he frequently did, a small boy could not in decency say that the cause of his downfall was to be found anywhere but within himself. Only a persistent devil of weakness could bring him to drink when so many powerful outside influences worked to keep him dry.

There was his militant gran'ma, the very incarnation of the crusading spirit that finally wrote a prohibition amendment into the Constitution. There were such terrible examples of the demon's work as Jerry Mahoney, who going home in his cups one night, fell from the railroad culvert and lay until morning half submerged in Bent's Creek; a small boy saw him bobbing about forever after, a twisted gargoyle of a man, and knew that rum had done it. There were the pledges that he signed upon

innumerable occasions. Always, of course, there were the Rev. Edgar T. Bunn, Mrs. Jacob Moss, the Loyal Temperance Legion and the Temperance Catechism.

Yet no one of these nor all of these could prevail when the Emmett boys came along with a jug of ale filched from their father's keg.

They appeared one summer afternoon on the slope of the hill south of the railroad track, tugging at something that was obviously heavy, though its identity was concealed in the tall grass. Farther up the slope, in the shade of a clump of trees, a small boy and his companions watched the Emmetts approach and speculated as to the nature of the thing that they were bringing to the rendezvous.

The jug was discovered simultaneously as the undergrowth fell away to knee length.

"Cider, I betcha," said one of the watchers.

"Hard cider, then. Betcha dassent drink any."

"Dast too."

One of those peculiar controversies that pursue affirmation and negation into infinity was cut short by the arrival of the puffing Emmetts, and a two-gallon jug stoppered with a corn cob.

"Lo," said the Emmetts.

"Lo," said a small boy and his companions.

Simple greetings having been exchanged, an inquiry as to the contents of the jug was immediately started.

"Whatcha got in the jug?"

"Betcha can't guess."

"Cider?"

"Naw."

"Buttermilk?"

"Naw."

"Lemonade?"

The Emmetts made it evident that such guesses were only worthy of childish minds, but they were clearly pleased that the mystery had not been solved.

"Give up?" Willie Emmett, the elder, inquired.

It was agreed.

"Ale," said the Emmetts in unison.

A moment of awed silence followed that pregnant announcement. As for a small boy, something inside of him dropped and rose again. Little shivers and vague apprehensions afflicted him. He was face to face with the enemy.

A sibilant, "Gosh, honest?" broke the silence.

"Honest," said Willie Emmett.

"Ain't it ale, Jamie?"

Jamie Emmett agreed that it was indeed ale, and went on to explain how the absence of Mrs. George Emmett, his mother, had enabled the two boys to tamper with Mr. George Emmett's private stock with ease and in perfect safety.

"Betcha pa'll tan you when he finds out," some pessimist observed.

Willie Emmett snorted scornfully.

"Huh! Guess he won't. Pa's in the coop. That's where ma is now, tryin' to get him out. Ain't pa in the coop, Jamie?"

This, a small boy felt, was putting frills on thrills. It appeared that, the day being hot, Mr. George Emmett had not gone to his customary job at the machine shop; instead he had betaken himself to the cellar and had spent the morning there, communing with his keg of ale. Nothing had been heard from him until the middle of the day, when the outside cellar doors suddenly split asunder and Mr. Emmett emerged into the brilliant sunshine.

The sharp change from a cool to a rather unusually warm climate had seemed to alter Mr. Emmett's nature. The hot, vertical rays of the sun seemed to curdle his juices; and with that strange perversity which causes men and women to hurt most whom they love best, Mr. Emmett had turned upon his consort.

"Gosh, you oughta see ma's eye," said Willie Emmett. "But ma fixed him, didn't she fix him, Jamie? She

took an' got the hatchet an' I guess she'd pretty near cut pa's head off if he hadn't run. Ma chased him right up into town, an' then she went an' got the constable an' had pa put in the coop."

Here, at a critical time, was a true story of the evil effects of alcohol. It had the marks of the classic. It was worthy of a place in the Rev. Bunn's Temperance Catechism. A small boy should have regarded it as a providential omen—but he didn't.

He took the first drop.

Jamie Emmett removed the corn cob stopper, and one by one a small boy's companions approached and looked into the dark hole. A few inches down something caught and reflected the light of the summer day; something that jiggled, just as water would have jiggled, when the jug was moved. Yet it was not at all like water, for in the cool, moist odor that arose through the neck of the jug was a pungent quality. In after years, whenever swing doors fanned the air of a barroom, a small boy was always reminded of a two-gallon jug surrounded by a group of sniffing, excited boys. The smell was like that.

"Who's gonta try some?" Willie Emmett asked finally. "Betcha dassent try it," he threw out a general challenge.

"Betcha dassent either."

Willie Emmett was indignant.

"Who me? I dassent taste it? Why, I tasted it already, didn't I taste it already, Jamie? I tasted it when I was fillin' the jug, didn't I taste it when I was fillin' the jug, Jamie?"

Jamie supported his brother's statements without reservation.

"Well, then," said a hitherto dumb small boy, "if Willie tastes it first again, I'll taste it second."

It was the word that had been awaited. Volunteers quickly offered themselves for succeeding places in the line, and the great and wicked experiment was carried out.

A small boy found an excuse to go

home shortly afterward. If his feet were uncertain it was not due to the demon rum; he had been so unsteady with excitement that only a few drops trickled into his mouth.

Ominous thoughts raced through his mind as he waded through the tall grass in the direction of the railroad tracks. He had broken with the Rev. Bunn, with Mrs. Moss, with his militant gran'ma—he had broken with the only world that he knew. He had taken the first step toward the gutter, but he was not thinking so much of the future as that he could never return to the past.

His lips had touched liquor.

The work of a few minutes had brought to naught a whole winter's study of the evils of drink!

Why couldn't the Temperance Catechism help him?

III

THE world didn't change much, but that very likely was because the world didn't know what had happened. If the world—if his militant gran'ma in particular—had learned what had transpired on that hill south of the railroad tracks, a small boy might have witnessed some exceedingly unpleasant changes.

The secret was well kept by all those boys who had stepped off on the path to the gutter; no one of them openly defied the world, and a small boy even lived much the same sort of life that had been his before his fall.

Some time passed before he took the second step toward ruin; before he got as far as the fashionable bars, he devoted a second winter to the alcoholic course offered by the Loyal Temperance Legion. He was introduced by his gran'ma to the monthly meetings of the W. C. T. U., and heard Judge Beam tell, with many whistlings, how the village was just one unit in the grand army of temperance.

He saw the forces of evil win one

of their infrequent victories in the village. The Commercial House bar was opened and refurnished after long disuse. Empty half-pint bottles, suitable for many purposes, could be found with pleasant regularity along the walks and roads of the township. In the early evening, if a small boy and his companions took up a position in the maple tree near the bar-room window they could see for themselves the famous institution that the Rev. Bunn had so carefully described for them. They could see the alluring picture of Violet, the brass rail, the shining pumps, the glittering glasses and mirrors. They could watch Luke Potter, the bartender, serving whiskey punch, mopping the counter, interceding in arguments that promised to have interesting developments. Once in a while, Luke's attempts to arbitrate didn't succeed; those were great occasions.

After two years, the forces of righteousness triumphed again. A small boy wasn't as happy as his gran'ma when the bar closed; but sinner though he was, neither was he greatly disappointed. The villager was swinish in his cups.

All these things which should have made him increasingly pious and abstemious came to pass; and yet they checked him not at all. When the time came, he took his second step with very little hesitation.

He was not so small when it happened. He had arrived at that period of luxuriant growth when he always looked indecently exposed. He was out of his clothes in all directions; not only that, but there were occasions, over which he had no control, when his voice came forth in a manish rumble. The situation was considered serious enough for a family conference, out of which came a decision for long pants.

As one thing leads to another, so did long pants help to precipitate the next encounter with the demon rum. It may be that the world saw through

the extra length of trousers to the gangling legs of a still small boy; but the boy himself felt that the garments fittingly expressed the maturity of him who wore them. One other person, it proved, seemed to hold the same opinion; this was Mr. Thomas Costigan, proprietor of Tom's Place at Middletown.

The wicked element of the village was only slightly inconvenienced by the closing of the Commercial House bar. Ten minutes away by train was Middletown, a very sink of iniquity with more saloons than the village had churches. If a gentleman of the village wished, he could leave home at 6:32 or 8:18 in the evening and slake his thirst until the 10:29 whistled for Middletown station. Many gentlemen of the village did adopt that pleasant custom, and eventually a small boy in long pants followed them.

A Saturday night came when he loitered toward the center of the village with fifty cents in his pocket and high, though rather uncertain, hopes of adventure. He always set out in such fashion on summer Saturday nights; invariably he spent the evening milling about in the crowd around the band stand and went home at half past nine, first having invested five cents in a bag of popcorn and five more in a glass of chocolate ice cream soda.

Though he was hoping, as usual, for more violent experiences, it was likely that this evening would have come to the same end if he had not met Carl Foster.

Carl was a city fellow. He had come to the village to visit his uncle, and it was soon known among country boys that Carl had sampled life and liquor. He didn't know quite as much about liquor as the Rev. Bunn. In technical knowledge of fermentation and distillation he was not so learned as a small boy, but he had a good working knowledge and he peddled his information cheerfully. A small boy was drawn to him; a

cheerful sinner was a rare animal in his world.

"Lo," said Carl, "where you goin'?"

A small boy outlined the probable course, based on past events.

"Aw . . ." Carl indicated that the prospect didn't please him. "Lissen, I'll tell you sumpn, I'll tell you what le's do. Le's take the 8:18 to Middletown."

"Say, gosh!"

The astute Carl took swift advantage of the stunning effect of his proposal.

"C'mon. Lissen, we can take the 8:18 and have a lot o' fun and be back home a little after hafpas' ten. Anybody can stay out till hafpas' ten on Sat'day night, an' we'll have a lot more fun n' if we stay round this dead 'ole town."

IV

A SMALL boy stepped off the train at Middletown, but not with the abandon which should have characterized one who had craved adventure for so many Saturday nights. Here at last was the adventure; and yet, while he would not have drawn back, it was not entirely a pleasure to go forward.

"Lissen," said Carl, "I'll tell you what le's do, le's take a walk down this street."

As it was the only street leading away from the station, the proposal was accepted. They walked along, and took account of finances. Carl, it appeared, had no less a sum than two dollars; but a small boy had only forty cents, for ten cents had gone for railroad fare. It was agreed that this was hardly enough to fortify a gentleman for an evening of pleasure, and Carl was willing to loan enough money to make the sum a dollar. It was significant of a small boy's state of mind that he accepted the staggering loan without a question.

Their steps took them into Main Street, Middletown. It was not greatly

different from the principal street of the village, but it was suggestive of far more mysterious possibilities. All these stores, very much like the stores at home, and yet unfamiliar; all these people, very much like people at home, and yet no familiar faces. A small boy began to feel a little of that spirit of recklessness which compensates for the enforced business trips of older men. Here in Middletown he was unknown—here there was hardly a chance that he would be seen by the Rev. Bunn or Mrs. Moss or his militant gran'ma.

The mood grew upon him so quickly that he was not at all surprised by Carl's next suggestion.

"Lissen, I'll tell you what le's do, le's have a drink."

"Where?" a small boy wanted to know.

"Why anywheres, I guess we can go into any saloon we want to."

"Well . . . you try it first."

"Course I'll go first, but there's no fun goin' alone," said Carl. "I ain't afraid to walk in first, but you got to come right along with me. It wouldn't be any fun to go in alone."

The place selected was the Middletown Hotel bar, with a convenient and unostentatious entrance in an alley off Main Street. A small boy went right along with Carl, as stipulated, but he saw that Carl was first to enter, also as stipulated. As the shuttered half doors pushed forward, a familiar odor came to his nose and he was transported back to a hillside where a group of boys stood around a jug. The next instant the vision was gone, blown away by a roaring voice.

"Hey, what you kids doin' in here? Get outa here! Quick!"

A small boy found himself outside so quickly that he would have to depend upon the Rev. Bunn for a general description of that barroom. He was only aware of a tremendous black-haired man, with drooping mustache, unfriendly eyes and the

most commanding voice he had ever heard.

"Well, I guess we ain't big enough yet," a small boy observed when they had gained the safety of Main Street.

"I guess we are big enough," said Carl. "I guess that fellow was just mad about sumpn."

Nevertheless Carl, the wise city fellow, didn't propose another attempt immediately. They walked twice the length of Main Street; invested in pop corn and soda; looked shyly at passing girls, and finally at ten o'clock found themselves in front of the steadily swinging doors of Tom's Place.

"Le's try it," Carl suggested.

"I jus' as soon."

It was fated; why not get it over with?

V

MR. COSTIGAN is long in his grave; his ancient trade is disestablished throughout the land; probably a pimply, slick-haired youth now prepares the banana split where once Mr. Costigan dispensed rum and wise, compact observations. Righteousness, no doubt, has prevailed; yet it always seemed to a small boy and the man into which he merged that Mr. Costigan understood the business of living a little better than those who hated him and the goods he sold. The Rev. Bunn's solid facts were not easy to refute; the gutter, the grave and the prison yawned for the wine bibber. He could promise progress and piety to the abstainer; but Mr. Costigan could promise balm to the troubled spirit.

Mr. Costigan saw that life was not all a matter of progress and piety; sometimes it was a tragic business, and occasionally man must escape from its harsh and painful outlines. Once in a while he must look at it through glasses colored by drinks of sufficient alcoholic content.

So believing, the wicked Mr. Costigan was tolerant and kindly. Believ-

ing otherwise, his righteous enemies were bigoted and violent. The Rev. Bunn and a small boy's militant gran'ma would gladly have entertained Mr. Costigan at a lynching party; but Mr. Costigan would have offered Tom's Place to the W.C.T.U. as a meeting house.

Perhaps it was that quality of tolerance that caused Mr. Costigan to welcome his two young visitors; though at the time a small boy was inclined to attribute his friendly reception entirely to the long pants.

Mr. Costigan didn't bellow at them; instead he blotted up some small pools of liquid on that portion of the bar in front of them; removed two soiled glasses, and addressed to them that historic phrase:

"What'll it be, gents?"

Gents!

"Uh, I'll have a glass o' port wine," said the practiced gent from the city.

"Uh, so'll I," said the other gent.

Mr. Costigan set two small goblets in front of them; produced a dark bottle from some place under the bar and poured out a rich, red liquid.

"Twenty cents, gents."

A small boy laid the sum on the bar, lifted his glass and tasted cautiously. It was sort of sweet. It was good. A small doubt of the Rev. Bunn crept into his mind to stay; the Temperance Catechism had said that alcohol was nasty.

"Say!" he exclaimed.

"Pretty good stuff," said Carl.

"You bet."

With an assumption of ease which he didn't entirely feel, a small boy regarded the smoky room. At his right were hulking men from the farm, draining great sudsy glasses with silent intensity. Somewhere along the rail there was a good deal of talking, but the subject of the discussion was hidden under volleys of "sezzi" and "sezze." It was more interesting to watch Mr. Costigan moving swiftly with three glasses in

one hand and bar mop in the other. Unassisted, he was soothing the troubled spirits of a score of patrons; he had little time to join the general conversation, but it was plain that his occasional "this is on the house, gents" was a witty and popular saying.

Well, a small boy reflected, here he was at the fashionable bar, strictly according to prophecy.

He continued to sip his port wine cheerfully until twenty-five minutes past ten, at which time he remembered that the last train had to leave Middletown at 10:18 to arrive home at 10:29.

VI

AFTER an eternity of walking, two tired, dusty, frightened young men of the world saw a yellow light shining from an upper window of Rufus Ballou's house and realized that they were nearing the village. The flight that night along dark country roads always ranked in a small boy's memory with the epic retreats of history. In one respect he considered it superior to all others; for while the retreat from Moscow was in the direction of safety, the retirement from Middletown was in the direction of danger.

At the home base there awaited a firm, suspicious gran'ma. How explain to her?

He turned that problem over and over, while his feet pounded and his heart kept time, and his eyes strained ahead for the first sign of the outlying houses of the village.

"When do you s'pose we'll get home?" Carl asked.

"I dunno," said a small boy. "Le's dog trot a little."

There was some satisfaction in the thought that he was now the acknowledged leader of the party. Carl might know the ways of the city, but a small boy knew the country roads and his thin legs could travel them. Yes, there was a little satisfaction in that thought, but not

enough to obliterate the fear of facing his militant gran'ma.

Getting home at all hours, and prob'ly smelling of liquor! A fine situation for a member of the Loyal Temperance Legion.

They crossed the village line and at the corner of Main Street and Lazenbee Avenue, he said good night hurriedly to Carl. His legs barely slackened their pace; somehow he no longer felt drawn to that fellow.

The scuffing of his shoes along the board walks was the only sound that disturbed the midnight peace. Gone was the band; gone were the Saturday night traders and their buggies hitched in front of the stores. All good people in bed—all but a desperate young wine bibber and his militant gran'ma. How long it seemed since he had started out with fifty cents in his pocket and high hopes of adventure.

He'd had adventure, right enough. More ahead of him, too.

Well, it had to be faced.

The desperate mood helped him in the approaching crisis. So long a time had his energies been bent on bridging the distance between Middletown and home that he had become a creature of a fixed idea. Reason was no longer working in him; he was animated by instinct and he had become irresistible. He wouldn't and couldn't explain. He wanted only the protection of his own bedroom, and he would go there by the shortest possible route. He would break through his gran'ma's verbal offensive with a rush that would overwhelm her.

He burst into the sitting room of the white house on River Street at the same gait that had carried him so swiftly over the long black country roads. He avoided the big rocking chair, the center table—and his gran'ma's eyes.

"The idea! . . . It's most twelve o'clock. . . . Where *have* you been?"

S. S.—Feb.—7

His own eyes were fixed on a straight black strand in the pattern of the rag carpet. If he followed it swiftly he would soon be on the stairs.

"Oh, I got to talking with some of the boys and we forgot about ever'-thing."

His hand was on the stair door. In another instant it had closed behind him.

In three bounds he was at the top and in his room. He held his breath while gran'ma came slowly up behind him. When her footsteps passed his door, he sank back on his cot bed and sighed.

That was over! Until Sunday morning, anyway.

He fell asleep trying to separate conflicting thoughts.

On the one hand there was an undeniable satisfaction, now that the ordeal had been passed, in a great adventure, boldly conceived and boldly executed. On the other hand, why did he pursue his evil ways when he knew so well that the gutter waited?

Why was it that the Temperance Catechism couldn't help him?

VII

A SMALL boy had to wait years for the answer to that question. He had to pursue his evil ways to many fashionable bars and to experiments with many varieties of whiskey punch and brandy. He had to come, slightly worn, down to the year 1920, some months after his native land had been made safe for such as he.

In that year, rummaging among some childhood effects he would come upon a faded booklet on whose title page he could make out the words "Temperance Catechism by the Rev. Edgar T. Bunn." A flood of ancient memories would engulf him then, and he would idly turn the pages, thinking more of the long gone past they evoked than of the text they carried.

In that mood he would inattentively read: "if yeast be added to fruit and water a great change will take place in the nature of the mixture . . . it will intoxicate . . . the alcohol can be taken away by distillation . . . put the fermented mass into a large copper vessel called a still . . . the pipe which is fixed to the still is called a worm . . .

the alcohol goes through the worm in the form of steam . . . it is condensed and drips from the end into a cask provided for that purpose. . . ."

Only gradually would it come to him that an old, old question had been answered. Now, if he so desired, the Temperance Catechism could help him.



Great Ones in Gold and Purple

By A. Newberry Choyce

GREAT ones in gold and purple
Have gone along this way;
Princes and princesses
With trumpets and display.

And beggars who had only
The sun's bright golden bars,
And purple roofs at night-time
Set with the silver stars.

And long ago, O Lady!
Where yonder blackthorn stands,
Two proud young solemn lovers
Would hold each other's hands.

If you should see her, tell her. . . .
Lady! my tale is o'er.
The princes and princesses
In purple come no more.



THE minister always smiles. He knows that one and possibly both of the parties will come back.



SOME seeds fall on stony ground. Some kisses fall on overdrawn bank accounts.



The Battle-Fields

By Paul Tanaquil

I

OF course, they had to go and visit the battle-fields; that was inevitable. Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy realized that her voyage to Europe would be quite wasted if she failed to view the ground upon which the most cataclysmic horrors of history took place.

It was all very sad, yes, it was tragic: all of the wastage of youth, so many splendid young lives! But then it had been done for the good of the world. If the war had not been fought, Mr. Harding would not be President of the United States to-day. To be sure, she did not have anything against Mr. Wilson, personally, save that all her firm friends called him a rogue, and assured her that Mr. Harding was the finest representative America has had since Mr. Roosevelt died.

But things were going better since the war was over; things always do work out for the best. Deep down in her heart Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy was convinced that the war had turned out to be an excellent thing. Who would have said in 1913, for example, that Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy would be giving a large dinner-party at the Ritz in Paris, a party which numbered among its guests a marquis, two countesses, two literary personages and a financial magnate? (The other guests were just folks from home whom Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy had met in hotel lobbies and elsewhere and to whom she was demonstrating that in Europe she was somebody that mattered.) She did not know

that the Marquis was a Papal creature, that the two countesses were so merely in their own right. One had lived for a long time with a Cossack prince and on his death she had adopted one of his minor titles; the other had made it her business to present dazzling young Parisian actresses to rich South-Americans who thereupon betokened an extraordinary interest in Art and were willing to be angel for a show in which the beautiful young things took the town by storm. But even when they failed to get so far as the stage, this lady always managed to put something in the bank. So that, when she retired, she really thought she deserved some sort of recognition. She had lived in the Rue des Vignes so she called herself the Comtesse des Vignens. Anyhow, far back in her childhood in the little inn at Le-Treport, she remembered her mother suggested that she had in her veins better blood than that of her father. Some years ago there had stopped in the village an Italian nobleman. . . .

The literary personages were so only in her estimation. Mallory Frere was modest enough, God knows! Just a little slim book of correct lyrics and a story here and there in a magazine; and his friend Ronald Holliday had merely reviewed a few books for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. But Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy had read none of the poems nor the four reviews. Still, even if she had, she would have continued in her belief. At least until she did meet somebody whose stories she could read in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Then she would flatter them

and laugh at them behind their backs. There was, however, one genuine figure: Stanley Lipschitz, the millionaire.

Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy had been in Paris a year. Dutifully she had been dragged around the Louvre, which reminded her of the "Follies." Later, both Louvre and "Follies" were eclipsed by the show at the Concert Mayol. She had done the Luxembourg and Notre-Dame. The latter she found no finer, indeed, than the Cathedral in New York City; but everybody raved over it and she herself too was immensely attracted (all the more so because she was somewhat shocked) by the quaint gargoyles. After *that* was over—one passed the Arc de Triomphe on one's way to the Bois, and the Madeleine and the Concorde were in full sight from the window of one's modiste—having seen all the historic, edifying and tedious spots of interest in the capital, Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy heaved a deep sigh of relief, loosed her stays and looked up in the advertisements of the *New York Herald* the names of places where the smart people of Paris went for their enjoyment. Followed parties with various young American youths who were friends of the Misses Betty and Dolly Gilfillan-Hardy. A melancholy round, but Dolly and Betty seemed to get a kick out of it and who was she to assert that the pleasures of gay life were not all that they were said to be.

So it went on: Ciro's and Langer's and the Caveau du Palais-Royal. Theatres, too, where she laughed because others did, but grew more and more bored by the songs she could not understand. At any rate, it was doing her good. She had lost several pounds and only the day before, one of the assistant vultures at her modiste's had told her she was looking quite stately.

This kind of life lasted uninterruptedly for several months. Friends of Betty's and Dolly's always made

it their business to present friends of their own just before they left; and then there were constantly people with letters of introduction from school-mates of Betty's and college-mates of Dolly's. This college business of Dolly's had gone very well, now that it was over. Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy had been afraid that by going to the University of California—a State University and therefore a little common, and co-educational, too, and out there where all the movie scandals took place!—that in some way they might, as a family, be losing caste. Still, Mallory Frere had taught there and he was a writer and, further, he had a brother in the diplomatic service. That might lead to things: a presentation at court, even. Her photograph in *Town and Country*. Dolly marrying an Earl. Columns in the Sunday supplements. The ability to drop in for tea at Buckingham Palace sometimes and to bring a friend or two and always be sure of a welcome. Then, too, Betty might possibly make a match of it with rich Stanley Lipschitz, so that everything would, as usual, be found to have turned out for the best.

It happened one morning that while Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy was at the desk asking for her mail, the portier began a conversation. She told him that she had seen practically all there was to see in Paris.

"But madame has not seen the battle-fields!" he said.

Of course, thought Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy, she must see them. The portier went on to tell her that everybody did it.

"People come from Australia, China, America just to see them, Madame. And then doubtless madame has had the sorrow of somebody in her own family . . . she would surely want to identify the grave?"

Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy offered no indication on that score though it must be said that, for a moment, she enjoyed the interest that would attach itself to a mourner. Who was the

sad figure in mythology? Ah, yes: Niobe . . . weeping!

The portier grew more and more interested in the scheme.

"Madame can take *ces demoiselles* and some friends for two days or so; they must see it thoroughly. We will have one of the Rolls-Royces of the Hotel make a special trip . . . it would be so interesting. Any time. . . ."

The notion penetrated under the surface of Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy's well-powdered skin. It dwelt there awhile, gathering force. What was necessary was some occasion suitable to bring it to a head; then she would spring it! Then again, it would do the girls so much good. Especially Dolly, who had an irritating inclination to laugh at what Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy considered beautiful sentiments.

Dolly must be watched. Not that she didn't know how to take care of herself, but she was of the same flesh and blood as her mother and so beneath all this parade of the smart young emancipated girl of today there was the heart of gold of a Gilfillan-Hardy.

She hoped devoutly that Dolly didn't take young Mallory Frere too seriously. He was young, clever but poor and he had his way to make in the world. Dolly must do better. Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy had long ago decided that her elder daughter must marry a member of the nobility, preferably an Englishman. She loved the way they spoke! As for Betty, it did not matter so much. She was prettier and slighter than Dolly; she had a better disposition and followed her mother's advice implicitly. If it were not for Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy, dear Betty would be quite helpless. It was somewhat of a nuisance that Dolly should be so independent. Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy would not speak to her daughter about Frere; to cross her or to show any predisposition against him would be fatal. . . .

II

DINNER at the Ritz. Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy hoped that things were going well; they ought to be, for she had had a long interview with the maitre-d'hotel. A lot of people dining tonight; was there anybody she knew? Ah, yes! beyond the man over there, who looked like a Frenchman, was Mrs. Falls from Dubuque, with her friends, the Danvers, from Des Moines. Just a curt nod would be enough; she was dining with the aristocracy and Mrs. Falls was a little bit common. A nice woman, but she had no advantages. So!

Now some waiter was showing her the fish. She wondered if she dare look dissatisfied and have them take it back. Once at the Ritz in New York she had seen a famous actor do that. Well, perhaps not! Sometime when she was dining alone with the girls she would do it. She looked down. The fish was gone.

They were talking rather loudly at the end of the table. The Frere boy had whispered something in Dolly's ear and she was laughing. Just a little too loud, though. She must mention that to her tomorrow. She hoped Frere wasn't giving Dolly too much to drink.

Betty and old Lipschitz were getting on famously. Betty might really do worse than marry all those millions. Not that they needed money, but it never hurts. They might even try Newport if the thing came off.

The Countess Korkoloff was sulking. She must speak to her. Dresses, hats, the play. No, she had not been to Marigny. Unless you understand them, those reviews are coarse. We have the same thing in America, you know, and even a little better.

The reviewer now. He was asking her. . . . No, she had not read the novel he mentioned. Pornography? Well, she never read scientific books much. Betty would know. And suddenly Frere was laughing uncontrol-

lably. Was it at her? Almost she mistrusted him.

The Countess des Vignes was talking to Frere in French now. For the first time Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy regretted not having studied more assiduously. She could have practised with the stewardess on board. She caught one word: "*louftingue*." Funny word, slang perhaps. She must look it up in the dictionary. But most of the words she caught clearly, and those Frere even spelled for her, were not to be found in the dictionary. At least, not in her pocket-dictionary. He had laughed, when she told him that, and assured her she must consult the greater ones. And when she had failed, he said that the word was a new one and the Academy had not got around to incorporate it in the language.

Funny people the French: an academy sitting over a dictionary all their lives. Why not just accept everything and if people didn't like hard words they needn't use them. She would like to meet an academician; they must be tall and thin and greying at the temples like the good-looking portier at the hotel. Yes, she would love to go to the races at Auteuil. The Countess was awfully sweet to be inviting them. The Countess began on a story, her English almost as bad as Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy's French. She must see how Dolly . . . Frere was talking to her. She listened. Tea . . . yes . . . at five. Dolly must send a *petit-bleu*. Any day. What was a *petit-blue*? And where was Frere asking her to go? Lipschitz now; he was wishing they were all on the boat again. Frere was agreeing that, compared with life on a transatlantic steamer, Paris was dull; and his friend winked. Or perhaps his eye was weak. These literary people led very fast lives. . . .

But it was rather wonderful, after all. Thirty years ago, Jasper Gilfillan-Hardy had opened his store in Chicago; five years after that he had proposed to her. They had been

married in June and three years later Dolly was born. By then Jasper had done very well; his business had increased to an unheard-of degree in Chicago and he had been able to open up branch establishments in Milwaukee, Saint Louis and Minneapolis. Three years after he had discovered Gilfillan's Baking Process and they had been in clover.

Poor Jasper! He had only had time to complain of the bills for Dolly's early schooling and Betty's kindergarten when he died. Then had followed two years in California with Dolly and Betty at the Bishop's School in La Jolla. It was in Coronado that she met Frere. Incidentally, by then she had changed her name. She was in no way ashamed of the Baking Process association, but her own name was Hardy and she had no brothers. She wanted the name to continue; they had been honest tradesmen in Saint Louis, just as good as the Chicago Gilfillans. Besides, she had heard of several well-known families doing the same thing. Gilfillan-Hardy had a fine, round sound to it; so Gilfillan-Hardy was what she became three weeks after the death of her husband. Frere had asked her was she English? And in the joy of the compliment she had not even paused to ask herself whether he were in earnest.

Still, he had been very nice then, and ever since. He looked out for Dolly when she came to the University of California and introduced her to several very nice people; nor was it long before she had attained the dignity of being invited to join the best sorority on the campus. And after Miss Devereaux had assured Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy that there was no room in her school, it was through a letter from Mallory Frere that finally the superior educatrice had consented to admit Betty to the pleasurable refinement vouchsafed by the company of the swagger Middle-Western sub-debs that gathered under her wing in New York.

Frere had been very good to Dolly in San Francisco; he had trotted her out to the Palace, to Tait's at the Beach and to the Little Club. Finally, somehow, they had met on the boat, Frere having resigned from the Faculty of the University to accept a fellowship for study in Paris. Yes, he was nice, but he must be kept in his place. Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy felt toward him all the reluctant admiration for the superiority in intelligence and manners that the successful lower-middle class nouveau-riche feels toward the better newly poor and at the same time all the smug superiority that frames a large bank-account.

Then she thought of Jasper. What would he think? Would he approve of Frere? But further: would he approve of her? Here? At the Ritz? All this money? She laughed giddily.

The Marquis de la Cerette, who until then had spoken no single word, turned to her.

"Très amusant, Madame!"

She smirked,

" . . . et le poisson est cuit on ne peut mieux!"

His mouth was full, but she knew he was talking about the fish.

"Oui . . . oui . . ." she murmured with a large gesture.

Suddenly a man passed on his way to a table behind theirs. There was a long scar across his face.

"Prover om!" sighed Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy.

(Under his breath Mallory Frere told Dolly of the circumstance. The man was a dissolute British banker who kept afoul of England. He had been stabbed by a disreputable and notorious woman in Paris six years before.)

"Poor man!" whispered Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy, faintly annoyed that nobody answered her when she spoke in French. "What a hideous disfigurement! He is probably a French officer who got it in the war!"

Dolly looked away, the Countesses glanced at each other in a manner

free of all expression, the Marquis smiled guilefully and Mallory Frere shrugged his shoulders. Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy looked around the table at her guests.

"Dolly," she said, "Betty!"

Silence. Expectancy.

"To-morrow we shall go and visit the battle-fields!"

III

THEY were on their way at nine o'clock the following morning.

Mallory's annoyance at being one of the party was due, he knew, to several different happenings. To begin with it always was a damn nuisance to have to get up in time to go from downtown as early as nine. To arrange everything and get over to the other side of the river by Métro necessitated his getting up at seven. He usually did that twice a year and it irritated him. Further, Dolly's refusal to join them and the obvious insincerity of the headache she pleaded forced him to ask the same old foolish question of himself: When women lie, why in God's name can't they do it intelligently?

For the first time in his life, after having known Dolly for over six years, he realized that he was very much interested in her. Out in California, she had been amusing. He had been superior but not patronizing; she had made him feel somewhat like an elder brother. Then, she was better-looking than any of her sisters of the Sorority and boasted the only slim ankles of the lot. On the boat he had enjoyed her company and here in Paris she had been a good little sport to bang around the place with.

No, it was not because of her that he was annoyed. Betty was prettier. His other friends were worldlier or more alert. He was put out because he had had to get up so early in the morning and because the ordeal of three days of the unadulterated society of Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy and her associ-

often complain of headache?). Oh, this was wonderful. . . .

At last they reached the goal of their journey. All ill-humor had vanished from Mallory. He was interested now in Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy as a specimen of a class. Like this woman there were a hundred, a thousand, more, even. What was the population of the Great Republic? The percentage of Gilfillan-Hardys in it must be huge.

Well, here she was, come to gloat over the battle-fields. He was not bitter, himself; all that was over. He reasoned quite impersonally. Why did I go in the war? Because I wanted to find something new, because I was on the experimental, wishing for experience. Also I was on the point of flunking out of college. Again, I knew I would be admired for being among the very first to go. Again, I wondered what I would look like in a uniform and I imagined myself dancing with some gal, somebody who preferably had never been anything but very indifferent to my charms and who now was making amends, by hating herself and loving me. Again because I wanted to see my grandmother who lives in Nice. Then, possibly this is the leading cause, because I was too little of an individual; mobs of Gilfillan-Hardys (they're many of them pretty and clever and estimable and excellent people!) had made me believe against all my better judgment that every German was a beast, that my country was menaced and that my honor was at stake. A band playing . . . the Colors ahead . . . the blare of bugle and the rattle of rifles and the beating of drums. Pooh! What did I find? That any large mob of men is reasonless, hysterical and beastly. That the individuals composing it were really rather decent. That I had not cured a single German of his supposed brutality, that there could not have been any menace to my country because it would still exist and now we were in peace times; and finally as for my

honor . . . in that *gallère* . . . ! As a matter of fact I looked like hell in khaki, and, not being an officer, I didn't dance with the cuties I had unconsciously thought of. But I did see my grandmother. And my lungs are in bad shape.

Mallory tried to tell something of this to Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy, although it was quite useless. She could not see any reason why he should be anything but proud and grateful for the opportunity that had been given him. She could not grasp the fact that the sole safety brought to democracy was the lowering of the value of franc, mark or lira. What was in him merely a tremendous absence of feeling, she interpreted as a symptom of hostility and discontent; because he was immensely wearied by what the people as a whole ever did, she considered him what she called a socialist, a bolshevik, a man that aimed at her sacred institutions and wanted syndicalism, anarchy, whatever the words were that represented what threatened her sovereignty.

"It's just a nightmare of yours, dear boy! See, we'll leave Betty and . . . er . . . Stanley together and you and I shall walk around here together. You will look again on all this and, if you will allow me (I'm just an old lady and I'll talk to you like your mother!) I'll prove to you how wrong you are!"

VI

THE proof.

Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy is standing against a heap of wreckage that has been piled up especially for people like herself to lean against; from it they get a splendid view of the countryside. Roofless houses . . . charred stone . . . barbed wire, piles and piles of it. It being a bleak morning, Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy draws a not unimportant "atmosphere" from her theatrical *décor*.

So.

"War!" shudders Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy, trembling from shoulder to abdomen, "war is a terrible thing! I need not tell you, dear boy, you know

it better than I do, although perhaps I can get a more objectively impartial outlook upon it. Not that we didn't do our bit; Betty and I bought Liberty Bonds and knitted and did all that poor women can do! But I realize what you went through—what with those frightful railways and the cooties and so much drunkenness in the Army! And this . . . (*a wave of one fat hand embracing and thereby possessing the horizon; a pause for breath and a little sniff*). Billy Wundermaster told Betty some of his experiences during the terrible years. . . . (*Wundermaster, Second Lieutenant, Quartermaster Corps, stationed in Paris!*) . . . those terrible years in this wretched country! (*Mallory suddenly saw as in a vision all the factors of high civilization that had gone to make what she called a wretched country.*) You must never forget one thing, Mallory, and that is: we did not want to fight! We were forced into the thing and we entered freely and generously. (*The draft*) The Huns behaved like beasts—(*Hard-Boiled Smith, the Le Mans jail, Debs*)—and worse than beasts because brutally they followed out the intellectual orders of men like Nietzsche! We had to do it, Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, all our great men were of that same unflinching pursuit of honor. We fought so that these Frenchmen could be free and happy, so that you and I could travel the high seas with a United States passport in our pockets and a clear conscience. We did for the French and the Italians and the Belgians what we did for the slaves during the Civil War. It was a crusade!"

Mallory gave a wan smile.

She bristled: "That's not my phrase either: I heard it in a sermon at Saint Bartholomew's the day after Mrs. Linn got the 'flu, three years ago or more!"

"You poor boys! My blood boils when I think of the Kaiser marrying again. Oh, I hope he's unhappy, the dog!"

Mallory gazed blankly at his toes, then at her feet, and then, because

there was nothing much else to do he looked at his watch.

"But it's all over and done with now!" resumed Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy. "Our great American, Mr. Harding, has read the heart of his people and we'll never have anything more to do with European affairs unless it's to safeguard our honor . . . or the interests of our citizens! No, sir—never again will we mix up in that kind of mess! We did our duty, thank God, though it was sad and tragic. I told you about the bonds. Well, besides all that, Betty was out to dances and bazaars for the benefit of the soldiers and she carried cake once a week to the hospital and several times we took some officers out to tea. I remember one Frenchman—or was it a Pole?—who got intoxicated in my house and who scratched up a fine mahogany *escritoire* with his spurs! And one day Mrs. Piper sent twenty Czecho-Slovaks to my house on Long Island: we were sweet to them, gave them tea and let them amuse themselves on our lawn and they went and dirtied our carpet with their great, muddy boots. But I didn't mind that and I told them so, because it was all in a good cause. So you can imagine how I feel, standing here to-day—(*a dab at the eyes with a diminutive, heavily scented handkerchief*) where this terrible . . . thing . . . and . . . (*sniff, bubble, sniff*) . . . oh. . . ."

Climax, finale, apotheosis. Rhetoric lust fulfilled, sentimental baggage unloaded, the superb woman came to the end of her long oration. And as Mallory turned aside, he noticed that Lipschitz was standing behind them, his face alight with the excitement communicated to him by Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy. Were they all mad—this grotesque, minor-volcano of a tearful creature and this shining, monstrously dull man?

"I didn't want to interrupt you, I was so interested," said the financier, "but something important has happened. A telegram for Frere. They sent it from the hotel by motor-cycle and

there's a side-car if Frere has to return!"

Mallory reached for it and blessed his sense of Providence: how farseeing of him to have told them at the hotel that if anything important came for him to send somebody after him! Oh, it was a masterstroke! If he could hire a car, then he could get to Paris early in the afternoon. Superb!

Now that he knew he was going, he felt toward Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy a positive warmth of affection. And Lipschitz was a Gabriel, an Hermes.

"I don't suppose they had any trouble finding us," he said.

Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy caught the compliment and smiled.

"Why, Frere," said the messenger of the Gods, "you haven't read the message yet!"

Mallory felt his cheeks reddening. "No, I'm superstitious. I have a terrible presentiment!"

Lipschitz suggested that he read it for him. Confused, Mallory let him.

As the financier's hand reached over for it, a terrible fear ran through Mallory. What if Dolly just said something silly and signed her own name? what if in some incredible, ironic way it were all a mistake and the telegram were not for him? Oh, the suspense was terrible! What was Lipschitz doing? What words was the bouncer framing with his lips? Why didn't he speak?

And then, in a hushed voice, Lipschitz said: "I'm so sorry and I do hope it's nothing too awfully serious!" and Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy assured him he might go if it were vital, that he mustn't think of standing on ceremony with them, that the motor-cycle was there.

Mallory read the telegram aloud:

Come At Once Need You Badly, Very Important Aunt Kate.

VII

A HIRED Renault. Mallory drove himself, next to a chauffeur who was alternately admiring his speed and

trembling at his recklessness. Milestones flashed by and were lost. The wind stung their faces. Villagers cursed them, though the only thing they ran over was a rooster. They reached Paris at two-thirty.

Mallory went to his rooms in the Rue Servandoni and washed up and changed. At half-past three he was at the hotel.

"*Mademoiselle Gil-fi-lanne attend monsieur. Si monsieur veut bien se donner la peine de passer à l'ascenseur. . . .?*"

The little gray apartment facing the Tuilleries.

"I say, Dolly, thanks, you're a wonder, I was never so grateful to a soul, you cannot imagine. . . . Where the devil are you?"

"Dolly's voice, laughing, next door: "Come in, your Aunt Kate's here and there's a fire."

She was reclining on a chaise-longue, a Recamier by Whistler. But no—something somewhere of Watteau-Fragonard, too, by George! Oh, it was silly to think of someone in terms of painters. She was Dolly—*voilà tout!*

Fur lining at the bottom and at the sleeves and neck of the long thin kind of *déshabillé* jigger she wore; fur over the bare white arm as her hand came out in welcome. Silver tea-things on the tabouret at her side over which almost he stumbled.

Tea, cream, sugar, cake, passing things to her and balancing things on his knee and lighting his cigarette and hers—all mechanical, as in a dream. The telephone rang and neither paid the least attention.

Then nothing more to bother about. The tea drunk and put away, a syphon and a bottle at his elbow. He sat back and told her the whole story. She could not be a Gilfillan-Hardy, even though her mother . . . no, it was all an accident, she was somebody else. He felt the reaction from the long, mad drive; the stimulus from the whiskey, running through his veins. Even if she were a Gilfillan-Hardy, when he told her the thing, that small vestige that was in her

would be dispelled, like snow by sunlight. A trite figure but never mind!

Her eyes—why hadn't he ever noticed before that they were violet and not blue. Or could she have had something done to them with—what was it?—belladonna? kohl? some stuff. . . . An expression in them lured him and refreshed him like a cool wave—another silly figure!—and yet he was annoyed, too. There was in her a vast tenderness, for the fulfilment of hunger, hers and his. But also a mockery below it all.

She must have cool lips, this girl, and hands that bore peace, and there in the angle of her arm was a place for an immensely tired man to lay his head. Sentimental? sloopy? All right: that's what we all are, really, when a woman's concerned in circumstances such as these. Rest was what he wanted—and words, the silly, soft, adorable words of women.

"Will you marry me, Dolly?" he asked stupidly.

Dolly considered him a second and laughed, but he was pleased to find a little bitterness in her voice. Then she spoke.

"Mr. Mallory Frere, the well-known young educator and minor poet and feminine psychologist! . . ."

What could he do? Bow—sheepishly. Like an ass on a stage. She laughed again.

"You've sat here an hour insulting my people and everything that I come from. Logically, theoretically, you're right. I agree with all you say. That's mother's tragedy and not mine; she can bear it, too. But this—cr—proposal! I can't get over it: it's priceless. After all the rot I've heard you talk about women and worse, the rot I've read in those psychological stories you pique yourself on writing under pseudonyms! Ha!"

"I really don't see . . ." protested Mallory.

"It *has* got a lot to do with it. Remember I've watched you for several years!"

He smiled.

"That's nothing," she said almost

fiercely, "every girl watches a man. I've seen you perform in all your various poses and I pride myself on knowing men far better than you do women. And today, because you've been bored to extinction and because nobody's run after you and because I'm here, suddenly. . . . Why I'm what you've called a rat—a rat of the one-night stands! But—don't interrupt, it's damn rude—you're tired and you've had several drinks and this *intime* place has gone to your head, so you notice for the first time I've rather good eyes and a nice skin and . . . Pooh! Don't collect rats, old dear; nobody ever knew what actually happened to the Pied Piper!"

Mallory felt a bit of a cad and a lot of a fool. And then—in a flash came an inspiration—magnificent!

"You won't marry me, then, I take it?"

She shook her head.

Humbly, quite simply, he looked her frankly in the face:

"Won't you love me?" he asked.

VIII

"PERHAPS I'll consider marrying you after all!" said Dolly an hour and a half later, as they sat together in the cold *salon*. The telephone rang for the third time that afternoon. Mallory rose to answer. It was Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy; she had tried to get them three times so they must just have come in. Yes, she was in town at Cartier's. She would be there immediately. Something exciting had happened; no, they must be patient. In five minutes. The invasion occurred to the second.

"Darling Dolly, kiss your mother! And Mallory, I must have a kiss from you!" Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy, coy to the last, aggressive and bubbling over with excitement.

Dolly guessed: "Betty engaged?"

"No, I am," called Lipschitz from the door, your mother has consented . . ." and then Betty was interrupting him, telling them how all along she had been in the financier's confidence.

"I was just securing the support of the Allies . . ." said Lipschitz.

"And we've just come from Cartier's, Dolly! Look at the ring Stanley's given me!"

Admiration and again mutual congratulation. Handshaking and kissing. Gasps of surprise, becoming less and less genuine; gasps of wonder heightened by reflection; gasps of triumph.

"We all thought Stanley loved Betty!" giggled Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy, as she gazed at her daughter through theatrical tears.

"I do!" protested the future stepfather.

Mallory saw Lipschitz suddenly as Dolly's father, too. His gaze met Dolly's and each discovered that the other had been of the same mind. Dolly blushed crimson.

Mrs. Gilfillan spoke in a voice which united the sentimental awe of a fifteen-year old after her first kiss and the positive pride born of mature reflection and boundless wisdom.

"Out on the field of battle," she whispered with a soft creak, "out on

the field of battle, we two have found an arena of Love!"

Tableau.

IX

AFTER supper at Langer's. Three A. M.

"Now we must all go to Montmartre!" cried the indefatigable fiancée.

They finished their glasses, prepared to rise.

"Mother," whispered Dolly to Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy, "Mallory Frere proposed to me this afternoon!"

Frown; a pucker of flesh over the smooth forehead. Query in the little pig-eyes:

???

"No, dear," Dolly reassured her.

"Well, well," breathed Mrs. Gilfillan-Hardy, "all things in life do turn out for the best!"

She smiled at Frere, affectionately almost.

"You must bring your brother to tea some time," she said in a friendly voice, "Dolly and Betty are simply crazy to meet a real diplomat."



Effect

By John Torcross

THE curtain rose and the première danseuse tripped mincingly down to the footlights.

The stage manager chewed his cigar and uttered a coarse oath.

A stock-broker in D-7 began to scribble a note.

Two ushers yawned.

A Princeton sophomore in the balcony applauded violently.

The husband of the dancer grabbed his hat and disappeared through Exit 4.



A Gold-Digger's Social Register

By Charles G. Shaw

HARRY: Angular and pale. Usually wears a cinnamon-colored fedora. Will at first suggest going to the movies, but after a few shots of synthetic juniper juice buys front row seats for the latest musical show from the speculators. Don't call him at home. Office number: Liberty 3303.

Joe: Bald as an egg but still out for a time. Not what he was thirty years ago. Has a barrel of jack which he throws around when in the right mood. Swallows his false teeth when he gets excited. Avoids draughts and women over thirty. Generous if you treat him right. A good kid. Phone: Knickerbocker 0271.

Howard: A broiler. Gets allowance on the fifteenth of the month. Lots of fun until the twentieth. A divine dancer but not much at ordering dinner. Resembles his father in economy. Invariably proposes after 2 A. M. Phone: Downhampton 29.

Sidney: Club Royal, Club de Montmartre, Little Club. Has apartment with roof-garden and fountain in West Fifties. Also a yellow dressing-gown. Smokes Melachrino No. 4 and reads *La Vie Parisienne* between 6 and 6:30 P. M. In early stages of evening says taxi-cabs are extravagant but ends by driving home in a chartered Rolls. Will promise anything. Park 9934.

Montgomery: Nothing to look at but a big heart. A different man after his third cocktail. Admires old songs and always sends flowers when he is well tanked. Pretends he can tell your fortune by reading your palm, which gives him a thrill. Forgetful about his cheque book but usually has plenty of cash. Phone: Ambassador 4995.

Gerald: Medium height and middle-aged. Buys well the first three times. After that goes easy. An investor, not a speculator. Tells you all about Amalgamated Almonds Preferred. Carries a flask and wears rubber heels. Always speaks French to the headwaiter who invariably answers him in English. Fond of celery and fox-trotting. Weekend address: Arrowhead Inn.

Raymond: Fair and florid. Old enough to know better. Smokes long and bad cigars. Tells you his wife doesn't understand him. Alludes vaguely to Cartier's, Tiffany's, and Driecer's. Don't keep him up too late. A good bet but must be played carefully. A big operator on a small scale. Phone: Gotham 3708.

Roger: Chiefly interested in oil lands and brunettes. Arrives in town full of old wheezes and bootleg Scotch. A good spender but unreliable. Apt to be gone for months at a time. Wears diamond cuff links and silk shirts. Tells you that you make him ten years younger every time he takes you out. Clumsy but cute. Phone: "The Massachusetts."

Fred: Slim and suspicious. Always thinks his wife is watching him. Caution is his middle name until he starts his second quart. Then all bets are off. Has a mania for chop-suey restaurants and polka-dot neckties. Knows the head man in the wholesale chinchilla business. Phone: Wurtzburger 9876.

Lawrence: A nice boy. Has charge accounts at Tappé's and the Ritz. Sentimental but soothing. Never has enough cigarettes. Doesn't like to be kept waiting more than three-quarters of an hour. Wears suède gloves and boned-rimmed

spectacles. Phone: Clairmont 6626.

Edgar: Goes big with the head-waiter. Makes every course at dinner an event and invariably sends back several dishes to be done over. Likes Central Park and lengthy kisses. Always has a new line of coon stories. Lavender 5543.

Frank: Good for lunch and the matinee but weak on night work. Always claims to have a heavy business date the first thing in the morning. Worries about his health and tells you all his ailments. Also goes in for character development. Tell him you admire his strength of will and all you need mention is the number of pairs of silk stockings you want. Phone: Valentine 3217.

David: An out-of-towner but knows the thoroughfares of the city. Argues with the waiter over the bill but tips the coat-room girl lavishly. Likes musical shows and corn sauté. Always carries new dollar bills. Reliable though reluctant. Usually stops at "The Emperor."

Harold: Wears homespuns and smokes a briar pipe. Is always going to the country but never leaves town. A hand squeezer. Recites Swinburne after enough rye. Is sole heir to estate of aged aunt who is worth oodles. Worth keeping in mind. Week-end address: The Palais Royal, Beaux Arts or Rendezvous.

Dick: A package of platitudes. Delivers the world's most famous banalities with the most evil sounding inflection. Wants to be considered a devil but doesn't know exactly how to go about it. Smokes straw-tipped cigarettes and uses a patent lighter. A long way from the old home town. Phone: Livingston 1129.

Wilbur: An old hand at the game. Tells all women how much he sympathizes with them and that he has never been in love before. Then employs technique of the sob school. Not a tightwad but doesn't give away any gilt-edged securities. At his best in a taxi. Rutherford 3278.



THE theory that a woman is attracted to a sad fellow is entirely unsound. Women want to be amused, diverted, entertained. The gaieties of life are their toys and ever would they catch at the streamers of joy and scatter the confetti of gladness before them. They are essentially of the parade of frolic and frivolity. They would invariably flee from dulness. Thus, the wet blanket, the kill-joy, the gloom-hound, is most assuredly not the bonanza that they would duck for in the grab-bag of amour.



BEFORE she is married a girl asks questions. After she is married she demands answers.



A MAN likes to air his grievances. A woman, her suspicions.



The Nietzschean Lovers

By Carter Brooke Jones

I

FOR something like a month before Stanlaw's break with his wife I had been out of touch with him. Previously we had been together considerably. He is a pianist and composer of promise, and I, as music critic for the *Dispatch*, naturally came in contact with him. It did not, of course, follow that because of our common interest we became friends. Usually I find the contrary to be true: that I get along badly with those having a professional connection with the art. In most instances they object to me on principle. If I write of them with any lack of admiration, it is because of my appalling ignorance. If I praise them unreservedly, they don't care for the manner in which I do it. I seldom can discuss music with them without being insulted.

Stanlaw was an exception. He, too, had the reputation of being hard to please—certainly I have observed evidences of that in his dealings with others—but for some obscure reason he was pleasant, even flatteringly, to me. He went to the extraordinary length of professing to like my reviews. He was most interesting, however, when he didn't talk about music. Men in general are, I believe, more engaging when not conversing of the trade or profession with which they are labeled. Each, having dedicated his life to one sort of endeavor, naturally is more intrigued by all others.

I used to drop into Stanlaw's downtown studio at odd moments. He had an apartment in the most respectable bourgeois district where he maintained

his wife and six-year-old son. Family life bored him increasingly. He spent less and less time in the apartment, for in the studio, with his piano, his ruled sheets before him, sometimes a bottle and a congenial friend at hand, he could emerge from the suppressions that surround almost every free spirit who has married.

"Charlie," he would murmur, on the crest of his fourth drink, "never marry a Puritan. Look at me."

"Never—nor any other kind," I would assure him. "Is it tough going?"

And he would regale me with the latest evidence of his bondage.

"She could never understand a creative artist," he often explained. "Such persons are mysteries to her. Those of our temperament should be spared such absurd conventions as matrimony. Do you agree with me?"

I did.

"A wife," he pointed out, "stifles the sort of ambition you and I have. What was it Nietzsche said? 'It is not enough to possess a talent: one must also have your permission to possess it.'"

He continually quoted Nietzsche or else Schopenhauer. He seemed to need this support for all his opinions. He reminded me of a lawyer who in addressing the court lugs in a reference to some decision every ten words, or an evangelist who introduces his brand of salvation by liberal quotations from the particular deity he travels for. When, occasionally, I made some epigram I thought rather neat, Stanlaw would ask me where I got it. But I overlooked these slights, for he displayed many amiable qualities. He did not take it

as an affront if I asked him to play Chopin instead of some composition of his own, and I considered that remarkable.

Stanlaw had a small income—an annuity from some estate—and this, together with the proceeds of a regional concert tour now and then, and an appearance once in a while as soloist with some symphony orchestra, provided him enough to live moderately. He was quite young, but gave an appearance of well-rounded maturity, of *sagesse*. He liked to sink back into a comfortable chair until he rested lightly on the back of his neck, his feet sprawled unevenly, playing with a long ivory cigarette holder, commenting with profound cynicism about himself and the universe, topics invariably synonymous.

I knew of his casual *affaires du cœur*, for he delighted in recounting them. I was aware, too, that his liaison with Paulita Vincent had passed the casual stage.

"Paulita," he told me, "appreciates just what I've been through. I had despaired of finding a *different* woman, but she's different."

"Your wife—" I ventured and paused, hardly knowing what I had started to say.

"My wife—yes, my wife. She probably will find out—if that's what you mean. And I've reached the point where I don't care. I'd as soon she did. I'm a Nietzschean—not a husband. Why shouldn't I be what the moralists call selfish, do the things that please me? Why should I exist only for the whims of someone else? My wife doesn't want me to have a life of my own. She wants to pry into everything, to know not only what I do every minute, but—by God, can you believe it?—what I'd like to do. It's preposterous! I was not made to serve any one woman in that slavish way. No woman owns me.

"I meet other women. Sometimes they interest me. Why shouldn't they? Man is a natural varietist. As Nietzsche said: 'Love to one only is a barbarity, for it is exercised at the expense of all others.'"

On this occasion—it was not long before Mrs. Stanlaw went East—he paced the studio in his vehemence.

"I'll tell her what I think," he threatened. "What if there is a child? I'm tired, too, of having that feature of the case thrust at me. Can I help it if there's a child? Is that any reason why my life should be obliterated? As it is, she suspects everything I do—she might as well know it all. I'm constantly being cross-examined. She thinks I have this studio only to entertain my lady friends, that music is a stall. In her Puritan mind she can visualize more evil in one hour than I could think of in a week. I'm damned if I'll be dominated. Obligations are a curse. Loyalty is a weak excuse for keeping slaves from revolting. I'm through with such petty shams."

At this moment, as I recall it, the telephone rang.

After a sharp "hello," his voice dropped into a soothing quality, became positively *legato*. "Yes, dear. Very soon. Not more than half an hour. Certainly. Good-bye, dear."

"Paulita," I thought. But he said, "My wife."

"You see," he confessed, a trifle ill at ease, "how I've let her get me under hack. My soul is not my own. Sometime you must meet Paulita. A rare woman. She understands. She cares for me, but not at the expense of my personality. She wants me to be free, and she's no Puritan. My wife thinks that the physical manifestations of love are, at best, to be deplored—sacrificial mortifications. But what can you expect of Puritans? Paulita is not ashamed of her emotions; she delights in them. Paulita understands. And she is cultured, reads widely, sympathizes deeply with my ambition."

"A singer?" I seemed to remember.

"Yes—mezzo. She has a lovely natural voice; all she needs is perfection of technic, and that will come in time. She appreciates my feeling for music. She's the kind of a mate I should have. She can enter into my moods, share my work, comprehend the vague depres-

sions that men of my sort are afflicted with."

"Does she want you to leave your wife?" I wondered.

"No. That is, she doesn't want to precipitate a divorce, and I don't either: all I want is peace. That shows how broad-minded Paulita is. She says if she can have me a little of the time, nothing else will matter. I can be where I will or where I have to be the rest of the time. Isn't she a refreshing contrast to the woman I married?"

I spared him the banal insult of asking why he married in the first place. Instead I remembered that I had a flask; but he waved it away sadly.

"Got to go home to dinner," he explained. "You know—my breath. It would just start an argument—the old, old argument—and I'm weary this evening."

"But surely," I protested, amused, "she knows your contempt for these petty restraints—she must know how much you enjoy your liquor."

"She does. Yet, to avoid scenes, I pretend to conform—sometimes, not always—when I'm around her. It doesn't matter so much what I do when I'm away. She says, 'I should think you'd be ashamed to come home to your little boy with such a breath,' when she realizes full well that I'm proud of it beyond reform. But with Paulita life will be more worth living. She realizes everything—even why men are varietists. She agrees with me that monogamy is a curse."

He had, indeed, a handicap against him in his struggle for artistic achievement. I didn't blame him for wanting to escape, but doubted whether he would find the courage. Thus I was surprised when, several weeks later, I heard that his wife had left, that their apartment was vacant, their furniture in storage. During the interval we had failed somehow to meet; there was no particular reason.

II

THE day after I gleaned this gossip

I visited Stanlaw's studio, as casually as possible. I suppose I was curious. He greeted me cordially, unconcernedly. After each of us had demanded where the other had been keeping himself, and received no satisfactory answers, he said cheerfully:

"I suppose you've heard what's happened."

Since I was well acquainted with Stanlaw, I knew that he referred to some personal concern.

"Something of the sort," I admitted. "People have a way of talking."

"I know!" he stormed, evidently pleased in secret. "There's nothing I can do that won't be bandied about from one end of this horrible city to the other. But why should I care?"

"Is it—definite?" I inquired.

"No—worse luck. But perhaps it will be eventually. That's my hope. At present she's merely gone East to visit relatives. There's no understanding. She expects to be gone several months, so we gave up the apartment. I'm supposed to join her for a vacation—a swell vacation it would be!—and I don't intend to."

"Perhaps that arrangement would solve everything," I agreed.

"Meanwhile, there's Paulita," he reminded me rapturously. "You see—we have entered into a free alliance, an enlightened companionship, the kind of relationship a Nietzschean can endure. She can do as she pleases, and I will be free to come and go at my whim. No more of the bondage my marriage brought me. That's all through. Hereafter women will have their proper place in my life—a subordinate position, not a dictatorship over me. My career, my desires, my vagaries shall come first. Call that selfish if you will. Nietzsche knew the place of a woman in our masculine scheme when he spoke of her 'instinct for a secondary role.' Paulita realizes that, though of course I haven't put it before her quite that baldly. There are ways of doing things."

"You must meet her. She's lovely. Nothing of the Puritan, nothing of the

demanding, designing woman, in her. She has a distinctive apartment. We'll arrange a little party some evening. And won't you go to her recital next week?"

I promised and resolved to go, though my prejudice against vocal music already had impelled me to inform the city editor, with a grand air, that I wouldn't have time to cover all these minor amateur events and that he could assign one of his bright young men.

"No two women," added Stanlaw, "could be more different—Emily, my wife, and Paulita, my—comrade. That shows that all women don't fall into the category of man-dominator, doesn't it? Have some Scotch. It's excellent. Wait, I'll get you the soda."

III

It was a long time—months, in fact—before I actually met Paulita. The first part of this period I was with Stanlaw frequently. It happened that I didn't encounter Paulita. They appeared together rarely at functions or at the theatre. He explained that she shrank from the righteous dowagers who as a professional duty learned of all such affairs; she despised them and didn't care to purr over them.

Stanlaw and I attended a few of the occasional symphony concerts that favored our Western city, enjoyed *ensemble* a pianist and violinist, endured a couple of vocally gymnastic, flute-imitating sopranos. We disposed of grave problems over sherry in his studio in the early hours. I thought him less worried, more natural, than for a long time. The absence of his wife and the presence of Paulita seemed a double tonic.

I had heard Paulita sing, but had not seen her closely. She had a fair voice, inadequately trained, and what is called a good stage presence. I had a vague impression of superficial, obvious beauty. I couldn't have described her.

Stanlaw didn't go East for a vacation; his wife remained wherever she

was; Paulita hovered in the background. I felt that it was a splendid arrangement, except that I feared from Emily Stanlaw unpleasant consequences for her husband. The temporary balance of the triangular scales appeared precarious: Stanlaw had but postponed an inevitable decision, and yet, I granted, procrastination often meant a less painful solution.

In the weeks that followed, however, something about Stanlaw changed. The first symptom of this was that I saw less of him. It occurred to me that I might have offended him, but I soon realized that his attitude toward me, to all appearances, was not altered. There was nothing to indicate that he avoided me more than anyone else. The situation might be best described by saying that he was less available. It was some time before I knew why.

He stayed away from several small drinking parties at the Club with men who, I knew, were as interesting to him as they were to me. This desertion was surprising, because he and I shared that delight in dawdling through the night in company with a couple of bottles, a piano and a few rare men who, as we said—snobbishly, if you will—"belonged." We both preferred to drink alone or not at all rather than permit this most æsthetic of contacts to be debased by imbibing with average American tipplers, with guzzlers to whom good liquor is not a mental stimulant, but a harbinger of sheer noise, a purveyor of maladroitness, a retarder of locomotion and an emetic.

Often we had deplored the dearth of intelligent male companionship, which we found more entertaining than any number of casual evenings with pretty ladies. Opportunities for a quintet or so around a table were few in our city. Yet he now evaded those few. Of course I enjoyed the occasions without him—he was no more amusing than the others—but his attitude baffled me and I instinctively resented it.

He no longer encouraged me to drop into his studio "any old time," as he used to say. He quit dining with me.

Later I began to notice, the comparatively infrequent times I encountered him, a less carefree mien. The old worried look, the expression as if he were dodging someone, had returned to him. I would have thought his wife had come back had I not known better. I guessed that she was hounding him—by mail or by counsel.

Late one afternoon, meeting me on the street, he caught me by the arm and led me straight to the studio. There he settled back in his chair until his weight rested on his neck, brought out the long, cool cigarette holder, and began to meditate aloud.

"Women," he began vaguely, "are but satellites swinging around the orbits of men. They have no independent existence, though they pretend otherwise. Through men they function, and thus their desire is to dominate men. If they allowed the men too much initiative, their own reflected lustre would be dimmed. Isn't that true?" He didn't wait for me to answer; his questions usually were rhetorical. "The more they influence men the more they express themselves. By subjugating her man, a woman attains almost complete autonomy of spirit. Unable to think, to act alone, she thinks and acts when he follows out her compelling suggestions. Her suggestions are hardly thoughts—they are mere impressions of what she wants. She pretends, chameleon-like, to assume all his ideas, to place herself in the background, but all the time she is tightening her tentacles about him, trying to make him over to suit herself."

"Except the enlightened women," I qualified.

"There are no enlightened women!" he countered, with a fierceness that surprised me. "I used to think there were," he added, more subdued, sadly.

I didn't argue the point; I wanted him to talk on, and he did. But first he paused, because he had caught my eye regarding a rather strange sight in a corner of the room. It was a small book of limp leather, torn in two.

"What," I was constrained to know, "is that?"

"That," he replied, "was a copy of '*Also Sprach Zarathustra*.'"

"Looks as if something had happened to it."

"Something did," he explained, in a worn tone. "Paulita tore it up. I read her a passage from it she didn't like—something about women."

I was silently amazed. He went on:

"You'll tell me you thought Paulita was an intelligent woman. Well, I suppose she is—for a woman. But she's a woman, and that seems to be enough. All women are of a pattern. I've found that out."

He tilted his tapering nose higher in the air, and ran his long fingers through his wavy dark hair. He regarded the ceiling glumly.

"She's worse than my wife," he observed with quiet bitterness.

"Not Paulita?"

"Paulita. My soul is no more my own than when I was so muchly married. I can't do anything without consulting her. She phones me at all hours, interfering with my attempts to practice or work; puts me through a daily cross-examination on the subject of my comings and goings; won't allow me a private thought. I tell you it's horrible. And there's nothing I can do about it. If I try to assert myself, she flies into hysterics and moans sentimentally of our great love."

That had come in a rush of words, like a small boy listing his grievances. He continued more reflectively:

"There are—other women I want to meet, and do meet. And do you think I can even take them to tea somewhere? Not if she knows it. If she learns I've talked ten minutes with a woman younger than fifty, there's a pretty row. She could give my wife a five-card draw and beat her for jealousy."

"So that's why you've been so scarce lately?" I reflected.

"That's why. I'm supposed to take her to dinner every evening or else dine in her apartment—not an exception, not an evening off, except by special dis-

pensation. And I must account minutely for the time I don't spend with her. Why, man, I'm a prisoner! And she's trying now to force me to divorce my wife and marry her. Marry her, mind you! As if I'd ever marry anybody else—her of all people. It's ridiculous. And she calls herself an emancipated woman."

"Why don't you break away?" I suggested practically.

"You try breaking away from a Paulita! As for me, I still value my youth and health. She's threatened to kill me if I try to desert."

"But she won't," I assured him, without the least notion whether she would.

"She carries one of those toy automatics that women have acquired," he related darkly. "I don't say she'd use it, but I don't like her temper. Besides, I don't want to leave her in the lurch. I suppose I'm being sentimental in considering that—a free spirit or the higher form, a superman, wouldn't—but I can't help considering that she's probably given up a lot for me and is entitled to some consideration. Yet, I won't tie myself to such a woman. I'm a varietist—all enlightened men are. My wife let me get away with a good deal, because she didn't know half that went on, and what she didn't know didn't hurt her, but Paulita knows everything about me—unfortunately. She has a list of my habits, my temptations, my opportunities. She keeps books on them. It's fairly driving me—cookoo."

"What about your—free alliance?"

"Hell!"

IV

Two evenings later I encountered Paulita. It was at a tiny studio party, "a little gathering of the intelligentsia," as Stanlaw explained, though, after looking them over, I wondered why I hadn't detected sarcasm in his tone. I knew them all except Paulita. There was old Staubmann, the voice teacher, rotund, verbose, bearded, heavily humorous, avowedly Bohemian; Hamilton, a precise young press agent for

theatres and for near-artists, desperately cultured, when drinking afflicted with a habit of quoting poetry; Mrs. Hallory, of fading comeliness, unappreciated by her husband, flattered by the attention of old Staubmann; a young woman named Mary Cavanaugh, who usually was seen with Hamilton and looked as if she ought to be seen with Hamilton unless it were with the house manager of one of the theatres exploited by Hamilton. I marveled at Stanlaw's selection of guests, but reflected that probably they were Paulita's friends.

I congratulated myself on being the extra man; it meant I could break away early. Still I was curious to know Paulita.

Paulita wore a dreamy blue garment with those prevailing beads—sequins, I think they are called—superimposed, and with the bottom of the skirt parted strangely in the middle, this slit being, I supposed, designed to add distinctiveness to an outfit which in her opinion was not unusual enough.

As she came toward me with a smile calculated to be dazzling, I observed that everything about her was just as obvious as that smile. Her form of prettiness was a histrionic use of features that, while not displeasing naturally, were cast with a certain hardness. It struck me that if she had not practiced as an art exploiting those features, she would seldom if ever have fashioned the illusion of beauty. Her nose and mouth were rather large, but not unshapely. It was her eyes that well-nigh held me spellbound. It was not their luscious limpidity, deep wells of splendor, fragile coloring, nor any other poetic quality in them. I can't at this moment say what color they were. It was her trick of using them that fascinated me as a cat intrigues a sparrow. She would stare for an instant with those large eyes wide open, and then, before one could decide what sort of eyes they were and whether their owner was angry or pleased, she would drop their lids almost, but not quite, over them, ending the exercise in a *coda* of softly fluttering eyelids.

The first time she tried it out on me I was worried. I thought probably I'd displeased the lady somehow, or that she couldn't conceal the fact she considered me an alienating influence upon Stanlaw. I soon saw it was but a mannerism, which she turned on everyone impartially. After that I watched for it, enthralled, and deliberately sought discourse with her that I might study it. This elaborate gesture conveniently expressed anything—joy, pain, endorsement, disapproval—and it carried me back to the bold appeal of the old-fashioned siren of the melodrama and to the later facially contortive vamps of the movies.

Paulita's recital had prepared me for her obviousness, and yet, in its complete unfolding, it was something of a shock to me. I had thought that Stanlaw would demand a certain amount of subtlety, even in a woman whose charms were entirely physical. But one is foolish to predict the sort of woman any given man will deliver himself to.

"We were just discussing books," said young Hamilton, in his precise way. One felt that he chose his words as a man walking a slippery log above a ravine, fearing a rhetorical slip would hurl him below the level of the *cognoscenti*. "Paulita was just saying that in her opinion Artzibashev is the greatest novelist."

"There can be no doubt," admitted Paulita, in her smooth tone, "that is, for those who place reality above sentimentality."

Recalling Stanlaw's preference for "Sanine" and some such remark from him on the subject of its author, I chuckled inwardly.

Hamilton added: "I must look into him—more. There is so much that one wants to read. But the Russians should not be overlooked."

"I don't care for them," boomed old Staubmann, "too glum—not enough color."

Paulita gave him one of her lingering looks, but he evidently was used to them.

"Now Staubby," she prodded him,

"why will you persist in liking unreality?"

"It's pleasanter," contended the old teacher. "Besides, reality in literature doesn't mean much. All books are both real and unreal."

"To the disciple of Nietzsche," she pointed out, "most novels are tawdry. They dodge the truth. They have the same old cheap emotional appeal."

"That's true," said Stanlaw, in the manner of one determined to be agreeable at any cost. "I think we can all say what we like here. We are free spirits, I'm sure. We need fear no moralistic rebuffs."

"I should say not," contributed Mary Cavanaugh gushingly.

"I'm sure I can't stand the Pollyanna school of fiction," observed Mrs. Halory, beaming upon the massive Staubmann and favoring the rest of us with a fleeting glance. "As I've often told Staubby—"

"Well," he interrupted, "that wasn't the sort of optimism I was arguing for. It was the old pagan joy of living, which we've lost. Prohibition—"

"I was just about to get the Scotch," Stanlaw interposed, rising.

I was hoping that the company would spare literature and discuss something congenial, but Paulita's erudition was irrepressible.

"It isn't in Pollyanna books that the danger lies," pronounced Paulita. "They are at least honestly what they are. No intelligent person considers them. But even people who think they know something are led astray by the romantic silliness of—say, Conrad."

"Conrad?" I repeated, with mild astonishment.

"Certainly. Conrad, with his mystical Oriental spots! Why can't he write about real places and people you and I know? Because he's dependent on some strange atmosphere. I can't stand him."

I restrained a well-defined desire to hurl at her a slim vase that held three red roses. I could buy Stanlaw another vase just as graceful, I reflected.

Coming to contemporary American

writers, she dispatched Cabell as "too pretty," Sherwood Anderson because he "sentimentalized over his characters." Willa Cather wasn't worth considering, it seemed. Suddenly recrossing the ocean, she disposed of Meredith, Hardy and Bennett. While I sat with the patient smile of an inhibited assassin. Nobody crossed her. Stanlaw, who despite his Nietzschean enslavement, had taste in reading, served the Scotch with a resigned expression.

Mary Cavanaugh relieved a flat silence by asking: "Have you read the new book by the man that wrote 'If Winter Comes?' They say it's even better."

There were vague murmurs.

Paulita smiled with indulgent contempt.

"You appreciate Nietzsche, don't you?" I said to Paulita, with politely disguised maliciousness.

"I should hope so!" The eyes played their role. "That's why I have no sympathy for the sentimental. The ordinary relationships of life are bound by cheap emotional ties. Parents to children, for instance—husbands to wives."

"Indeed, so," concurred Mrs. Hallory, watching the effect on Staubmann, whose countenance was heavily impassive.

Paulita, having declined seltzer and gulped a large amount of Scotch straight, continued her intellectual leadership.

"People should be free—free. Obligations are a curse, a weakness. To be good, as ordinary people view it, is to be a coward."

"As Nietzsche said," interjected Stanlaw feebly, "one is punished best for one's virtues."

"I can't stand conventional people," confessed Paulita. "Clinging to their old traditions, tying themselves hand and foot, keeping their noses to the grindstone, they want to force every one else to be that way. Fools!"

"Yes," Staubmann came in, "look at Prohibition. Why, let me tell you—"

Stanlaw with deft swiftness poured

the old teacher another drink. I understood Stanlaw's haste: it was dangerous to allow Staubmann the floor on that topic.

"We," added Paulita possessively, touching Stanlaw's dark wavy hair, "have suffered from the conventions. Who has not? We know. But we are emancipated."

I caught a significant glint in Stanlaw's eyes.

"There's no doubt," said Hamilton sagely, "that one shouldn't allow themselves to be dominated by what other people think. There is no liberty in this country; we allow ourselves to be ruled by moralists."

"Not all of us," smiled Paulita.

"Oh, no, indeed," agreed Mrs. Hallory.

I happened to look at Mary Cavanaugh, and she urged Paulita to sing.

"I have a cold," regretted Paulita, "but Stan will play."

Stanlaw obediently manned the piano. Glancing from Staubmann to me, he inquired: "Have you heard the *Chaconne* anywhere but on the violin?" We hadn't. "There's a piano version."

He played exceedingly well that evening. He acceded to several requests, and at last, when he had tired, the company settled back to finish the Scotch. The conversation became less difficult, naturally, as the traits of each guest grew more boldly articulate.

Mary Cavanaugh got the giggles. Mrs. Hallory was caressing Staubmann, who looked acutely bored. Stanlaw was contemplative, Paulita increasingly erudite. Hamilton was vaguely quoting bits of verse. I don't recall that I said much; it wasn't required of me.

"As we've often agreed, these modern shackles—duties, obligations—may be traced back to the tribal taboos," recited Paulita, and those present, had they been heeding what she was saying, would have known that her first-person plural, though never qualified, annexed to herself but one individual. Stanlaw suffered himself to be thus jointly interpreted, but occasionally he winced involuntarily.

"*Thou wast that all to me, love,*" began Hamilton, and paused as if hoping for more undivided attention.

"You know I don't like poetry," Paulita reminded him. "Poetry is the vehicle of sentiment, which I abhor. People should stand on their own feet, independent of emotions."

Her eyes added an emotional emphasis.

"Would that the superman reigned," murmured Stanlaw dreamily, smiling at me surreptitiously and cynically.

I had thought that Paulita had reached the height of verbal possessiveness, but I was in error. She advised Stanlaw to hunt up another studio, remarking to the rest of us:

"It's perfectly absurd for Stan to pay what he's paying for this studio—when he has holes in his underwear."

V

It was, as nearly as I can recall, about two weeks later that Stanlaw telephoned me at my office.

"Can you drop around in the next hour or so?" he asked, and there was something urgent in his tone.

Dimly uneasy, I made it in half an hour.

The studio was a changed place. I first noticed that the few prints with which he had decorated the walls were missing. Then I saw that the piano rack was bare of music folios, and, my glance coursing downward, noted that two large suitcases stood on the floor with a raincoat thrown over them. Stanlaw, however, was standing with his hat on as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"He's escaping," I thought, and wondered how long it would be before he was in the toils of some other woman, for Stanlaw always had seemed to me incapable of masculine isolation.

"Leaving?" I prompted obviously, as he waited in an apparently puzzled silence.

"Yes, leaving," he admitted. "My train leaves shortly. I wanted to tell you good-bye." Still he was inarticulate, and he looked about the room as if sure he had forgotten some elusive necessity.

"Does she know?" I explored.

"Well, more or less—that is, she will know soon." He found his tongue at last. "You see, it's like this: she served an ultimatum on me. Said I'd have to choose between my wife and her. And my wife did the same thing, wrote me I'd have to give up—whoever I happened to be interested in at the moment. Emily, in fact, told me I could look after her or be stuck for a proper amount of alimony. Paulita made a fine scene. She wept for a couple of hours, and asked me if I could turn coldly from the idyl of our brief months together. Had I no romance in my heart? Hadn't our love woven a sacred and enduring chain that would bind us together always? And more. . . . Hell!"

Abstractedly he lifted the suitcases alternately, as if to learn whether his strength was equal to them.

"I guess I'm afraid to break clear away—just now," he explained. "It would mean temporary exile. It would set me back in my career, such as it is. And so—I'm taking the lesser of two evils. I'm going East to my wife. Exacting as she is, she's easier to get along with than Paulita—actually allows a man more freedom."

The phone rang.

"You can answer it if you like," he advised. "I think my taxi is waiting. So long, old man."

He seized his suitcases. A moment later the elevator door clanged behind him.



The Deacon

By R. Lynn Riggs

BLUE nose a-snuffing
For some secret sin,
The right reverend deacon
Shuffles in.

(A girl's liquid glances
Of love petrify
As she sees the ice water
In the deacon's eye.

And a calm old cockroach
Contemplatively
Scratches his back
Where the deacon can't see.)

He slips like an adder
Into his pew,
Alert and vindictive
And glum—and blue!

And there he will sit
A-twiddling his ears
Till Time comes along
With his blessed shears

And scrapes off his eyebrows,
And shaves his head,
And nips at his blue nose
Till he is dead.



AWOMAN cherishes the memory of her first love affair with the same zest
that a man forgets his.



ENNUI is plain boredom, on a hundred thousand a year.



A Portrait of a Friend

By Stephen Ta Van

I

COMING from France in July, 1918, I went immediately to visit him at his country-place on the Connecticut shore—the historian of eighty-five, who had spent more than sixty years at Ware, distancing his own generation of teachers, leading a second, and waging gallant but unequal warfare against the methods of a third, until his retirement at an age far beyond the usual limit.

His name, an arbitrary thing of letters and syllables, would be of no importance to those who did not know him; his story, with his character illuminating it like a beacon, is a section of American history, a freak of fortune—something that can never happen again. An accident had enabled him to leave his father's farm when he was fifteen. After graduation from the University, through which he worked his way, he might have become an architect or a successful importer, but his destiny had returned him, after some years of travel, to the college, there to spend his life and do his work.

In his old age he was a noble and romantic figure, perfect in poise and manner. Association with men of affairs as college agent had kept him practical, while ability and good fortune had combined to free him from the necessity of contact with the more degrading details of business. By marriage into one of the few valid American aristocracies of birth, he had acquired social perspective, and the peculiarity of his position—on a virtually separate financial footing—had allowed him to develop his

opinions independently. As he stood in his doorway to welcome me, he was unique.

Coming unknown from the New England countryside before the Civil War, he had mounted the ladder of success, intellectually, socially, and to a degree financially, while the changes of nearly three-quarters of a century took place, and had exerted an influence on many important movements. Thousands of young men in the flood-tide of their strength had carried his ideas into the professions, trade, and politics. A phenomenon among teachers, he was a vital force, holding the Vision. His words and bearing, and his face of a Roman leader, were remembered after the little great men of a day had passed.

Nowhere, save in the United States of his time, could he have accomplished these things, and he himself had lived to see a changing cycle, wherein the magnate and the college president were no longer recruited from the coalpit and the ploughtail, but from a less rugged generation, that had lost less time in learning the rudiments of education. His contemporaries were dead or senile, and age, mental development, and a natural dignity of the spirit removed him from close intimacy with young people and inferiors.

Essentially he was as lonely as a lion on a mountain-top, and as one watched the nobility of his face, so different from the drooping masks, weak or meanly sinister, of the merely aged, one wondered what were his real thoughts. Facing life without the aid of hypocrisy or mental molasses, he had found it worth while. For him the Vision still

shone, though slightly dimmed, and in his ears the Singing Word was sweet if no longer compelling. What did his spirit think, in that strange place to which the very old retire, of men, their deeds and their philosophies?

Despite his aloofness, he had extraordinary power to inspire and hold affection, and going toward him I thought:

"Dear friend, how goes the ironic battle which you, in common with all other brave men who grow old, must carry on? May death come to you soon, before you weaken and become a travesty of yourself."

Nor was it hard to guess his thought:

"I am glad to see you once more. You are among those whom I love most, and for your failures my pity goes out to you. But my mind is calm about you, for I know that you will finally be able to do your allotted work. Between us there is a bond which enables me to understand you as no other can."

But what we actually said was:

"Hello, how are you? How is everything?"

We talked and listened to each other for the greater parts of two days, sitting up far into the intervening night. His mind showed astonishing flexibility. Under first-hand argument, he revised certain opinions concerning the Hun, just as, two years before, he had changed his conclusions about the negro and Japan, after visiting the South and California. At an age when most men are content to sit in a warm corner with minds atrophied, he could gather and sift information like a correspondent.

I left him to go to Washington. On the afternoon of the day of my arrival, a telegram reached me announcing his death.

Remembering that he had suffered from an aneurism, I was hoping, as the tedious train carried me again northward, that the end had come to him suddenly. I knew that while he had no dread of death itself, aside from the shrinking from the actual passage that all men have, he hoped to be spared the humiliation of suffering so acute as to

affect the self-control which he had been fortunate enough to be able to maintain through old age.

I found when I reached his home that he had died in his sleep, without even an involuntary contortion. He could not possibly have seen death's approach; and holding the hands of the worn-out body closely in mine, I was thankful for him, because he had gone out calmly in his just pride, with mind at rest.

II

THE day of the funeral was warm and clear. The weather allowed the mourners to gather in the broad, screened veranda which had been one of my friend's delights. There had never been a question of the simplicity of the services; his preference was too well known, and there was relief that since the death had occurred in summer, an official celebration of grief at Ware was impossible. The eulogy was to be omitted, and prayer and singing cut mercifully short. The coffin, an undertaker's dream of battleship-gray, banked with flowers, was prominent and open, but objection would have been unkind; the New England custom ruled. The only deviation was the reading of a selected poem, by family request, by the University's representative.

From my seat in the room of the intimate mourners I could see the coffin, and the larger part of the gathering. Most of those present I knew; they were summer neighbors of long standing, or friends whom I had seen once or twice in recent years. Others—people from Ware or relatives—I remembered dimly or could guess at. They sat in the usual attitudes of mourners, thinking of the dead man, or of their own deaths, or of a porch-screen swaying almost imperceptibly.

I saw in a corner a woman of thirty, on whose eager, delicate face, framed in ash-gold hair, was the rapt expression of the devotée separated from the world. I was far from doubting her sincerity, and there was no cynicism in

my mind as I touched in my pocket her note asking me to come to see her that evening if possible. Moods may be none the less intense because they shift, and life does not stop when one man dies. I would not seek love that evening; the day and night were dedicated to my friend. But it was neither disrespectful to his memory, nor unnatural, that I should recall the joy it had given me, one night of a previous summer, to see Eileen unpin the ash-gold hair, which fell in a shimmering mane to her knees, conjuring to the imagination a scene in which Fionn and his fair-haired princess, at the head of their Fenian warriors, streamed down an Irish glen.

My attention shifted from Eileen to the preacher—the representative from Ware, who, as it chanced, had not been held in the highest regard by the man in whose honor he had come. Into my mind slipped, concerning him, an example of the mordant irony which my friend had swung like a baton to indicate his power, in the days when he was Warwick at Ware, seating and dethroning officials almost with a word. This man had won from him a hollow victory. He held no malice, but the edged phrase remained characteristic of his opinion. I wondered if the representative remembered it, as he bit off with his prominent teeth the words of the poem which he had been asked to read.

The refrain, repeated after each verse, was, "Now panteth my soul as the hart for the waterbrook," and the number of verses seemed to be as that of Vallombrosa's leaves. Nervously I regretted not having averted the reading altogether. It seemed endless, gathering volume like "The House That Jack Built," or "The Green Grass Grew All Around." The representative hung to his task courageously.

"It's an athletic hart that can pant so long," I reflected cheaply.

My glance shifted to the face in the coffin-submarine. For an instant I expected to see its lines break into the well-remembered sardonic smile, that somehow managed always to avoid bitterness. Then all consciousness of the

futile verses vanished, for my friend's dead face, foreshortened as I saw it, was almost the face of his mother, as she herself lay confined. There was the same rugged contours, the same forehead and massive chin, the same inescapable evidences of unswerving moral strength. In a moment I was back in the past of a decade before, driving with him to her funeral.

III

It was just such another summer day, though a little later in the season. The goldenrod was beginning to show yellow, and there were Black-Eyed Susans here and there near the stone fences as we drove north from Lodgeville. Where the ill-kept turnpike crossed Lay's Brook, by ford and crumbling wooden bridge, I caught a glimpse of the scarlet of cardinal flowers. In the fields the corn was swelling on the ear. The stalks stood high and even; it was a good season.

The way was familiar to me. Lodgeville had not then entered its phase of phenomenal growth, and the region changed little from year to year. So far as the scenes through which we passed were concerned, I might almost have been repeating one of my many journeys, as a boy, to the farm which had been for a century in the possession of people of the same blood as mine.

My memories of those journeys, and of the visits that they preceded, were pleasant. I loved the farm, and was treated kindly; and my understanding of the situation which existed among those who lived there had been too slight to leave an ugly impression. With my companion it was different. Spent in the days when no marketable product of the land was kept for home use, his boyhood, under a callous father, had been a combination of hunger, chilblains and stone bruises. Compared with others, the family was not poor, but all were narrow by compulsion of the life they led—an existence of few contrasts, little contact with the world, and continual struggle against the niggardliness

of a bitter country. To the beauty of the hillsides that enclosed their stony acres they gave scant attention; they had no time or training for the perception of beauty.

My friend owed the beginning of his education to the accident of a peculiar growth on his right hand. This growth prevented him from using farming tools to advantage, and his father gave him up as useless. His mother managed to send him to the district school, and later to the Academy, which was one of the first endowed schools in New England. She was the one who encouraged him, still later, to go to Andover, with a silver dollar in his pocket, and an old blue wooden box containing his clothing. When he was at college she sent him food and such money as she could scrape together. At the time of his greatest discouragement she gave him her support. His father's active interest in his education was confined to acquisition of the pittance which he earned as teacher of a district school in his fifteenth year.

So his remaining tenderness was for his mother. Bred on the land, he harked back to it in his old age; gardening, and especially beautiful flowers, became a passion with him. But for the home of his boyhood he cared nothing. His brothers, who still lived there, had forfeited his regard; they took without gratitude what he gave them, and complained because it was not more. His mother's death snapped the last bond between him and his early life.

We buried her in the old, ragged, country cemetery, which had almost the weight of tradition of an Old World burial-place, without the accompanying suggestion of a taint. The coffin was carried by her great-grandsons—men grown; for she had reached the uncanny age of one hundred and two. A little apart from the grave and from each other stood two of her sons, white-bearded monuments of enmity who had not exchanged words for thirty years, except in vituperation. My friend was the only other surviving son. He stepped forward to scatter a few flowers

as the black box was lowered; and he and I waited to witness the detail, pregnant with mortality, which concludes a burial.

We spoke of her as we drove back. I said she was the only woman I had ever known who had in old age a valid power of judgment. Neither by her own weaknesses nor by the prejudices of others was she swayed. I remembered how she had balanced the cases of the two embittered old men, her sons, between whom she lived. One of them she loved, and he had his qualities; but she would not condemn the other wholly, or even the other's wife, who originally had caused the quarrel. Patiently she dwelt in a hell made by New England stubbornness, first cousin to the Puritan fanaticism that found satisfaction in burning women for suspected witchcraft. She conceived endurance to be her duty, and to remove her would have been to kill her. She would not have survived a year in any other atmosphere than that in which she had passed her life.

She used to stand at the gate, a quaint figure in calico and a sunbonnet, when I went away after a visit, and repeat:

"I shall never see you again, I shall never see you again."

The last time she said nothing, but tears rolled down the marvelous old face, and even then, before I had learned how rare is disinterested affection, I was sufficiently impressed to turn back in an effort to comfort her.

This and other incidents I told to my friend, and after a while we fell silent. Clearly he was thinking of his own experience—how strangely the stream of his life had flowed out from that country backwater. After graduation from college he had taught for a year in Massachusetts, and there had met a rich man who had a backward son. He tutored the boy successfully, and so impressed the father that the latter ultimately founded for his benefit a professorship of history at Ware, and supplied funds for several years of preparatory travel and study in Europe.

IV

WARE had not done much, previously, for the study of history. Not much, in fact, had been done for history at any American college. At best it was an unwelcome guest of some one of the classical branches. To treat it as a direct line to the experience and motives of mankind—the very heart of knowledge—was an innovation.

The young professor did this from the very start, making the subject human. But it was not his greatest service. The period was the one of town-and-gown riots, and misunderstanding between teacher and student. An unpopular instructor was likely to be ducked casually, any night, beneath the college pump. My friend was a pioneer in combining discipline with understanding. He had the key to discipline; a personality commanding both liking and respect. The attitude of his classes was a new thing in the chronicles of Ware.

His good looks and pleasant manner soon made him official beggar for the college, which needed money desperately, for buildings and salaries. The professors were narrow scholars, to whom the mere thought of a self-solicited interview with a capitalist was terrorizing; whereas the self-reliant young man, with his experience of travel, assumed the task easily. While they were hoping for a gift of ten thousand dollars, he had the promise of one for a hundred thousand. He had the breadth of mind to visualize the greatness of Ware's future, and had he not been prevented by the suspicion and over-caution of the elders, would have moved the college at an early stage to a more advantageous site, and saved the millions which were ultimately lost in time and money by clinging to the old, cramped quarters in the center of the city.

Naturally his successes provoked jealousy, and possibly they turned his head temporarily. He had a contempt for men of little, mousy minds, and seldom let slip an opportunity to ticket them with a biting phrase. The indulgence cost him dearly. He might con-

ceivably have become the president of Ware in her greatness, had he not made so many enemies so blithely in the earlier time. Brilliant service gave the trustees confidence in his judgment and loyalty, and for many years he controlled the balance of power in the Faculty, swinging it as he wished; but his own advance was limited to the headship of his department, which grew rapidly.

Between thirty and forty, with congenial work and enough money for his needs and pleasures, he enjoyed life. He traveled on college business, speaking at dinners and other gatherings, and meeting the prominent people of the period. Of his social adventures there is slight record; he destroyed letters, in his wisdom. I never heard him mention a woman as having been directly interested in him, but even when he was old he was attractive to women, and the young man who was so proudly successful, and in whom the joy of life was so vivid, must have been a quarry eagerly hunted.

He married at forty-three. His wife's family was of the most exclusive Puritan stock, with branch roots in the aristocracies of Virginia and the Carolinas. Each afternoon her father sallied forth, a really imposing figure in stovepipe, Prince Albert and yellow spats and waistcoat, met his cronies attired in similar splendor, and discussed gravely at the Imperial bar the national affairs. He was the son of a distinguished lawyer, and had never done a stroke of work in his life. His inheritance and that of his wife had been swallowed in the panic of Seventy-nine, and if his son-in-law had not assumed an equity in his debts, he would have gone to the poorhouse despite his social prominence.

Withal he was a kindly old gentleman, having a lively sense of gratitude, and few needs beyond a warm room and a little pin-money. The greatest shock of his last decade was the discovery, one morning, that owing to an error of his ordinarily trustworthy gold timepiece, he had risen an hour too early.

The loftiness of his wife was appal-

ling but genuine. She had been educated to despise social inferiors, and followed her instruction with a thoroughness that admitted no argument. All servants—there was a serving class in America then—hated and feared her. She grew honestly to admire her daughter's husband, but to the end of her life, and while living on his bounty, regarded him secretly as a peasant.

As a peasant he was regarded also by the vague women, flotsam of the wreckage of a once powerful family, and unattached save by that connection, who infested his house singly or in squads of two or three. In each of their cases there was some trouble: a husband dead, wounded or missing; a patrimony lost in copper or squandered by a thief; chronic sickness due to an accident concerning which comment was carried on in whispers; or general debility—the quality of being naturally ineffective.

Their appetites, however, were unimpaired, and at the table of the plebeian whom their kinswoman had condescended to marry, they did gallant trencher work. In addition to her misfortune, each of them had as a sort of hallmark of gentility her little peculiarity—a distaste for mashed potato, or faintness in the presence of the household cat. They spoke a language of their own, which conveyed their meaning through references impossible for an outsider to follow. By means of these references they conversed for hours, arriving nowhere. Poor harmless souls! When one of them disappeared one might fail to note her absence until, moved by a random thought, one asked what had become of Cousin So-and-So; and the answer would be that she had died two years ago.

In his own home, therefore, my friend was always in the last analysis an outsider. The burden of proof was ever on him. However brilliant his intellect, fine his instinct, courtly his bearing, he was not to the manner born. The illogical side of the distinction tickled his sense of humor, but he was too much the student not to realize its inevitability, especially in a civilization nominally

democratic, but in reality more tyrannical than a confessed oligarchy.

Conscious of his superiority over these faded aristocrats, he nevertheless admitted in them the traditions which his own breeding lacked. Their foibles were comprehensible, and within the wide circle of his tolerance. He might for example chuckle over the performance of the friend of his father-in-law, old George Fothergill, who, when there was need of a position for one of his numerous male progeny, got out the gold dinner service presented to one of his forbears by an Emperor of Austria, and without loss of dignity or *savoir faire* entertained the flat-footed officials of a desirable corporation; but he did not think the old schemer ridiculous. Rather he paid to the cynical display of privilege its meed of admiration.

His feeling in the matter was akin to that of his favorite historical character, Bonaparte, who, failing to be shot against a wall as a Corsican bandit, became ultimately by marriage a member of the oldest aristocracy of Europe.

Like Bonaparte, he was of humble birth, an adventurer whose success was self-made, with the assistance of extraordinary good fortune. He also suffered from a plethora of useless relatives and relatives-in-law, many of whom depended on him, and nearly all of whom were envious of him and of each other while accepting his favors. He often marveled, as did with deeper intensity the great Emperor, at the strangeness of a destiny which could remove a man from his logically obscure environment, and place him, by steps that in a book or a drama would be condemned as lacking plausibility, in a position of prominence among those favored by birth.

He liked to tell a story of Napoleon's coronation. Just before the beginning of the ceremony, the First Consul turned to his elder brother, Joseph, who stood near him, and asked:

"What do you suppose our father would say, if he could be alive to see us today?"

Joseph made a politic answer, but if

he had spoken his thought it would have been:

"Our father would say that, as the elder, I ought to be Emperor, not you."

Allowing for the differences in circumstances and degree, my friend's brothers held the same line of thought about him. Why should he have been the one singled out to leave the farm and acquire reputation and money? Why should opportunity come to one man, and not to another? It is the perpetual query raised by Man to Fate, and undoubtedly it was in my friend's mind as he returned with me from the burial of his mother. He had the true humility of those endowed with perception; knowing himself abler than most, he did not believe his ability worthy of his success, and to the element of luck he made acknowledgment.

V

THE hart ceased to pant for the waterbrook at last, and the representative sat down, furtively wiping his forehead. A slight rustling emanated from the mourners, who again became quiet when a prayer was begun by the minister in charge.

I thought that the protagonist—if one might properly describe a dead man as protagonist of a petition put up for him—would have called it a competent prayer. He was not adversely critical of any religious effort, if it was made with kind intent. Among revealed religions, he preferred, as a historian, Buddhism and Mohammedanism to the Western development of Christianity; his personal religious belief, if he had one, he did not preach. The East attracted him. The oriental magnificence, its combination of gold and dust, splendor and corruption, super-intelligence and crass stupidity, fascinated the romantic impulse of his mind. He had made a special study of India under the British, and would have gone, the year before he died, to see conditions there at first hand, if the World War had not cut off traffic.

He thought British rule in India unjust, and the Turk a victim of misrep-

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resentation; and he rode his hobbies hard. The trouble with differing from him radically was that one so often found one's self in the embarrassing position of being proved wrong by events. At the time of the Spanish War, so-called, he spoke before large public audiences, analyzing the situation with grim precision, attacking the insanity of Jingo patriotism, and predicting that the Philippines, if we took them, would prove to be a herd of white elephants. He was jeered savagely by the press, but lived to see the accuracy of his prediction shown.

Of the outcome of the World War, he had predicted that it would be indecisive, and that there would be another struggle within twenty-five years. This prediction he had repeated during our last talk. There could be no such thing, he said, as annihilation of the Germans; they were too great a people. Many of his opinions about them and their works he had modified, but not the main contention.

Of course his series of lectures on the European history of Napoleon's time had been the basis of his great classroom reputation, and his talk on Waterloo the most popular of his public efforts. The secret of the enthusiasm that fascinated his audiences lay in the fact that he never gave a lecture twice in exactly the same way, but changed or added, making every preparation a fresh one. He was the despair of crammers and cribbers, because he would not kill a subject and exhibit the corpse at stated intervals, but kept it always moving. With what energy he investigated! While the prayer ascended steadily, I pictured him striding up and down his workroom, arguing with himself and bitterly arraigning the Duke of Wellington, for whom he had a dislike as vigorous as was his admiration for the defeated Emperor. It was a day for festival when some thitherto undetected dissimulation of the Duke was ferreted out and pounced upon.

In his enthusiasm, I reflected, had been his weakness as well as his strength; he sometimes overreached.

Caring nothing for details for their own sake, but only for their bearing on a result, he was occasionally careless, left an opening for an opponent, and flew into a temper.

This happened less often as he grew older; in fact, he accomplished the rare feat, as an old man, of maintaining almost perfect self-control. His personality seemed gradually to center itself and grow calm. Self-reliance, which ability beyond the ordinary had always given him, developed into the aloofness, courteous but clearly defined, of his last years.

Nothing disturbed him greatly except cruelty and injustice; in poise, he seemed to have taken a leaf from the *Book of the East*. Personal problems were solved patiently; his tact and tolerance extended to the son who had inherited his wit, but whose presence in the social order was as agreeable as the visit of a half-starved henhawk to a pen of prize poultry. Officially he continued to be aggressive, but only for the sake of an administrative principle for which he had fought continuously, and which he believed to be essential.

His final service to Ware was characteristic of his last phase, as well as of his lifelong loyalty.

Years before, with much effort and at some personal sacrifice, he had secured for the University the bequest of the residuary portion of a great estate. The bequest represented, in fact, a return for his own specific work and good-will. It was his hope and understanding that the money would be used for the erection and maintenance of a building for the use of the historical department, at the head of which he had served so long. He desired no other recognition of a lifetime's labor, which had literally brought millions into the college coffers.

When the money was finally paid, it was deemed best to add it to the general fund, instead of using it for a building. The decision, which seemed to his fine sense of honor a positive breach of faith, was a bitter disappointment; but instead of fighting it to the last, he yielded gracefully, and dropped the mat-

ter from his attention. Doubtless he realized, at that time, that the limit of his unusual power had been reached. The third generation was too strong for him.

His retirement had been spent, with amazing energy, in travel, reading, and gardening. I found time before the end of the prayer—which ran beyond the time-limit which he had set—to be thankful that he had not undertaken to write. He had neither literary ability nor the literary taint. He was too sound, too honest, too much of a man to be able to contort his mind and emotions into a mood to put thoughts on paper successfully.

He himself said that he lacked a sense of form. Perhaps he did—his tastes were various. He loathed Poe, enjoyed Sainte-Beuve, liked a little of Heinrich Heine; admired Rachel, said Booth ranted horribly, remembered with amusement old Charlotte Cushman and her voice of Bashan's bull; preferred Raphael to Rubens, and Rembrandt to either; loved France and the French language, and the clear French logic.

When he sat dreaming one had a sense of awe. His active life had been so long, his experience so wide. One could not know if in his dream he was again speaking in Paris with Count Walewski, son of the great Napoleon and the Polish lady; or listening to Adelina Patti, in her heyday, running off her informal morning trills in the apartment above his own; or asking Alexander Stewart for money for the infant college; or attending, as a young man at Ware, a party of the inimitable Delphine, who believed that if you were good you might be happy, but you wouldn't have a good time; or fighting one of his battles, in Faculty meeting, for limitation of the rising one-man power in the University government.

Even funeral services come to an end at last. His closed, and his body was taken to Ware and buried that afternoon. I have never revisited the grave, and do not know if a tombstone has been raised. His true epitaph is the gratitude of thousands of former students.

Specimens of Current Drama

By George Jean Nathan

IF Zoë Akins' comedy, "The Texas Nightingale," is not in the storehouse before these lines get into type, I am an even worse guesser than a dazzlingly brilliant past record would indicate. It is not that it is too good a play to succeed popularly in America; better plays have won out with the native public; it is that it is too good in the emotional philosophy upon which it has been reared. This philosophy is much too precious, and much too cultivated and sophisticated, for the average American; he cannot grasp it. You can tell our average theatregoer almost anything, and he will listen to it. You can show him almost anything, and he will believe it. But you cannot ask him to feel certain things and persuade him to feel them.

The goods in the American theatrical emotion market are stable products, each clearly labeled, capped and trademarked. The shelves are precise, orderly; the cans are arranged in nice, even rows; each is at once recognizable. There is no room for jars that are a trifle strange, a trifle unconformable, a trifle puzzling. Love is thus an emotion that leads (1) to sin, (2) to marriage, or (3) to a misogynistic ranch in Australia or Montana; hate an emotion that leads (1) to losing one's best girl, or (2) to murder; joy an emotion that leads (1) to singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," (2) to slapping one's dignified aunt on the décolleté, or (3) to launching into a droll *pas seul*, suddenly terminated by the unexpected entrance of one's stern employer; and indignation an emotion that leads (1) to slamming a door, (2) to a jamming on of the telephone re-

ceiver, or (3) (if a woman under thirty) to turning abruptly on one's heel and saucily flirting one's bustle at the offender, or (if a woman over thirty) to directing one's index finger up stage and uttering the word "Go" in a deep bass voice.

Obviously, what I here set down is in the vein of somewhat forced and heavy humour, but it may connote none the less the immediately transparent emotional standardization of the American popular theatre. It is this theatre that has brought failure to a considerable assortment of meritorious plays whose emotional sub-structures have been, by virtue of their comparative newness, cardially unintelligible to the public that constitutes that theatre—to name a few, Molnar's "Where Ignorance Is Bliss," Miss Akins' "Papa," Schönherr's "Children's Tragedy," Knoblauch's "Faun," Guitry's "Sleeping Partners," Brioux's "Incubus," Tchekhov's "Seagull," Bahr's "Master," Richman's "Ambush," De Curel's "New Idol," Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse," Molnar's "Phantom Rival," Földes' "Over the 'Phone," Langner's "Family Exit." . . . The emotional propulsion of such themes as Bataille's "Tendresse," Strindberg's "Miss Julie" and "The Father," Wedekind's "Pandora's Box" and "Hidalla," Schnitzler's "Anatol," Capus' "The Two Schools," de Caillavet's and de Flers' "The King" and "The Beautiful Adventure," and even H. S. Sheldon's "The Havoc," must inevitably confound the American box-office. And so, while "The Texas Nightingale" (a title that smacks inappropriately of Charles H. Hoyt) may be intelligible to a sufficient meas-

ure of New York to guarantee it a very brief local span of life, I have grave doubts that its prosperity can be of any further duration.

This play is far and away the finest thing that its author has written since her noteworthy "Papa." It is original; it is profoundly conceived; it is—save in two spots—brilliantly executed. It skirts obviousness not strainfully, as might be expected from the author of the second act of "Declassée," but with an extreme naturalness and ease, and with an absolute integrity. A semi-grotesque appraisal of peculiar but graspable minds and hearts imprisoned in semi-grotesque bodies, the play is a warm and understanding, and vastly sympathetic, smile at the expense of a trio of persons doomed by the mocking God who made them to be neither of the world nor of the theatre. These three characters that Miss Akins presents are of that dim borderland that lies just that side of life and just this side of the stage. They are never real; they are never unreal. They are, in a Pirandello paraphrase, three characters in search of themselves. They are so many temperaments with no place to hang their hats. The opera singer, together with her unsuccessful novelist second husband and their joint brat poet, belong in that sometime annex to the dramatic Louvre wherein must hang the fine caricatures and cartoons that have all the heart and all the soul of great painting: such caricatures as Rostand's Don Juan and Ritter's Don Juan, Freksa's fat Caesar and Shaw's stringy one, Barrie's "Leonora" and perhaps even our own vaudeville Tom Barry's "Upstart." For this "Texas Nightingale" (I have to cough every time I write down that damned title) is woven at once out of the stuff of Falstaff and Viola, out of the Mathäserbräu of Munich and the perfume fabriks of France. It is the best fantastic comedy of attitudes that America has produced since I don't know when. It is the most intelligently crazy piece of dramatic writing that I have seen in many

years. It is Expressionism brought to the perusal of temperamental inexpressionism. In a word, I think that it's pretty blamed good.

II

ELMER RICE's "It Is the Law" is the kind of play that I don't like and that I generally enjoy. No critic in America can write more convincingly against this type of drama than I can, and none can sit it out with more pleasure. It represents all the things that I have laboriously composed some five or six fat volumes of æsthetic criticism to ridicule, and yet there I squat contentedly in my seat before it, sticking it out to the end with a great amount of hypocritical docility and compliance. The reason, I dare say, is a very simple one. And that reason is that sound criticism and one's wayward personal tastes are at times—for all we hear profoundly to the contrary—of a brilliant and even startling dissociative action. For example, I doubt that even I have friends fool enough to believe against me for a moment that I consider Sacha Guitry a greater dramatist than Ibsen, yet I am free to confess that when I go to the theatre I would ten times rather see a play by the former than one by the latter. In the same way, though they are obviously not even remotely comparable, I'd rather see Margaret Simms, the coon girl of "Liza," dance than Adeline Genée. And I am made to laugh louder by the comedic technique of the M. George Bickel than by that of the immeasurably superior Charles Hawtrey.

The defective art of personal taste is thus often caught in the professional act of handing over its sword to the art of criticism on the field of an æsthetic Appomattox. We are, all of us, the geniuses of our dislikes. All criticism is, to a greater or lesser degree, a convincing and indisputable lie. It is well for the staunchest believers in the theories of the world's greatest critics that they are not too familiar with the secret autobiographies of those critics.

I should hate to have observed the Schumann of "Eusebius" listening to Paul Whiteman; I should hate to have introduced Dante to Florence Mills. "It Is the Law" is a cheap and essentially ridiculous melodrama, but, like a card trick, which is similarly cheap and essentially ridiculous, it is interesting. It appeals to that part of the adult that, in each and all of us, remains eternally boy. It isn't worth serious criticism, but it is amusing. It is to drama, in this respect, what "Sawing a Woman in Two" is to surgery.

III

THE only things that keep Carlyle Moore's "Listening In" from being obscenely enjoyable in the way that Rice's play is are Carlyle Moore and a troupe of actors of an ineffable sourness. Moore started out with an available and fetching boob idea and then made the mistake of trying professorially to reduce the boobishness of it, thus making it more boobish than it would otherwise have been, and so ruining it. It takes a more or less skilled fellow to write a purely boob play so deceptively that the graduated boob is persuaded, through a voluntary remission of judgment, to enjoy it with all of his original unsophistication.

We all of us begin in the cradle as boobs; all men are born free from intelligence and equal in vacuity. Some of us, as we go on in life, quit the great democracy of boobery, and some of us do not. But, in the best as in the worst of us, there is ever the lingering residuum of our original and generic imbecility. And it is the expert popular playwright who understands this and, understanding it, fashions his plays accordingly. That is, he writes not for the boob who has carried his cradle boobishness whole and intact through the years to manhood, but for the man who, for all the wisdom that time and experience have brought to him, yet carries within him the indelible traces of boobery that are part and parcel of every human being. "The

Old Soak," "The Bat," "Lightnin'," "The Fortune Hunter," "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" are examples of the latter craft: what may be called sophisticated boob plays. "Listening In" is an example of the former craft: what may be called the boob-boob play. The kind of attempted popular play, that is, which is designed to appeal not to comparatively intelligent persons in their idiotic moments, but to idiotic persons in their comparatively intelligent moments. The result—from the critical point of view and, I dare say, from the financial no less—is that the play falls between two stools. It catches neither the alumnus boob nor the undergraduate boob. It is too clumsy in its effort to gull the former, and too patent in its effort to grab the latter. And at every point where it is weakest, the company of actors hired to play it makes it weaker still. I have seen a quorum of pretty bad cabotins in my time—I have even seen the troupe that played here recently in the piece called "The Doormat"—but the "Listening In" lot, with a single exception, comes very near achieving the prize velvet-covered soap dish.

IV

THE popular conception of Molnar in this country is of a persistently sardonic, and even iconoclastic, fellow who views the world mainly with a dubious half-closed left eye and who, for all his periods of warm sympathy and amiable concern, is yet at bottom at once a skeptic and a cynic. The true Molnar is nothing of the sort. He is, in simple, a sentimentalist who shrewdly masks his sentimentality—a sentimentality almost of a piece with that, say, of a Hartley Manners—with a but half-believed in, yet extremely dexterous and most persuasive, derisory humour. It is Molnar's inherent and incorruptible literary-dramatic talent, automatically working its will upon him whether he wishes it or not, that conceals the personal and psychic peculiarities of the man himself.

This, as I put it on paper, sounds somewhat drooly, but a study of Molnar's work and a knowledge of the man lead me to believe that it isn't very far from the truth. Of all the plays he has ever written, but two—one a long one and the other a negligible one-acter—are not intrinsically as sweetly sentimental as any "Peg o' My Heart" or "Daddy Longlegs." (I omit such a play as "Der Herr ·Verteidiger" which is plainly just a try for box-office money with thief and detective whangdoodle.) Aside from "The Devil" and the one-acter alluded to—"The Actress" is its title, unless my memory betrays me—the bulk of the gifted Hungarian's writing for the theatre is, upon plumbing, found to be "evening music" sung in broad daylight: a serenade at high noon. Consider, for all the illusory counterpoint of cynicism, such of his leading plays as "Liliom," "The Fable of the Wolf" (locally known as "The Phantom Rival"), "The Swan," and "The Officer of the Guards" (locally known as "Where Ignorance Is Bliss"). The impulse in each case (less, perhaps, in the last named than in the instance of the others) is a frank and unabashed sentiment that hovers very closely about the borderland of sentimentality. "Liliom," generally looked on as being inspired by a greater skepticism and irony than any of the other plays cited, was actually inspired by remorse for those qualities. It is, in a word, its author's apologia for a directly antecedent cynicism, as he himself has freely and with intimate detail confessed to his best friends. "What is the theme of 'Liliom' as you see it?" they asked of him one day last summer. And before he replied they gave vent to their own views of the theme: its fantastic quasi-Nietzschean doctrine, its hint at irreligion, its incredulity before the common concept of life, its dissent, its demur and its mockery. "You found all these in my play?" put in Molnar. "Excellent! They are admirable dramatic qualities; 'Liliom,' with them, is not a bad idea at all. I am glad that you found them in it.

Only I did not put them in?" "Then what is the idea that you did put in?" they wanted to know. "The idea of 'Liliom,' as I wrote it, is simply this," he answered. "If a man is loved by a woman, and has a baby by her, his life may be said to be complete. That is all there is to it."

This somewhat lengthy preamble is only by way of speculating upon the surprise of the local reviewers when, recently encountering Molnar's "Fashions for Men," they found themselves flabbergasted by its to them unwontedly sentimental nature. This, they said, was a Molnar they had never known and had not anticipated. Yet the play is Molnar through and through—the real and the typical Molnar. It is perhaps more transparently sentimental than some of his other plays, but the formula is in the main that which bears the Molnar trademark and should be immediately recognizable. Where "Liliom" deals with the doctrine of resistance, "Fashions for Men" deals with the doctrine of non-resistance; but the point of view that Molnar brings to bear upon both is at bottom and in the end much the same. In both, sentiment triumphs over a realistic philosophy. In both, the tear of Molnar mingles with the smile of the world. "Liliom" is a sentimental defense and apology for hardness; "Fashions for Men" a hard defense and apology for sentiment. But Molnar here writes gracefully, charmingly, wittily as always, and his play, that in other hands might be so much jelly, consequently takes on life, no little sparkle and a deal of left-handed drollery. It is periodically somewhat soft; but its softness is never irritating. Molnar writes too well to let it irritate. It is, in short, light, pleasant theatrical fare now and then illuminated with something that lifts it above the general. It is not important, but it is at least entertaining. O. P. Heggie has the leading rôle. Mr. Heggie is to acting what a merry-go-round is to Belmont Park. He looks more or less like the real article; he obediently goes through all the

motions; but he never gets anywhere. Whenever I see him at his sing-song, monotonous business I always feel like jumping over the footlights and putting some life and speed into him by giving him a bag of oats.

V

EVERY now and then some moving picture company gathers together the parts of a dozen or more films that have been trimmed out of as many of their releases, hires someone to write titles and inserts that will give the rubbish a semblance of connection, and, after giving a \$5,000 dinner at the Ritz at which Mr. Will Hays emphatically reiterates his conviction that the movies are a great art, puts out the result under some such title as "The Snare of Satan," "Why Women Fall," or "The Lotus of Limehouse." Let us say, for example, that the company finds that it has left over 300 feet of "Goldfarb of the Royal Mounted," 400 feet of "Cinderella of the Harem," 620 feet of the great moral and religious feature, "Sex Love," adapted from Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," 508 feet of "Hurricane Blumenthal's Gal," 250 feet of the excruciating "comic" called "Grandpa's Diabetes," 740 feet of "The Sheik of Egyptium," 425 feet of the sensational sermon-drama, "Are You My Mother?", 312 feet of "Passion's Glow," 514 feet of the super-film spectacle, "The Civilizing of Civilization"—showing the progress of humanity from the Fall of Pompeii to the erection of the Dewey Arch and covering such important and acutely relevant historical events as Marc Antony's seduction by Cleopatra, Louis XIV's seduction by Madame de Montespan, Louis XV's seduction by Du Barry, Rizzio's seduction by Mary Stuart, Peter the Great's seduction by Catharine, Jean Jacques Rousseau's seduction by Madame de Warens, Shakespeare's seduction by Anne Hathaway, Jonathan Swift's seduction by Esther

Vanhomrigh, Shelley's seduction by Mary Wollstonecraft, Henry IV's seduction by the Marquise de Verneuil, Goethe's seduction by Christiane Vulpius, Anatole's seduction by Cora, Bianca, Emilie, Annie, Elsa and Ilona, Paul's seduction in "Three Weeks," and the Stanford White case—together with several hundred feet each out of "Little Miss Sunshine," "Is Your Wife Married?", and "The Law of the Prairie." The company now goes over to the Astor to lunch and decides that if this assorted material is pieced together and if the theatre lobbies are decorated with anchors and seaweed to give the proper South Seas atmosphere, an excellent and very swell selling title would be "Alaska Amour," the Messrs. Ginsberg, vice-pres., and Wohlheimer, sec'y., dissenting, on the ground that there is no connection between the South Seas and Alaska and hence casting their vote for "The Dervish of the Sahara." Luncheon adjourned, the company gets into touch with Mr. C. Anderson Waffel, the eminent scenarist known to the literary and dramatic world as the author of the playlet, "The Burglar and the Piano-mover," which enjoyed a very successful run over the Pantages Circuit in 1907, and commissions him to get busy with the débris and turn out a screen masterpiece. Mr. Waffel thereupon goes over to the Public Library, gets a copy of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," steals the basic plot, lays the scene in the Canadian Northwest, writes the titles and sub-titles in the language of Longfellow and the inserts in the language of Ring Lardner, and turns over his work to Mr. Silverfish, pres. and treas. The picture is then duly released and makes a critical hit but slightly less great than the size of the advertisements that the company puts in the newspapers.

Miss Sophie Treadwell's "new play of Mexican life" called "Gringo" impresses me as having been fashioned in much the above manner. Miss

Treadwell has assembled the omitted portions of a dozen or more antecedently produced plays and has loosely joined them together with dramatic sub-titles and inserts. Her exhibit is a confused patchwork of the left-over parts of all the plays produced in the last fifteen years that have dealt with romantic bandits, girls of Indian blood who feel the call of that blood and are irresistibly drawn back to their own people, white men who succumb to the languorous spell of the tropics and the women of the tropics, attacks on small, isolated bodies of whites by the natives, doomful strains of eerie music at nightfall, the sudden discovery of gold in an old mine, the futile love of a married woman with a waster husband for a noble bachelor, etc. There is little coherence in Miss Treadwell's manuscript, and her periodic flashes of character drawing peter out almost before their first gleam. Although her play has been hailed by the majority of the gentlemen of the press as the customary great masterpiece, I fail to see anything in it but a perfectly commonplace and completely uninspired piece of work, bordering at times upon unintentional burlesque. Mr. Jose Ruben has the rôle of the romantic Mexican desperado, and obediently follows Rules I, II and III for the delineation of such a character by drawing back his lips in broad grins and displaying his hypothetically gleaming teeth, by standing with feet akimbo, throwing his vari-coloured blanket over his right shoulder and slapping himself resoundingly upon the left hip, and by relapsing suddenly after a loud laugh into a sullen and sinister mood, grasping a maiden by the wrist, and dejecting her with a peremptory snarl upon her posterior. Miss Edna Hibbard is the best member of the troupe.

VI

WHILE marking time for the pro-

ductions due in the holiday period—a number of them exceptionally promising—let us take a look in at the Olympic Theatre down in Fourteenth Street. Unlike the affectedly tony Columbia Theatre uptown, the Olympic remains true to first principles and devotes itself not, as in the case of the Columbia, to fifth-rate imitations of third-rate Broadway music shows, but to pure, unadulterated and heart-warming old knock 'em down and drag 'em out burlesque. Here is rosemary of the palmy days. Not a bustle is safe from the slapslat, not a face is spared from the seltzer-siphon, not a wriggle is omitted from the cooch dance, not a bass-drum remains whole when the final curtain comes down. Here still is the good old "Casino at Monte Carlo" with the Rocky Mountains appropriately figuring on the backdrop and with Izzy, Pat and Bozo talking successively into the telephone and receiving, respectively, a spray of flour, a squirt of water, and—ah, Bozo, thou rogue!—a glass of foaming lager. Here still is the good old "Beach at Ostend" with O. U. Kidd and I. M. Woozy coming suddenly, to their horror, upon their wives and fooling the latter by donning aprons and passing themselves off on the ladies as waiters. And here still is the good old "Artist's Studio" with the eight ex-chambermaids arrayed in lobster-coloured fleshings, their right arms curved with painstaking grace over their heads and representing—so the doggy program—"The Birth of the Le Printemps."

Once again, as in the old days, we encounter I. Cheatem ("and he does," confides the program), Willie Takitt ("a live wire"), Lotta Pepp ("full of ginger"), Mary Wise ("and she is"), together with all their old pals Ima Peach, Izzie Konshuss, Hammond Deggs, M. T. Noodle, G. Howe Smart, Lotta Jazz, Ann Jennue, Miss Taken, Miss Gotrox, Heeza Nutt, Sheeza Pippin, Fuller Bull ("poor but not proud") and his three brothers

Fuller Laffs, Fuller Hopps and Fuller Proons, Otto Mobile, Miss Calla Number, Noah Lott, Helen B. Ware, I. Will B. Goode, Notter Bumm, Gotta Hare Lipp, O. U. Vampire and, last but not least, A. Kopp. What memories they awaken, these shadow Salvinis and Duses of the dramatic underworld! Who doesn't remember Heinie Dingelbender's "Papa, mama she sess you sure-are-a-peach," with papa Herman's indignant rejoinder, "What you sess she called me?" And who doesn't recall the scene wherein Mlle. Fif, of the Boul' Mich', raises her skirt to insert a bill into her stocking, the while Herman and Heinie at stage left so strain themselves to view the revelation that they lose their balance and fall on top of each other? Then, too, the scene wherein our Heinie strolls drolly among the "Living Pictures," casting significant winks in the direction of the audience, pinching the most corpulent "picture" first on the arm and then, upon no sign of life from the lady, on the bluepenciled—and finally lying down on the floor to achieve a better view of the lovely subjects? What sweetness in the retrospect! What Art, as boyhood knew it!

Well, it is still all here at the Olympic, from the Gas House Quartette to the cooch dance, from the venerable money-changing act to the floozie with the red handkerchief—how the exasperated Heinie doth glare at the fellow!—from the drop curtain with the chewing gum advertisements to the boy who sells boxes of candy in the aisles—"twenty-five cents—a quarter—a package, and a prize in each box." The grand old smell of stale cigars and cigarettes, of cheap hair tonics and Third Avenue drug-store perfumery, of the hospitably near, frankly unabashed and doorless *chalet de nécessité*—it is present as it was when you and I were boys. The carpetless wooden floor, rich in homeric expectorations; the orchestra

with the squeaky fiddle and indefatigable tapper on the triangle; the drop curtain that goes up like a man pulling an old-fashioned shirt over his head; the girls with no less than three solid gold teeth apiece—they, too, are present as in the dear, bygone days when we and all the world were young. It is all very gay, and just a bit sad. Where the sob-brother of the *Herald* is wont to weep lustily over the touching splendours of John Barrymore, Elsie Janis, Reggie Sheffield, Vincent Serrano, Margalo Gillmore, Geoffrey Stein and anyone else who is up in his dues to the Actors' Equity Association, I reserve my soul moisture for this drama of our far-off youth, the wistful echoes of which come down to us in these later and colder years. There is the touch *penseroso* in its memorable fanning of rears, in its cracking of bladders on pates, in its spacious pants and red under-lingerie and crepe whiskers and pink wigs. It is rapidly being driven from the stage and into the discard by a Puritan censorship, a wave of dull Art, and a reduction in the personnel of the United States Navy. While it is yet here, let us enjoy it and, enjoying it, meditate upon the purple times when Harrison and Grover Cleveland yet held the White House, when the hanging out of the picture of a goat in front of the boulevard inns signaled the great annual dawn of reason, when our coins and currency still bore the faces of noble Indians instead of ignoble politicians, when shoes were polished by grinning, singing black native sons instead of by muttering alien followers of D'Annunzio, when it required an Alpenstock to climb into a barber's chair, when no one would eat a sausage because Leutgert had murdered his wife, when John Philip Sousa's hair was still black, when the smallest church in every town was that of the Methodists—when we were still Americans.

Specimens of Current Fiction

By H. L. Mencken

I

JUST as there are scores and scores of current novels of which the laborious reviewer, racking his head until it throbs and glows with pain, can say nothing more just and apt than the single word "Pfui!", so there is an occasional tale of which he has said everything that need be said when he has climbed upon his pulpit, thrown off his black robe, and called for three rousing cheers. I am tempted to do that for William McFee's latest piece, "Command" (*Doubleday*), and have done. Reading it has filled me with a joy that is complex and unfamiliar; joy at once in a thumping good story, an extremely adroit piece of writing, and a full-length and thoroughly successful experiment in irony. Consider for a moment this strange collocation of qualities. The story, as story, is new, ingenious and full of movement: a melodrama, not only of external act, but also of internal struggle. It is written with the utmost skill; it is full of adept turns of phrase; there is never a moment when it drops to the commonplace. And running through it from end to end there is the point of view of a genuinely civilized man. I defy you to match the combination on the current book-shelf. Nay, to find a fair mate for "Command" you must go back to the romances of Joseph Conrad, and not to the worst of them, but to the best of them. McFee, as he matures, begins to challenge comparison with Conrad at every turn. They have the same liking for exotic scenes, heroic fools, extraordinary transactions; they are both primarily stylists; both see human

existence as a tragic and farcical struggle between the aspiration of man and the brutal cynicism of the gods. Does the thing go further? Has McFee any of Conrad's rare and colossal talent? I believe firmly that he has. I do not think that he could have written "Heart of Darkness" or "Lord Jim" or "The End of the Tether" as perfectly as Conrad wrote them, but I do think that he has done "Command" quite as well as Conrad would have done it. The tale radiates that mysterious quality which comes out of complete mastery of materials and ideas. It has a fine, rich flavor. It hangs together. It is a living, breathing organism. I put it high above anything else that McFee has done so far, even above "Captain Macedoine's Daughter." And I put it far above any other latter-day story of its kind that I can think of. It is an absolutely first-rate job.

Like "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" it is mainly a sea tale, and like "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" it has for its scene the eastern Mediterranean of the war years. McFee gives notice with suspicious earnestness, in a prefatory note, that "it is not founded on fact, nor are the characters described portraits of actual persons." Let us grant it. But if Captain Reginald Spokesly did not actually sail between Salonika and the Nile delta in those electric times, he has at least sucked in the breath of life from hundreds of battered mariners who did. The fellow is real in all departments—in his oafish, almost simian amours; in his distressingly earthy aspirations; above all, in his painful efforts to balance a lofty and even romantic patriotism against a

scarcely enlightened but nevertheless very active self-interest. His story is the story of the gradual engulfing of that patriotism by that self-interest. Capt. Spokesly, of course, is no common traitor to the great cause of human liberty. At no single moment, indeed, is he ever conscious of the slightest abatement in his adherence to it, or in his gallant willingness to die for it. But despite that high sentiment, one finds him, notwithstanding, slowly immersing himself in transactions of a very lamentable dubiousness, chiefly at the hellish suggestion of the Greek gentleman, Mr. Dainopoulos. This Mr. Dainopoulos knows the art of corruption. He is a professor of human weakness. Sitting in his dingy *bureau de change* he relentlessly weaves his immoral web. Comes the climax and we find the same Capt. Spokesly who journeyed all the way back to England from the Far East to offer his sword to his native land—we find this same Capt. Spokesly, Englishman and patriot still, running a cargo of mysterious contraband from Salonika in virtuous Greece to the port of Smyrna in the regions of the unspeakable Turk. It is a progress of slow steps, most of them incomprehensible to Capt. Spokesly himself. A German gets his girl and the Turks get his cargo, but there is no shame in his heart and no stain upon what he conceives to be his honor.

Imagine such a figure in the ordinary novel of commerce. He would be given the motives of a floor-walker. He would fit into his scene as ineptly as a Mozart would fit into Arkansas. He would creak in every joint, and prattle in falsetto every time he opened his mouth. But in "Command" he is alive, real, persuasive, inevitable. What happens to him, subjectively and objectively, happens by an irresistible process; one comes away convinced that it could not have happened otherwise. And all the preposterous personages who surround him—the serpentine Mr. Dainopoulos; the languishing Mrs. Dainopoulos; the fantastic lady of his heart, Mlle. Evanthia; the drug-sodden and sinister

Captain Rannie; the steward, Archie Bates; the German, Lietherthal; the young Jew who is Evanthia's slave—in even the least of them there is that fine vividness, that disarming plausibility which the average novelist so pathetically fails to manage. McFee, in brief, has skill of the highest sort. He can not only imagine novel and interesting chains of incident; he can also fill his stage with characters who step from the wings fully and almost startlingly alive. And he writes about them in English that is pliable, fluent, pungent and full of color. There is never a hint of the rubber stamp in his pages. What he has to say is unusual, and he says it in a striking and picturesque way. Most of all, he says it from a height. He is no common cad, no mouther of banalities; there is in him the caressing irony of his master, Conrad—the aloof pity of a genuinely superior man. . . . I shall trade in all the dull, flaccid novels that have reached me for three months past for copies of "Command" to give to folks I respect.

II

BEN HECHT'S two new books, "Gargoyles" (*Liveright*) and "Fantazius Mallare" (*Covici*) have their roots in the same general ideas. The latter, in fact, is a sort of boiling over of the former—not that Hecht has made it a depository for materials actually rejected in the writing of "Gargoyles," but that he has devoted it to a more forthright working out of some of the notions in that book, and to the expulsion, one may say, of some accumulated bile. What interests him primarily in this world is the ghastly discrepancy between the public acts of human beings and the instincts lying at the bottom of them. This discrepancy, obviously, is most marked in the field of sex, as Prof. Dr. Freud long ago demonstrated, and so Hecht devotes himself largely to exposing and denouncing sexual shams. The fact has got him an evil name among the Pecksniffs of the Republic. But their theory that he is an

exponent of sexual license is quite nonsensical. The thing that he is against is not actually the superficial decorum; it is the underlying swinishness. In "Gargoyles" he depicts a group of highly respectable Chicagoans, including an eminent vice crusader; the whole point of his book, and I think he is on sound ground when he maintains it, is that they are really ten times as libidinous as the sinners they affect to abhor. In "Fantazius Mallare" he goes a step further. That is, he depicts the whole business of sex as unutterably revolting. It is irony, but I have a fear that a certain indignation also gets into it. There is a purer irony in the fact that the Chadbands of Chicago have lately prosecuted the author and publisher for issuing the book. If such works actually cause the reader to plunge into sin, as they seem to argue, then it must be equally true that portraits of soldiers with their eyes shot out and jaws shot off would make effective recruiting posters in time of war. During the late war this last notion was apparently disapproved by the official drovers of conscripts; at all events, they prohibited the publication of such realistic views. There is no understanding the moral mind.

As for me, I can only report that "Fantazius Mallare" does not seem to me to be aphrodisiacal. Nor, to be quite honest, does it seem to me to be amusing. Hecht's satirical dedication to his enemies is a fine piece of invective, and the ten full-page drawings by Wallace Smith are superb, but the text itself, in the main, is tedious. "Gargoyles" offers far better entertainment. It shows, indeed, that Hecht has learned a great deal since he wrote "Erik Dorn"—above all, that he has learned the high usefulness of form and organization. From the first page to the last the story proceeds in order, with very few digressions, and the two ends finally come together on a shrill, sardonic note. The story, in brief, of George Cornelius Basine, and his progress in politics by the route of moral endeavor. A familiar enough figure in

American life. A Babbitt with political ambitions. The fable that bathes him and sets him forth is an extremely diverting and ingenious contrivance. What it primarily seeks to put before us is the intolerable dishonesty of all political movements, even those of a highly moral and Christian character, in the great American cities. Here Hecht's long newspaper experience serves him well. He has himself, I daresay, had a hand in more than one vice crusade in Chicago, albeit with tongue in cheek. Here he describes *con amore* and with the utmost accuracy the genesis of such an orgy—that is to say, its genesis in journalistic rascality and official scoundrelism. The thing is full of rich and mellow humors. There are passages of superb descriptive writing—stuff infinitely beyond the talents, or even the imagination, of the average American novelist. Hecht differs from the general run, indeed, precisely because he knows how to write. He is too young to have his ideas quite in order, and now and then he succumbs to the temptations of mere rhetoric, but even so he is an extraordinary phenomenon, and if he escapes death at the hands of the Ku Klux Klan, the American Legion, the Rotary Club, the Criminal Court of Chicago and other such great engines of the Puritan *Kultur*, he will leave a large, zigzag, scarlet mark across the pages of the national letters.

III

THE case of D. H. Lawrence continues to baffle me. First I read the current encomiums of him as a man of genius, then I pray humbly to God, and then I read his books. They leave me hopelessly convinced, despite all the high testimony to the contrary, that what is in them is extremely hollow and trivial stuff—that they are full of false psychology, preposterous episodes, and stiff and artificial people. Of late I have been giving hard study to what is widely regarded as the author's masterpiece, to wit, "Women in Love"

(*Seltzer*). In brief, the story of two provincial Englishwomen, sisters, who track down a pair of husbands. This business, it turns out, is not easy. The swains are coy, and one of them, at least, carries about with him a very violent anti-connubial complex. Nevertheless, the girls persist, and in the end they are successful, though both have to employ the desperate device of offering their favors before the parson cries "Go!". The dialogues which forward the benign business are set forth at extreme length, and to me, at all events, they appear magnificently nonsensical. If this is "psychology," as the Lawrence fanatics would have us believe, then it is unquestionably the psychology of maniacs. One of the swains, Birkin, actually runs amok more than once. I submit his conversation, as Lawrence reports it, to the judgment of a candid world. His most massive ideas are simply psychopathological. As for the girls, they are both fools. In brief, a book full of blowsy tosh.

But why, then, the vast esoteric vogue of Lawrence? I answered the question, to the best of my knowledge and belief, six or eight months ago. Lawrence is highly esteemed, I am convinced, simply because he is rather bold in his dealing with sexual transactions. He is not content to stop with the usual eye-rolling and hard breathing; he proceeds to physiological phenomena of a far less seemly character. When Hermione, the fat girl, whacks her beau over the head, the effects upon her own central nervous system are those described in certain chapters of Krafft-Ebing. I do not say that these effects are improbable, and I certainly do not argue that Lawrence sets them forth with anything properly describable as indecency: the comstockian attack upon his book, indeed, is characteristically imbecile. But what I do say is that his current celebrity rests very largely upon his obvious preoccupation with such things, and that all his antecedent "psychology," though it is mainly nonsensical, is taken on trust for the sake of them. Standing by itself, or lead-

ing to some less blushful goal, that "psychology" would simply bore his customers. It is, as I have said, extremely bizarre and unconvincing. People do not do things for the motives that he credits to them, nor do they explain their acts in the outlandish terms he uses. To argue, as some of his admirers do, that his work marks an advance in the inner structure and content of the English novel, and that he is teaching all other novelists something about their business that they never knew before he mounted the stump—to argue thus is to depart definitely from all sense and logic. There is nothing in his novels—and I have now read them all, and some of them twice—that properly deserves such astounding encomiums. They are, in spots, competently written, but those spots are few and wide apart. In the main, he is horribly dull.

His "England, My England," a book of short stories (*Seltzer*), contains some better stuff: brief episodes, succinctly recounted, that at least do not offend one's common sense. But in his theoretical treatise, "Fantasia of the Unconscious" (*Seltzer*), he is even more vague and unpersuasive than in his novels. Here all I can find is an ignorant sort of perversion of the Freud-Adler necromancy, with overtones of the New Thought. It is mainly unintelligible, and what is intelligible seldom shows much intelligence.

IV

MARGARET SANGER'S "The Pivot of Civilization" (*Brentano*) is a lyrical argument for birth control—lyrical and sometimes almost hysterical. This, it appears, is the new sure cure for all the sorrows of the world. Give us birth control, with eugenics following after, and presently the halt and the maimed will disappear from Christendom, and there will be no more slaves, and the New Jerusalem will have dawned. In brief, the usual Salvation Army dithyrambs, the ancient ecstasy of the fanatic. Certainly such extravagant

stuff cannot give much furtherance to the holy cause, save perhaps among half-wits. The true case for birth control rests upon far less romantic and altruistic grounds. The right to have children or not to have them is one of the most fundamental rights of all human beings, and every interference with its decorous exercise, on legal or theological grounds, is evil. Mrs. Sanger, as everyone knows, has opposed that interference with great pertinacity, and so got herself manhandled, not only by such ecclesiastical authorities as the egregious Hayes, archbishop of New York, but also by the secular arm. But it seems to me that she has greatly mistaken the probable effects of her crusade, imaging it to be successful. If she succeeds in having the present archaic laws against contraceptive devices and instruction repealed, she will have won a notable victory for human liberty under the Republic, but she will not have ushered in Utopia. That the lowest classes of humanity will take much advantage of the New Freedom is very unlikely, nor is there the slightest probability that the highest classes, relieved of the present hopeless competition, will begin to beget and multiply.

The simple truth is that the helplessness of the former, in the face of the existing laws, is very much exaggerated. By dint of great diligence it may be possible, now and then, to unearth a Polish or Yiddish woman who really does not know how to limit her offspring, but if she has any very active desire in that direction all she has to do is to ask some neighbor, or to consult the nearest doctor or druggist. A foreigner reading American birth control literature might very well get the notion that the sale of contraceptive devices is absolutely prohibited in America. But, as every American knows, they are actually for sale in practically all American drug-stores, and the police scarcely make an effort to enforce the law. It is, in fact, even more of a dead letter than the Eighteenth Amendment. What keeps the birth-rate so high among the

Chandala is something quite different. It is, on the one hand, religious superstition—the medieval theory that interfering with any natural process is offensive to God—above all, the Puritan theory that discomfort and poverty are the just consequences of what is called sin. And it is, on the other hand, vanity. The human brood mare of the lower classes is esteemed by her husband, her neighbors and herself, not in proportion as she is fastidious, but in proportion as she is fecund. A wife with only one or two children suffers a sort of social odium; she is almost in the position of a husband and father who belongs to but one or two fraternal orders and has but one or two pairs of socks. This feeling, indeed, is not confined to the *Chandala*. In all save a few large American cities, the ideals of the frontier and the farm still persist, and a childless or nearly childless wife is looked upon with some suspicion. Even the eugenists, for all their eagerness to restrict the birth-rate among garment-workers and track-walkers, are constantly urging the wives of stockbrokers, coal-dealers, Harvard graduates and other such American aristocrats to lie in more frequently.

There remains a third factor, but I must pass over it lightly. I allude, of course, to distrust of novelty, to habit, inertia, laziness, common swinishness. It is far more comfortable to trust in God than to master the complexities described in the contraband literature of the birth controllers. Here science lags dismally. But even if it didn't lag the other factors that I have described would remain, and they would be quite sufficient, I believe, to head off the Utopia that Mrs. Sanger and her friends dream of. The only certain way to reduce the birth-rate in the lower orders is to civilize the lower orders—and that is an impossibility. Meanwhile, let us not exaggerate the dangers of their present fecundity. They fill the world with their kind, and the extension of the ballot seems to give them the whip-hand over civilization, but the fact remains that the world is still run

by a little group of willful men, and that it is quite as easy for them to keep their control today as it ever was in times past. The vast outpouring of viable issue from below does not alarm them; most of their principal spokesmen, *e.g.*, the late Roosevelt, the Kaiser and Archbishop Hayes, are actually in favor of it. Its effect is not to imperil their dominance; it is simply to augment their reserves of slaves and cannon-fodder. But let us put the thing on a higher ground. Imagine a nation in which there were five Beethovens and ten million Slav, Italian and Yiddish babies. Then imagine a nation in which there were five Beethovens and twenty million Slav, Italian and Yiddish babies. What difference would it make to the Beethovens which nation they lived in?

V

THAT the study of the English language in the United States is chiefly in the hands of incompetent pedagogues is a fact, I hope, to which the readers of these pages regard themselves as having been made privy. Certainly I have mentioned it often enough. Now comes fresh proof of it in the form of a book by Ambrose E. Gonzalez, a South Carolina newspaper editor, by title, "The Black Border: Gullah Stories of the Carolina Coast" (*State Co*). Primarily, Mr. Gonzalez's purpose is simply to present a group of character sketches, usually humorous, of the black folk of the South Carolina littoral, but incidental to that purpose he finds it necessary to discuss their peculiar dialect at some length, and in the course of his discussion he sets forth a number of philological facts of the first importance. Here, in brief, is an English dialect in which many of the current tendencies of the American vulgate go a step further along the road of philological decay—a dialect full of apt instances for every serious student of living speech—and yet it remained for a layman to write the first intelligent account of it, and to compile the first

workable vocabulary. No doubt there are solemn professors of "English" in all the so-called colleges and universities in South Carolina and Georgia, and no doubt they are all experts in the mythical objective case and keep a sharp lookout for sophomores who say "It is me." But not one of them has had professional keenness enough to tap the rich philological mine that lay directly at his doors; not one of them seized that plain chance to dignify the sloth and stupidity of his life by making at least one useful contribution to the study of the language he is supposed to teach. That job was left for a newspaper editor—a man who, by professional standards, is regarded as almost illiterate. And all of the previous explorers that he mentions were laymen like himself. Not a professional philologue is in the company.

The Gullah dialect is not an easy one to master. I find, indeed, that some of Mr. Gonzalez's stories are as hard to read as Middle English. But once the principles of it are understood, it begins to take on an immense interest, for, as I have said, in it many of the levelling and simplifying tendencies already visible in the American vulgate, and even in standard English, are carried out to their logical ends. In the vulgate, the chief changes that are going on occur among the verbs and pronouns, where the last vestiges of genuine inflection in English are to be found. The American Knight of Pythias has begun to reduce all verbs to one weak conjugation and even to one form, and to cast aside the old distinction between the pronouns of the nominative case and those of the objective case. When he says "I run" it is impossible, without observing the context, to determine whether he means that he is running, that he has run or that he ran. And when he wants to use a pronoun in the nominative case, he is just as apt to use the objective form, as in "Me and her seen it," as he is to use the proper nominative form, as in "She and I saw it." Well, the Gullah Negro goes a step further. In-

stead of "I seen" in the first person singular, past tense, he uses "I see"—and so in all persons, tenses and numbers. His verb, in brief, has become simple and invariable, as, indeed, the American vulgar verb is very likely to become in another century or two. And he has reduced all of the pronouns, in all cases, numbers and genders, to two simple forms, *ee* and *um*, the former representing not only *he* and *she*, but also *it* and even *it is*, and the latter representing *him*, *her*, *it* and *them*. When a Gullah says "ee see um," he may mean "she sees it," "he sees it," "it sees it," "she saw it," "he saw it," "it saw it," "she sees him," "he sees him," "it sees him," "she saw him," "he saw him," "it saw him," "she sees her," "he sees her," "it sees her," "she sa wher," "he saw her" or "it saw her."

Mr. Gonzalez's discusses the philological ancestry of this bald and spavined speech but comes to no conclusion. There is, indeed, some doubt as to the origin of the Gullah Negroes themselves. They may have come from the Liberian hinterland, and they may have come from Angola, 1500 miles away. Very few African words remain in their speech, and very few idioms traceable to African sources. They speak a genuine English dialect, however far it may have departed from the standard speech, and the departures they make from that standard speech are in thorough accord with its genius. Every one of them, in fact, has a parallel in some other dialect of English. Nor is Gullah devoid of refinements. There is a proper way of speaking it and an improper way, and on remote rice plantations there are grammarians who lay down the law. *For* is *fuh* in Gullah, and *him*, as we have seen, is *um*, but *fuh um* falls clumsily upon the dark ear, and so the lost *r* is restored and the phrase becomes *fuh'r'um*. The ghastly American "ain't it?" is similarly changed to the far more euphonious single word, *enty*, which also does service for "ain't he" and many other analogues. . . . Obviously, a dialect that deserves careful

investigation. Mr. Gonzalez has amassed rich materials, but his interest in the dialect is literary rather than philological. Why doesn't some American philologist turn aside from the misprints in Chaucer and give it a looking over?

VI

Brief Notices

LOVE CONQUERS ALL, by Robert C. Benchley (*Holt*)—An extremely uneven collection of humorous pieces, ranging in quality from rather amusing, if somewhat obvious, burlesques to a snotty, ignorant and imbecile discourse on Cabell's "Jurgen."

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS AND OTHER OBSERVATIONS, by George Ade (*Doubleday*)—In the main, very feeble stuff, but with here and there—as in the burlesque guide for automobilists at the end of the chapter on "The Tortures of Touring"—some genuine humor. A specimen observation: "All music is good. If jazz could be converted into music it would be all right too." Another: "Why call it a melting-pot? It's a churn." But Ade is no epigrammatist or philosopher. He is never at his best save when he has concrete human beings before him.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE TEACHER, by H. Crichton Miller (*Seltzer*)—A clear statement of the ideas of Freud and Jung, with some shrewd application of them to the problems of pedagogy. A book far above the average of its kind.

THE BOOK OF WASHINGTON, by Robert Shackleton (*Penn*)—A dull and very badly written gift book, with commonplace pictures. Two and a half pounds of nothing.

STUDIES IN THE CHINESE DRAMA, by Kate Buss (*Four Seas*)—A succinct account of the Chinese theatre: plays, decorations, acting and actors.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER, by Maurice Francis Egan (*Doubleday*)—An amiable and charming volume, happily free from the posing which usually gets into such things. Dr. Egan's tastes, in the main, are orthodox, but he is very tolerant of novelty.

STUDIES IN HISTORY, edited by Edward F. McSweeney (*Columbia*)—The first of a series of volumes to be published by the Knights of Columbus. There are three papers in this one, the most important being one by Charles Edward Russell upon the efforts made by English propagandists and American loyalists to give a heavily pro-English bias to the history-books used in American schools.

DEAD FROM THE NECK DOWN

"He thought he was alive because he worked with his brain—but his body was fit for the undertaker."

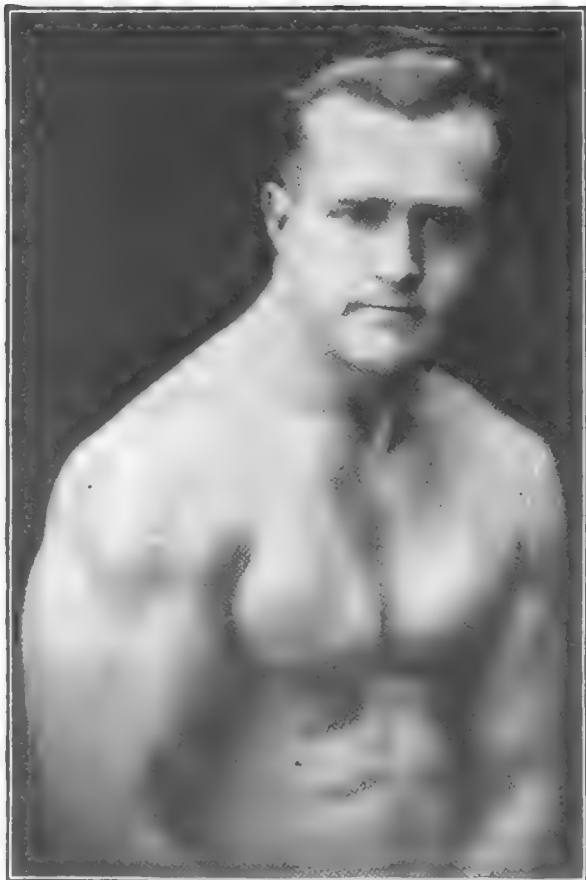
Can you imagine such a fellow calling himself a man? And still there are thousands like him—narrow-chested, round-shouldered, weak-kneed specimens of humanity. They would rather take a box of pills than do five minutes' exercise.

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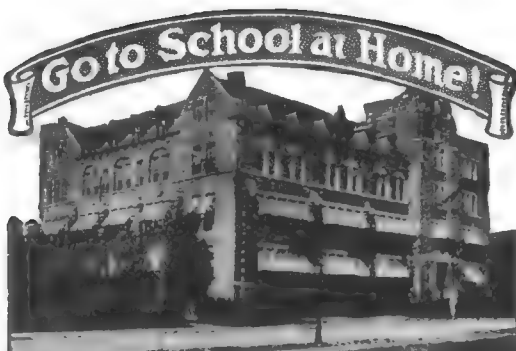
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"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

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"One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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